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WOMEN WHO WIN

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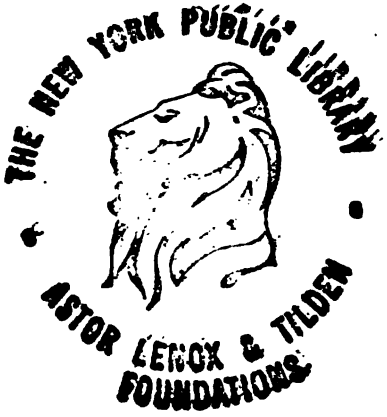

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WOMEN WHO WIN

OR

MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER

AUTHOR OF "MEN WHO WIN, OR MAKING THINGS HAPPEN;" "AROUND THE HEARTHSTONE, OR HINTS FOR HOME BUILDERS;" "WHITE HOUSE SERIES OF BIOGRAPHIES — WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, GARFIELD, AND GRANT;" "MARVELS OF THE NEW WEST"

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

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PREFACE.

THERE is no sex among souls; hence there is none in success. One soul with the same talents, force, and opportunities as another soul will make as many and great things happen, whether found in man or woman. God gives "unto one five talents, to another two, and to another one," and He expects that each soul will accomplish "according to his several ability" without regard to sex. Had this fact been made prominent in educating mankind, there never would have been opposition to female education, nor would woman's achievements ever have been limited to domestic life. The Lord does not see that the soul coming to Him and saying, "Thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold I have gained beside them other five talents," is that of a man or a woman. A woman is just as "wicked and slothful a servant" as a man, if she bury her one talent "in the earth." Sex has nothing to do with the arrangement; it is soul-culture that God requires, which includes the development of the physical and intellectual powers.

The foregoing explains the remarkable progress of mankind in the last half century. Until within fifty years, men planned, legislated, and governed as if there were sex among souls. Out of this mistake

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grew manifold evils in social, intellectual, and even in religious life. It was claimed that men must do the world's work except that of the home — that women must be silent in the churches, seen and not heard there; never attempt to earn a livelihood through the ordinary industries; avoid higher education; and accept the erroneous and humiliating verdict, that females have less ability than males, and cannot make the progress, and endure the strain of hard study, requisite to excellence. But all these old errors have been exploded since soul-culture has come to the front. Women are joint-partners now in making the world better. They create events and grow enterprises with as much ease and executive ability as men ever did. They make history. Their biographies are as really national history now as the biographies of the male sex. Emerson said, "There is properly no history — only biography." It is just as true of women as it is of men. They think and act now for posterity, as men do, not being compelled by custom or legislation to think and act for themselves only. They "make their lives sublime" by making their lives better. Men shut the door of equality and progress in their faces, until God opened it. And it will never be shut again.

This volume furnishes much proof of what we have just said. It sketches lives which prove, beyond question, that the views of womanhood, a hundred years ago, were astonishingly false. They show that women are as able and bright as men; can perform as much labor, physical and mental; can be blest

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with as good health; can endure the strain of work and study as well; and can become as great achievers for humanity and God. They expose the fallacy, also, that the necessity for hard work is a misfortune; that women cannot grapple with poverty and slim opportunities as successfully as men; and that industry, self-reliance, and perseverance will not lift a woman as high as a man. The weight of evidence shows that the same qualities in the female assure true success precisely as they do in the male; not one of them can be dropped out without failure.

We call this a match-volume with that for "Men;" and it is that surely — a MATCH. Girls may take heart and enter the arena for the prize without fear or favor. No apologies or explanations are necessary. If the book shall inspire this class to illustrate, by their life-work, that women can make things happen, the author's purpose will be accomplished.

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

FRANKLIN, MASS., 1896.

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MAKING THINGS HAPPEN.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE — TEACHER.

NO book, except the Bible, ever rolled such a wave of influence over the world as "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." It was not fiction, though sometimes classed with it — it was stubborn fact. Fiction never did, and never will, move the foundations of society as that thrilling story of human wrongs did. Truth alone can so stir the world.

Uncle Tom was a unique and real man — *Josiah Henson* — a "sort of patriarch in religious matters," among the slave population. He possessed more natural ability, having "greater breadth and cultivation of mind" than obtained among his companions, so that he was a minister among them. He had the gift of exhortation in a marked degree; educated people listened to his honest appeals with pleasure, because he was so quaint, original, and apt. "But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the childlike earnestness, of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips

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unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he 'prayed right up.' And so much did his prayers always work on the devotional feeling of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him."

One of the facts that helped to swell the fame of the book was the commercial value of Uncle Tom's prayers. They increased his market-value. Shelby sold him for several hundred dollars more on account of this prayer-gift; the fact is stated thus:—

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't make trade that way — I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere, — steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock."

"You mean honest, as niggers go," said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

"No, I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really did get it. I have trusted him, since then, with everything I have, — money, house, horses, — and let him come and go around the country; and I always found him true and square in everything."

"Some folks don't believe there is pious niggers, Shelby," said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, "but I do. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans — 'twas as good as a meetin', now, really, to hear that critter pray; and

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he was quite gentle and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeyable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine article, and no mistake."

"Well, Tom's got the real article, if ever a fellow had," rejoined the other. . . . "I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole debt I owe you, and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience."

The bargain was closed; the gift of prayer turned the scale, except, as Haley's estimate of prayer was not quite so high as Shelby's, "a boy was thrown in with Tom."

That Providence should lead a gifted writer to tell this story of "Uncle Tom" so as to deal a crushing blow to American slavery, and at the same time make it the occasion of her distinguished literary career, was an experience which the author, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, never anticipated. But now we can see, looking back upon her early life, how she was disciplined to make so many and great things happen.

Mrs. Stowe was the daughter of the celebrated preacher and theologian, Dr. Lyman Beecher. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811, the seventh child in the grand procession of thirteen; the difference between the ages of the eldest and youngest being eighteen years. America derived more literary men and women from those thirteen children than from any other family in all its history.

The life of such a woman is a study. Its begin-

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ning must have been moulded by influences that are important for educators in home and school to know. The object of this paper will be to ascertain what these influences were.

One was poverty. Harriet was born when the rule for ministers was large families and small salaries. No carpets on the floor and plenty of economy in the kitchen; it was the only way to maintain the connection between soul and body. The first carpet in Harriet's home was of domestic manufacture. Her mother laid down cotton cloth upon the floor of the parlor, and painted it in oils; and she did it remarkably well, for she was an artist. That it was an attractive piece of work is evident from what took place when a deacon of the church called on business. "Step in, step in," said his pastor, seeing that his deacon hesitated at the door of the parlor. "Why, I can't," responded the deacon, "without stepping on it." He thought it was too beautiful to be trod on. "Do you think you can have all that and heaven too?" he added, after a little. A carpet like that, and paradise, was almost too much even for his pastor!

Better than riches was the inheritance of poverty to this talented, wide-awake, aspiring girl. She was of that make-up which requires hardship and self-denial to develop the best there is in the soul. She was obliged to understand and discharge domestic duties. Wealth would have employed servants, and servants would have enforced domestic ignorance and shiftlessness. That she was early initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping appears from a letter that she wrote to a friend, in which she said, "I wish I could be clear that the path of duty lay in talking to you this afternoon, but as I find a loud call to con-

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sider the heels of George's stockings, I must only write a word or two, and then resume my darning-needle." Girls never mend their brothers' stockings unless they are under a wise home government, where the necessity of work is fully recognized. A model woman was never made except on this plan.

Some time before Harriet was born the small salary could not be made to lap over the family expenses, so that Mrs. Beecher proposed the opening of a private school, in which she would teach French, drawing, painting, embroidery, and the higher English branches, for which she was well qualified. This enterprise was begun, and she added to her already excessive labors that of teaching.

But poverty was no injury to Harriet or to any of the family. It only served to develop every member, so that they became much more gifted men and women. To such a girl as Harriet, overflowing with animal spirits, charged with fun, fond of ranging the fields and forests, and competent to grasp subjects which girls of twice her age could not understand, it was a blessing to be compelled to perform daily tasks. Her adult life, as we shall see, was made stronger and grander by the privations of early life. They developed her strength. The roots of her young life struck down into the rocky soil of hardship and held on. Because of this, her womanhood was fresh, fruitful, and exceptional under all circumstances.

Another influence that wrought well for her was a good mother's influence. This sort of influence can never be supplied by any other. Mrs. Stowe once wrote about it as follows: —

"I was between three and four years of age when our mother died, and my personal recollections of

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her are therefore but few. But the deep interest and veneration that she inspired in all who knew her were such that during all my childhood I was constantly hearing her spoken of, and from one friend or another some incident or anecdote of her life was constantly being impressed upon me."

Dr. Beecher once wrote about her: "Few women have attained to more remarkable piety. Her faith was strong, and her prayer prevailing. It was her wish that all her sons should devote themselves to the ministry, and to it she consecrated them with fervent prayer. Her prayers have been heard. All her sons have been converted, and are now, according to her wish, ministers of Christ."

There is no such thing as estimating this kind of maternal influence in the family. It is so clearly divine in its origin and outcome, that the human well-nigh disappears. God takes charge of the family. And then, when, a year later, a step-mother was brought home to the children, she filled the void in the household as well as it was possible for any woman to do. All loved her at sight. "Never did step-mother make a prettier or sweeter impression," said Mrs. Stowe many years thereafter. She was reared under the preaching of the celebrated Dr. Payson of Portland, Maine, and her life proved how moulding was his pastoral fidelity. Mrs. Stowe spoke of Dr. Payson's way of presenting "a tender, human, loving Christ," and said, "This image gave softness and warmth to her religious life, and I have since noticed how her Christ enthusiasm has sprung up in the hearts of all her children."

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," wrote George Herbert. The truthfulness

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of his remark was never more clearly illustrated than it was in the Beecher family.

Two incidents connected with her brief intercourse with her mother Mrs. Stowe retained through life. The first was the deep impression that her mother's demeanor and words made upon her heart, on one Sunday morning, when she and the other children came dancing out of the nursery into the sitting-room. Her mother looked up with surprise upon her face, and said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, children." Mrs. Stowe never outlived the impression which that anxious look and tender admonition made upon her heart.

The other incident is somewhat amusing. One day, when their mother was out, the children found a package of what they called onions. One of the brothers had some doubts about Harriet's conclusion that they were "real onions, good to eat without cooking;" but she soon convinced him of the correctness of her judgment, and they set to eating them in earnest. Just as the last one disappeared their mother entered the room, to find that they had consumed a package of choice tulip bulbs, which her brother had sent to her from New York a short time before. What followed Mrs. Stowe shall tell: "I remember that there was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but that she sat down and said, 'My dear children, what you have done makes mamma very sorry. These were not onions, but roots of beautiful flowers, and if you had let them alone we should have had next summer in the garden great beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw.' I remember how drooping and dispirited we all grew at this picture, and how sadly we regarded

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the empty paper bag." Her government was that of love.

She died, and Mrs. Stowe said of her again: "Although our mother's bodily presence thus disappeared from our circle, I think her memory and example had more influence in moulding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers. It was a memory that met us everywhere, for every person in the town, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to have been so impressed by her character and life that they constantly reflected some portion of it back upon us."

Harriet was born into a literary atmosphere; and this was another of the influences that developed her into a remarkable woman. Direction was given thereby to her inborn literary taste. Under the opposite environment, the outcome might have been entirely different. She found things that conformed to the bent of her mind. There was systematic and daily reading in the family when she was born. When she became old enough she was a happy member of the reading circle. School was poor, as compared with the school of our day, but the parents prized it, and talked about it, so that the children were impressed with its value. Harriet loved books and school. Her sister Catharine wrote to a friend about her thus: "Harriet is a very good girl. She has been to school all this summer, and has learned to read very fluently. She has committed to memory twenty-seven hymns and two long chapters in the Bible. She has a remarkably retentive memory, and will make a very good scholar."

Her school became more and more attractive to her, and she was always the brightest and best pupil.

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She was a close listener at home and in the schoolroom. When other and older scholars were reciting she learned as much as when reciting herself. So, in her home, where meaningless conversation was not allowed, she was a model learner. Referring to this, in her mature years, she wrote: —

"I remember hearing father relate the account of Byron's separation from his wife, and one day hearing him say, with a sorrowful countenance, as if announcing the death of some one very interesting to him: —

"'My dear, Byron is dead — gone.'

"After being awhile silent, he said: —

"'Oh, I am sorry Byron is dead! I did hope he would live to do something for Christ. What a harp he might have swept!'

"The whole impression left upon me by the conversation was solemn and painful. I remember of taking my basket for strawberries that afternoon, and going over to a strawberry-field on Chestnut Hill; but I was too dispirited to do anything, so I lay down among the daisies and looked up into the blue sky, and thought of the great eternity into which Byron had entered, and wondered how it might be with his soul."

Table-talk in Lyman Beecher's family was a good school for bright girls and boys. It was planned to be instructive and useful. No frivolous or vapid conversation was tolerated. The conversation was about books, authors, character, and religion. Books were scarce, and so much more the excitement over each one that came into the family. Children shared the interest in it with their parents, and it was usually read aloud at first. Thereafter the children could read it as many times as they wished. This was a

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good school of itself for Harriet. Her mind was ever on the alert; it was hungry all the time. When it had devoured one book, it seemed hungrier than ever for another. At eight years of age, her brother Edward wrote of her, "Harriet reads everything she can lay hands on, and sews and knits diligently." A busy person evidently! Reading, sewing, and knitting was a very good curriculum for a little girl; for laying the foundation of character its excellence was never surpassed in these modern days.

Harriet was but six or seven years of age when her thirst for knowledge was so great that she explored the garret. There was a barrel in one corner of it filled with old sermons and pamphlets, and she instituted a close examination of it. She overhauled it from top to bottom, finding nothing that was agreeable to her taste until nearly all the contents were on the floor. At the bottom of the barrel she found a copy of "The Arabian Nights." She knew not that it was a fairy tale; but she knew that it was a book, and that was enough. She commenced reading it, and soon found herself entranced. It was the most wonderful book she had ever dreamed of. She read it by day, and dreamed of it by night. She read it over and over, her interest and wonder increasing every time.

Later on she was permitted to explore her father's library. As she committed to writing, in her womanhood, an account of this experience, we will give it a place here: —

"High above all the noise of the house, this room had to me the air of a refuge and a sanctuary. Its walls were set round from floor to ceiling with the friendly, quiet faces of books, and there stood my

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father's great writing-chair, on one arm of which lay open always his Cruden's Concordance and his Bible. Here I loved to retreat, and niche myself down in a quiet corner with my favorite books around me. I had a kind of sheltered feeling as I thus sat and watched my father writing, turning to his books, and speaking from time to time to himself in a loud, earnest whisper. I vaguely felt that he was about some holy and mysterious work quite beyond my little comprehension, and I was careful never to disturb him by question or remark.

"The books ranged around filled me with solemn awe. On the lower shelves were enormous folios, on whose backs I spelled in black letters, 'Lightfoot Opera,' a title whereat I wondered, considering the bulk of the volumes. Above these, grouped along in friendly, social rows, were books of all sorts, sizes, and bindings, the titles of which I had read so often that I knew them by heart. There were 'Bell's Sermons.' . . . These I looked over wistfully, day after day, without even a hope of getting something interesting out of them. The thought that father could read and understand things like these filled me with a vague awe, and I wondered if I would ever be old enough to know what it was all about.

"But there was one of my father's books that proved a mine of wealth to me. It was a happy hour when he brought home and set up in his bookcase Cotton Mather's 'Magnalia,' in a new edition of two volumes. What wonderful stories those! Stories, too, about my own country. Stories that made me feel the very ground I trod on to be consecrated by some special dealing of God's providence."

She was a mere child when she began to write

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down her thoughts, — one of the most profitable and important exercises for the young ever recommended. At ten years of age she began to write compositions in school, an art in which she excelled all her schoolmates from the beginning. She had been so accustomed to clothe her thoughts with language that she prepared a composition with ease and grace. She enjoyed it, too. She was now a member of Litchfield Academy, and one of her teachers was a Mr. Bruce, distinguished as an educator, and of whom she said, many years after, "Mr. Bruce excelled all teachers I ever knew in the faculty of teaching composition. The constant excitement in which he kept the minds of his pupils, the wide and varied regions of thought into which he led them, formed a preparation for composition, the main requisite for which is to have something which one feels interested to say."

Harriet made such rapid progress in writing compositions as to surprise her teacher and friends. She was but twelve years old when her composition was one of two selected to be read at the annual school exhibition. Her subject was, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?" That a girl twelve years of age should select a subject like this can be explained only by referring it to the theological and religious discussions she had listened to so frequently at home. It is strong proof of our position about the home influences that contributed to make her what she became.

The audience were surprised that a scholar in Litchfield Academy could write such an essay. Dr. Beecher sat on the platform with the principal, and he asked, "Who wrote that composition?"

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Mrs. Stowe herself has given an account of the event: —

"I remember well the scene at that exhibition, to me so eventful. The hall was crowded with all the literati of Litchfield. Before them all, our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read I noticed that father, who was sitting on high by Mr. Bruce, brightened and looked interested, and at the close I heard him ask, 'Who wrote that composition?' 'Your daughter, sir,' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested him was past all juvenile triumphs."

It was wholly her own work, selection of topic and all. Neither father nor mother knew anything about it until the composition was read in school. That her father was "pleased" does not express his feelings at all. He was filled with surprise and wonder. It was a revelation to him: his daughter possessed such talents as he had not given her credit for. That a girl of twelve years could handle a difficult subject with so marked ability, when few women of twenty-five could do it, set him to thinking. His method of intellectual training in the house was bearing early fruit, and he saw it. The composition was carefully preserved, and has been printed with Mrs. Stowe's works. Had we space, we would introduce it here as the most remarkable composition ever written by a girl of her age.

In 1824 her sister Catharine, who was twenty-four years old, opened the Hartford Female Seminary in Hartford, Connecticut. She was a young lady of rare accomplishments, and notably of strong mind. A great sorrow led her into this noble and successful

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enterprise. She would have been the wife of Professor Alexander Metcalf Fisher of Yale College, at the time she opened the seminary, had he not been lost in the *Albion*, on a trip to Europe in 1822. Professor Fisher was one of the most gifted scholars in America, and Catharine Beecher was his equal in mental grasp. In 1840 she published an article on Free Agency in the *Biblical Repository* which attracted the attention of theologians in America and in Europe. It was a refutation of Edwards on "The Will," and was regarded as the ablest essay of the kind ever written, even by those who did not wholly accept her logic. An American theologian in Germany called the attention of a German professor to the production, and said: "It is the work of a woman, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher." The professor responded, "You have a woman who can write an able refutation of Edwards on 'The Will'? God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!"

Miss Beecher opened her school with eight pupils, but within a year had a hundred, with more applicants than she could accommodate. She proved herself to be one of the efficient instructors in New England, and her seminary became deservedly popular. Harriet was sent to this school at fourteen, where she took high rank at once. Within a few months she was qualified to assist her sister in some lines of instruction. It was at this time that she became a Christian. Once she wrote about it as follows: —

"I was spending my summer vacation at home, in Litchfield. I shall ever remember that dewy, fresh summer morning. I knew that it was a sacramental Sunday, and thought with sadness that when all the

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good people should take the sacrificial bread and wine I should be left out. I tried hard to feel my sins and count them up; but what with the birds, the daisies, and the brooks that rippled by the way, it was impossible. I came into church quite dissatisfied with myself. . . . Nevertheless, when father began to speak, I was drawn to listen by a certain pathetic earnestness in his voice. Most of father's sermons were as unintelligible to me as if he had spoken in Choctaw. . . . His text was taken from the Gospel of John, the declaration of Jesus: 'Behold, I call you no longer servants, but friends.' His theme was Jesus as a soul Friend offered to every human being. Forgetting all his hair-splitting distinctions and dialectic subtleties, he spoke in direct, simple, and tender language of the great love of Christ and His care for the soul. He pictured Him as patient with our errors, compassionate with our weaknesses, and sympathetic for our sorrows. . . . I sat intent and absorbed. Oh! how much I needed just such a Friend, I thought to myself. . . . Like a flash it came to me that if I needed conviction of sin, He was able to give me even this also. I would trust Him for the whole. My whole soul was illumined with joy, and as I left the church to walk home, it seemed to me as if Nature herself were hushing her breath to hear the music of heaven. As soon as father came home and was seated in his study, I went up to him and fell in his arms, saying, 'Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and He has taken me.' I shall never forget the expression of his face as he looked down into my earnest eyes; it was so sweet, so gentle, and like sunlight breaking out upon a landscape. 'Is it so?' he said, holding me silently

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to his heart, as I felt the hot tears fall on my head. 'Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day.'"

From that time a definite purpose took possession of her heart, and she was inspired to higher endeavors by her new sense of obligation to Christ. Her father was called to the pastorate of a church in Boston not long after her conversion, and it was thought best that Harriet should remove thither with the family. She could enjoy exceptional opportunities in that city to pursue some studies, and for this reason she went. She allowed herself to drift into speculation upon Christian experience, and became depressed in spirit, scarcely daring to call herself a Christian. But she finally emerged from the darkness, and wrote to her brother Edward: —

"I have never been so happy as this summer. I began it with more suffering than I ever before have felt, but there is One whom I daily thank for all that suffering, since I hope that it has brought me at last to rest entirely in Him. I do hope that my long, long course of wandering, and darkness, and unhappiness is over, and that I have found in Him who died for me all, and more than all, I could desire!"

Dr. Beecher preached in Boston six years, when he was called to the presidency of the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. Seventy thousand dollars had been raised for the institution, provided Dr. Beecher would become the president. In these circumstances he accepted the position, although almost every consideration of personal enjoyment and financial reward prompted him to remain in Boston. Cincinnati was then in the "far West," and the privations and uncertainties incident to such an enterprise at

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that time were forbidding, to say the least. But Dr. Beecher became president of the institution in 1832.

It was settled, before leaving Boston, that Catharine, who had left the Hartford Female Seminary, and Harriet should accompany their father to Cincinnati, and establish the Western Female Institute there. The theological school was designed to lift up and advance the West, and a seminary for females was equally necessary in the work of Christian civilization. It was after opening this institute that Harriet rapidly advanced in intellectual strength and true womanly wisdom. Her success as a teacher was phenomenal. She had her own ideas about methods of teaching, and followed them closely. One of the first literary ventures she made was the preparation of a geography better suited to the times and place than any in print. Had she continued to teach, other text-books would have followed in rapid succession. But a young professor in the theological school — a bright and handsome man, Rev. Calvin E. Stowe — soon fell in love with her. There was no reason why she should not reciprocate his affection and marry him, and that was what she did, and became Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

That a successful professor should have chosen such a popular teacher for his mate was natural. She could be a helpmate by counsel, if not by teaching. She was a fine writer, and wielded the pen with remarkable ability. In process of time, however, the care of her little children interfered with any plans she might have formed of eventually becoming an author. But her husband was not satisfied with burying her genius beneath family cares; he wanted her

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to write for the press, that the world should have the benefit of so high an order of talent; and he was right. Poverty, too, urged her to take up the pen. She had heard the voice of this troubler before, in her early home, and she knew just what it meant. She had always been to this school, and the lessons she learned were helping her more than ever now. For the income of the theological school had fallen off; friends had failed to come to its aid in the hour of need, and salaries were unpaid. With three little children to take care of, there was a poor chance for authorship; but she took up the pen, and her first story won her a prize of fifty dollars that had been offered. Other articles followed from time to time, adding somewhat to the limited income. Still she did not resolve to devote herself to writing. She was an honest, devoted mother, and believed that her first duty was to her family, whether poverty reigned or not. Read what she wrote in some of her letters to friends: —

"Our straits for money this year are unparalleled even in our annals. Even our bright and cheery neighbor Allen begins to look blue, and says $600 is the very most we can hope to collect of our salary, once $1200."

Her husband tried to raise money for the institution, and she wrote to him: —

"I am already half-sick with confinement to the house and overwork. If I should sew every day for a month to come, I should not be able to accomplish a half of what is to be done, and should be only more unfit for my other duties."

Her health was poor, and friends wanted her to take a journey; but there was no money to pay the bills. She closed a letter to her husband, saying: —

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"God, the mighty God is mine, of that I am sure, and I know He knows that though flesh and heart fail, I am all the while desiring and trying for His will alone. As to a journey, I need not ask a physician to see that it is needful to me as far as health is concerned, that is to say, all human appearances are that way, but I feel no particular choice about it. If God wills, I go. He can easily find means. Money, I suppose, is as plentiful with him now as it always has been, and if He sees it is really best He will doubtless help me."

Evidently God was in favor of her going, for the money to pay for a journey to Brattleboro, Vermont, and treatment in Wesselhoeft's water-cure there for several months, was furnished by well-to-do friends. And, after she was undergoing treatment there, her husband wrote to her that he had received fifty dollars from a friend in New York city, and another fifty from a lady friend in North Carolina, all for the benefit of her health.

She wrote to her husband from the water-cure, "I feel as if I had been only a hindrance to you instead of a help, and most earnestly and daily do I pray to God to restore my health, that I may do something for you and my family. I think if I were only at home I could at least sweep and dust, and wash potatoes, and cook a little, and talk some to my children, and should be doing something for my family. But the hope of getting better buoys me up. I go through these tedious and wearisome baths, and bear that terrible douche, thinking of my children. They never will know how I love them."

Again she wrote: "If you and I do as we should for five years to come, the character of our three

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oldest children will be established. This is why I am willing to spend so much time and make such efforts to have health. Oh, that God would give me these five years in full possession of mind and body, that I may train my children as they should be trained."

After the lapse of ten months she returned to her home in fairly good health; but the health of her husband was so much impaired that the family physician recommended treatment for him in the water-cure. So after the birth of their sixth child, which occurred a few months after her return, Professor Stowe took his turn in the hospital in Vermont. Soon after he left home, she wrote to her brother George: —

"I am thirty-seven years old! I am glad of it. I like to grow old and have six children and cares endless. I wish you could see me with my flock all around me. They sum up my cares, and were they gone I should ask myself, 'What now remains to be done?' They are my work, over which I fear and tremble."

While Professor Stowe was at Brattleboro the cholera broke out in Cincinnati, and carried off nine thousand people in three months, one of the number being his own child; and still his wife wrote to him, "I am decidedly opposed to your coming home." Cholera was followed by an outbreak of small-pox, ten thousand cases being reported in three or four months, a large percentage of them proving fatal. And she continued to write to her husband, "I am decidedly opposed to your coming home." Her biographer says: —

"During this period of more than a year Mrs.

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Stowe remained in Cincinnati caring for her six children, eking out her slender income by taking boarders and writing when she found time, confronting a terrible epidemic of cholera that carried off one of her little flock, and in every way showing herself to be a brave woman, possessed of a spirit that could rise superior to all adversity."

Had she been dandled in the lap of luxury during her childhood, she would not have proved "the brave woman" she did in middle and later life. Self-reliant in early life, the virtue of self-reliance in womanhood was a matter of course. She felt all the while that her duty to her children blocked her way to authorship; and though she was now forty years old, she did not appear to be planning for anything but the good of her family. Wonderful woman!

We had almost forgotten to quote a paragraph from a letter which her husband wrote to her while she was a patient in the Brattleboro hydropathic; we will quote it here: —

"And now, my dear wife, I want you should come home as soon as you can. The fact is, I cannot live without you; and if we were not so prodigiously poor, I would come for you at once. There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little self-conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?"

But the hand of Providence was in all her experience. She was living, economizing, suffering, and

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observing in Ohio for a purpose. She was on the borders of a slave State, and saw and learned much of the horrors of slavery. What she learned in her early home in Litchfield was more than confirmed by her Cincinnati experience. The anti-slavery lessons and spirit of her childhood found a wide field of application here. In Cincinnati the opposition to slavery was hot, and across the Ohio, in Kentucky, the pro-slavery sentiment was violent. Constant agitation of the subject, under great excitement and peril, was the result in Cincinnati. The president and faculty of the theological seminary were opposers of slavery, and the students were equally the friends of liberty. Consequently Lane Seminary was marked by the slaveholders. It was in peril. It was threatened by a mob. The peace of the city was broken. No one knew what might happen almost any day. Mrs. Stowe never would have conceived the idea of writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had she not been thrust into these circumstances. Quite a number of the characters in her great work lived in her family; others she beheld and studied in the neighborhood. Uncle Tom was a veritable character in slavery. The truth is, God put her into this trying school of experience in Ohio to qualify her to write a book that would shake and shatter the very foundations of slavery. And when her discipline in this school was complete, He removed her to Brunswick, Maine, where, in the repose and quiet of a humble country home, she might write the most remarkable book of the nineteenth century. There was too much excitement and confusion in Cincinnati to favor the preparation of such a work.

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Professor Stowe was called to a professorship in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1850, and accepted the appointment. On their way thither they met with excitement on the slavery question everywhere. The action of Congress to extend slavery had aroused the public indignation in the East as well as in the West. The colored population in cities like New York and Boston were wild over their dangers. For slave-hunters were scouring the North searching for fugitives from Southern bondage, and scenes of unusual cruelty and inhumanity were frequent. Mrs. Stowe stopped in Washington, New York, and Boston, on her way to Brunswick, to arrange with the editors of several journals to write for their columns, so that she encountered excitement and dismay equal to that which prevailed in Ohio. With her soul on fire with indignation and hate against slavery, she took up her residence in Brunswick. She was scarcely settled in her new home, when she received a letter from her brother's wife in Boston (Rev. Edward Beecher), recounting the most heart-rending scenes that had transpired in that city by the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, and closing by saying, "Now, Hattie, if I could use the pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

Mrs. Stowe arose from the reading of that letter, saying audibly, "I will write something; I will, if I live." The thought took complete possession of her mind, so that she could think of nothing else; and the next Sabbath, while sitting in church, the plan of the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," flashed upon her mind. On returning to her house she sat down at once and wrote a chapter on Uncle Tom's death, which she read

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aloud to her family. Her two boys of ten and twelve years burst into tears, and one of them said between his sobs, "O mamma, slavery is the most cruel thing in the world."

Here was the origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — a book that did more to stamp out the Fugitive Slave Law and arouse the American nation to the cruelties and abominations of slavery, and hasten its overthrow, than any other one agency. This work, together with the eloquent and thrilling appeals of her brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who went through the Northern States, arousing the people by his fiery eloquence to the perils of the hour, lifts the Beecher family into conspicuous notoriety in the abolition of American slavery. It was the legitimate and glad outcome of early home discipline.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared as a serial in the *New Era*, of Washington, for which the author received three hundred dollars. It was extensively copied into other journals, and was circulated throughout the land, creating the most unbounded enthusiasm and admiration. No story like it had ever been read, and its appearance in book form was demanded. A Boston publisher — John P. Jewett — issued it in book form, and sold over three hundred thousand copies within one year. Within four months after its appearance in book form, he paid Mrs. Stowe *ten thousand dollars* in royalty, thus suddenly lifting her out of poverty into affluence. The story was written to bless a down-trodden race, and while its noble object was accomplished, the author was rewarded in a way she had not expected. It is God's way of blessing those who bless others. Mrs. Stowe once said, "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? No,

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indeed. The Lord Himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in His hand. To Him alone should be given all the praise."

The book was republished in England, eighteen different publishing houses engaging in its issue to meet the unexpected demand. The best authorities claim that one and a half million copies were sold up to 1878. It was translated, also, into all the European languages, and tens of thousands of copies sold in foreign tongues. Not less than three million copies of this remarkable work have been sold in this and other countries. And it is still selling, after forty years have elapsed, so great are its merits and fame.

It has been dramatized at home and abroad, and the play has been more successful in America than any other known in history. People never tire of witnessing its performance. Again and again, even to ten and fifteen times, the play has been performed in many towns. Nothing draws a crowded house more surely than "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Southern press attacked the book with the most malignant spirit, denying its facts and abusing its author. In response, Mrs. Stowe issued a "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," containing the sources of her information, extracts from the laws of slave States, additional harrowing tales about which there could be no doubt, "with all the original facts, anecdotes, and documents on which the story was founded." This array of facts, many of them more terrible than any rehearsed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," put the whole pro-slavery press in America to silence. There was nothing to be said before an array of facts so appalling and unanswerable.

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The people of England wanted to see the author of this great novel. So importunate was their appeal for a visit from her, that in the spring of 1853, in company with her husband and brother, she visited England and Scotland, and was given a royal welcome everywhere. The Queen herself could not have been more enthusiastically received and honored than she was. Literary institutions and societies, benevolent organizations, city councils and public committees, vied with each other to honor the illustrious woman. Many valuable presents and tokens of respect were presented to her by persons high in authority and the public estimation. It was a splendid ovation that she received from the time she set foot upon British soil until she regretfully bade farewell, and returned to her own country. Twice, within five years afterwards, she made the tour of Europe, meeting with like hearty welcome, and taking back with her not only delightful recollections of the countries and peoples she visited, but a portfolio of choice material for her "Sunny Memories," — a work that added to her already great fame.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was really the beginning of Mrs. Stowe's career as an author. She had prepared a geography, as we have seen, and *Harper's Magazine* had published her "Mayflower;" but it was not until the unexampled success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gave her notoriety that she decided to follow authorship as a profession. Then followed "Sunny Memories;" and after that, "Dred," which was suggested by the famous negro insurrection, led by Nat Turner, in eastern Virginia, in 1831, one of the principal participators bearing the name of "Dred." "The Minister's Wooing" appeared first as a serial in *The Atlantic*

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Monthly; then in book form; and it was received with universal commendation. "The Pearl of Orr's Island" followed, of which Whittier said, "When I am in the mood for thinking deeply, I read 'The Minister's Wooing.' But 'The Pearl of Orr's Island' is my favorite. It is the most charming New England idyll ever written."

When Mrs. Stowe was in Italy the first time, the story of "Agnes of Sorrento" was suggested to her at a gathering of literary people in Florence. This story was published in 1863. Other noted works of hers are, "My Wife and I," "We and Our Neighbors," "Poganuc People," "Oldtown Folks," "Palmetto Leaves," "House and Home Papers," "Little Foxes," "The Chimney Corner," "Religious Poems," and several of less notoriety.

At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 one of her sons enlisted, with his mother's cheerful consent. Slavery caused the war, and she had faith to believe that the war would destroy it, so that it was with the highest patriotic feelings that she gave a soldier to her country. She wrote of the war as follows:—

"It was God's will that this nation — the North as well as the South — should deeply and terribly suffer for the sin of consenting to and encouraging the great oppressions of the South; that the ill-gotten wealth, which had arisen from striking hands with oppression and robbery, should be paid back in the taxes of war; that the blood of the poor slave, that had cried so many years from the ground in vain, should be answered by the blood of the sons from the best hearthstones through all the free States; that the slave mothers, whose tears nobody regarded,

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should have with them a great company of weepers, North and South, — Rachels weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted; that the free States, who refused to listen when they were told of lingering starvation, cold, privation, and barbarous cruelty, as perpetrated on the slave, should have lingering starvation, cold, hunger, and cruelty doing its work among their own sons, at the hands of these slave-masters, with whose sins our nation had connived."

In the darkest hours of that great trial Mrs. Stowe wrote to the Duchess of Argyll: "Slavery will be sent out by this agony. We are only in the throes and ravings of the exorcism. The roots of the cancer have gone everywhere, but they must die — will. Already the Confiscation Bill is its natural destruction. Lincoln has been too slow. He should have done it sooner, and with an impulse; but come it must, come it will. Your mother will live to see slavery abolished, unless England forms an alliance to hold it up. England is the great reliance of the slave power to-day, and next to England the faltering weakness of the North, which falters and dares not fire the great broadside for fear of hitting friends. These things *must* be done, and sudden, sharp remedies are *mercy*. Just now we are in a dark hour; but whether God is with us or not, I know He is with the slave, and with his redemption will come the solution of our question."

The outcome of the Civil War honored her sagacity and faith. The emancipation of the slaves abundantly rewarded her for all her sacrifices and labors.

Professor Stowe had lived in Brunswick but two years, when he was called to the professorship of

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Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts. Here he served ten years, when the feeble state of his health compelled him to resign, and the family removed to Hartford, Connecticut, into a new house that Mrs. Stowe had built on the banks of Park River. Here the professor died, August 22, 1886.

In 1872 the American Lecture Bureau of Boston proposed a course of forty readings to Mrs. Stowe, and she accepted their liberal proposition. She was to read from her own works, and all the readings were to be given in the autumn months. The course was attended with much weariness to herself, but she proved equal to the task physically, and her readings were very popular. The next year she gave a similar course in the Western States, which closed her public lectures for money. She often read in public thereafter, but always for charitable objects.

The results of her literary career are, perhaps, without a parallel. That career did not really open until 1852, when the teacher dropped into authorship at forty-one years of age; and, in twenty-six years, she published twenty-three volumes, each one of which was a work of genius. In addition she wrote a large number of articles for magazines and journals, — short stories, essays, letters of travels, and other productions. These were sandwiched between her book writing, sometimes a dozen of these between two books. No wonder that she wrote to her daughters: —

"I have at last finished all my part in the third book of mine that is to come out this year, to wit, 'Oldtown Fireside Stories,' and you can have no idea what a perfect luxury of rest it is to be free

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from all literary engagements, of all kinds, sorts, or descriptions. I feel like a poor woman I once read about, —

'Who always was tired
'Cause she lived in a house
Where help wasn't hired,'

and of whom it is related that in her dying moments,

'She folded her hands
With her latest endeavor,
Saying nothing, dear nothing,
Sweet nothing for ever.'

"I am in about her state of mind. I luxuriate in laziness. I do not want to do anything or go anywhere. I only want to sink down into lazy enjoyment of living."

And while she was turning off literary work in this public way, she was making many other things happen. For every book was written with a purpose, designed to improve humanity. Like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," each one was on the line of necessary reform, and was instructive and uplifting to domestic, social, intellectual, and religious life. Millions of readers have passed on with her praises upon their lips, and millions more still live to bless her name. And now, as we close this sketch, July 1, 1896, the aged saint and benefactor goes up from her lonely widowhood to take her crown of life.

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE — HOSPITAL NURSE.

MANY occupations, that are indispensable and useful, were considered menial until they were dignified by the self-sacrificing spirit of benevolent doers. When respectability and character endorse a pursuit, its reputation with many people becomes honorable and fixed. This was eminently true of the occupation of nurse, once unappreciated because it was not classed with the most creditable employments. It was lifted into one of the noblest pursuits by the gifted and good Florence Nightingale, who was born in the city of Florence, Italy, in 1823, daughter of William Shore Nightingale, who was a wealthy and influential citizen. The record of her ancestry is: "She is the youngest daughter and coheiress of William Edward Shore, of Embley, Hants, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and descendant of an old Sheffield family, who inherited the estates of his paternal grand-uncle, Peter Nightingale, and in pursuance of his will assumed, in 1815, the name of Nightingale by royal sign manual. Her mother is a daughter of the late William Smith, who was for many years a Member of Parliament for Norwich, and distinguished as an advocate of negro emancipation. As the child of cultivated no less than of wealthy parents, the youth of Florence Nightingale, as well as that of her elder sister, Parthenope, was

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passed under circumstances favorable to her intellectual development. Under the guidance of her father, she attained proficiency in classics and mathematics, and a general acquaintance with science and art. She also became a good musician, and proficient in modern languages, a branch of study that was facilitated by her early visits to many parts of Europe."

The public had not been accustomed to look for nurses in families of this class; nor had citizens expected that liberally educated, accomplished young ladies, like Florence, would choose such an occupation. It is evident, however, that her ancestors were kind, thoughtful, philanthropic people. Her maternal grandfather espoused the cause of the slave. He could not tolerate the idea of property in men, and the wrongs and woes of slavery aroused the best there was in him. He entered into the great anti-slavery conflict of his day with all his heart. His descendants inherited his sympathy for the oppressed and suffering of every kind, particularly Florence, as the sequel will show.

That the wealth and social distinction of the family did not lure her into a life of fashion and frivolity, speaks well for her and her home education. Few girls can break away from the fascination of a life that riches make possible, and accept a routine of duty which the poorest might follow. But Florence Nightingale did this. She was a good scholar, and loved learning for its own sake, as well as for its advantages. In personal appearance she was attractive, and possessed social qualities that fitted her for rank in society, especially when her mental endowments and acquisitions were added. Yet, even in childhood, her thoughts were turned to human suffer-

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ing. Her child-sympathy for the sick was so marked as to elicit remarks. The poor and sick about her father's estate shared her attentions. She thought of them, and went to see them. She was never happier than when bearing food, clothing, or some other gift from her parents to this class of needy ones. Of course, she was a great favorite in these houses of want, and was regarded as a very remarkable child.

Nor was her sympathy limited to human sufferers. She was tender toward every living thing, — insects, birds, dogs, cats, horses, and what not. Abuse of the most insignificant animal touched her heart and evoked remonstrance. Playmates took note of her tenderness on this line, and some of them thought she was singular. Still, she was a favorite with all, there was so much of brightness, sociability, and honest womanly purpose about her. A few years ago, the following sketch appeared in *Little Folks*, which is even more interesting than modern fairy tales, and the facts embraced therein confirm the foregoing: —

"When the celebrated Florence Nightingale was a little girl, living at her father's house, a large, old Elizabethan house, with great woods about it, in Hampshire, there was one thing that struck everybody who knew her, — it was that she seemed to be always thinking of what she could do to please or help any one who needed either help or comfort. She was very fond, too, of animals, and she was so gentle in her way that even the shyest of them would come quite close to her, and pick up whatever she flung down for them to eat.

"There was, in the garden behind the house, a

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long walk with trees on each side, the abode of many squirrels; and when Florence came down the walk, dropping nuts as she went along, the squirrels would run down the trunks of their trees, and, hardly waiting until she passed by, would pick up the prize and dart away, with their little bushy tails curved over their backs, and their black eyes looking about as if terrified at the least noise, though they did not seem to be afraid of Florence.

"Then there was an old grey pony named Peggy, past work, living in a paddock, with nothing to do all day long but to amuse herself. Whenever Florence appeared at the gate, Peggy would come trotting up and put her nose into the dress pocket of her little mistress, and pick it of the apple or the roll of bread that she knew she would always find there; for this was a trick Florence had taught the pony. Florence was fond of riding, and her father's old friend, the clergyman of the parish, used often to come and take her for a ride with him when he went to the farm cottages at a distance. He was a good man, and very kind to the poor.

"As he had studied medicine when a young man, he was able to tell the people what would do them good when they were ill, or had met with an accident. Florence took great delight in nursing those who were ill; and whenever she went on these long rides, she had a small basket fastened to her saddle, filled with something nice which she had saved from her breakfast or dinner, or carried for her mother, who was very good to the poor.

"There lived in one of the two or three solitary cottages in the wood an old shepherd of her father's, named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called

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Cap. Roger had neither wife nor child, and Cap lived with him, and kept him company at night after he had penned his flock. Cap was a very sensible dog; indeed, people used to say he could do everything but speak. He kept the sheep in wonderfully good order, and thus saved his master a great deal of trouble. One day, as Florence and her old friend were out for a ride, they came to a field where they found the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed; but he was without the dog, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering in every direction. Florence and her friend noticed that the shepherd looked very sad, and they stopped to ask him what was the matter, and what had become of his dog.

"'Oh,' said Roger, 'Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I get home to-night.'

"'Hang him!' cried Florence. 'O, Roger, how wicked of you! What has dear old Cap done?'

"'He has done nothing,' replied Roger, 'but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him for nothing; one of the mischievous school-boys throwed a stone at him yesterday, and broke one of his legs.' And the old shepherd's eyes filled with tears, which he wiped away with his shirt-sleeve; then he drove his spade deep in the ground to hide what he felt, for he did not like to be seen crying.

"'Poor Cap!' he sighed; 'he was as knowing almost as a human being.'

"'But are you sure his leg is broken?' asked Florence.

"'Oh yes, miss, it is broken safe enough; he has not put his foot to the ground since.'

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"Florence and her friend rode on without saying anything more to Roger.

"'We will go and see poor Cap,' said the vicar; 'I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a big dog like Cap.'

"'O, if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!' replied Florence.

"They soon reached the shepherd's cottage, but the door was fastened; and when they moved the latch, such a furious barking was heard that they drew back, startled. However, a little boy came out of the next cottage, and asked if they wanted to go in, as Roger had left the key with his mother. So the key was got, and the door opened; and there on the bare brick floor lay the dog, his hair dishevelled, and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when he saw the little boy he grew peaceful, and when he looked at Florence, and heard her call him 'poor Cap,' he began to wag his short tail, and then crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his old rough head, and talked to him, whilst her friend examined his injured leg. It was dreadfully swollen, and hurt very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"'It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken,' said her old friend; 'rest is all that Cap needs; he will soon be well again.'

"'I am so glad,' said Florence; 'but can we do nothing for him? he seems in such pain.'

"'There is one thing that would ease the pain and

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heal the leg all the sooner, and that is plenty of hot water to foment the part.'

"Florence struck a light with the tinder-box, and lighted the fire, which was already laid. She then set off to the other cottage to get something to bathe the leg with. She found an old flannel petticoat hanging up to dry, and this she carried off, and tore up into slips, which she wrung out in warm water, and laid them tenderly on Cap's swollen leg. It was not long before the poor dog felt the benefit of the application, and he looked grateful, wagging his little stump of a tail in thanks. On their way home they met the shepherd coming slowly along, with a piece of rope in his hand.

"'O, Roger,' cried Florence, 'you are not to hang poor old Cap; his leg is not broken at all.'

"'No, he will serve you yet,' said the vicar.

"'Well, I be main glad to hear it,' said the shepherd, 'and many thanks to you for going to see him.'

"On the next morning Florence was up early, and the first thing she did was to take two flannel petticoats to give to the poor woman whose petticoat she had torn up to bathe Cap's leg. Then she went to the dog, and was delighted to find the swelling of his leg much less. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.

"Two or three days afterwards Florence and her friend were riding together, when they came up to Roger and his sheep. This time Cap was watching his sheep, though he was lying quite still, and pretending to be asleep. When he heard the voice of Florence speaking to his master, who was portioning out the usual food, his tail wagged, and his eyes

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sparkled; but he did not get up, for he was on duty. The shepherd stopped his work, and as he glanced at the dog with a merry laugh, said, 'Do look at the dog, miss; he be so pleased to hear your voice.' Cap's tail went faster and faster. 'I be glad,' continued the old man, 'I did not hang him. I be greatly obliged to you, miss, and the vicar, for what you did. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life.'"

This is a long story, but we have told it because the subject of this paper is foreshadowed by it. No matter how much of this kind and tender spirit was inherited, here the girl was the mother of the woman. She did not exhaust her sympathies and efforts upon herself; she lived for others, even for dogs and cats. Riches could not divert her benevolent spirit from its natural course, nor could social position shame her out of a kind act to the humblest of God's creatures.

She was a great reader, and selected books in which kindness to others was inculcated. Books that described the efforts and achievements of missionaries and philanthropists, and the mission of hospitals and reformatories, pleased her more than any others. She never tired of this class of books.

She travelled much with her parents, and wherever they sojourned she wanted to visit hospitals, jails, and all institutions that cared for the unfortunate and suffering. She travelled in Egypt with her parents, and, at one place, she found several sick Arabs, to whom she ministered successfully, restoring them speedily to health. These heathen patients regarded her with a superstitious awe, as if she were some supernatural being to whom the gods

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had intrusted some sort of witchery. While yet in her teens she began to discuss the subject of educating young women to be nurses. She realized her own ignorance in that sphere, and knew that scarcely any women were qualified for so responsible a position. She had visited institutions where the Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church nursed the patients, and did it extremely well, because they had been trained for the business. She wondered why there could not be Protestant sisters of charity, trained specially for nursing service, making it their profession, as other women are trained to be milliners and dressmakers. After several years of thought upon the subject, she heard that there was such an institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, in the "school of deaconesses" founded by Amelia Sieveking and the venerable Pastor Fliedner. She visited the institution when she was about twenty-five years of age, and became thoroughly acquainted with its methods. She was filled with admiration by what she saw. To her it was one of the most beneficent schools that a Christian spirit could originate, and she returned to her home, encouraged by the thought that Protestants had even one training school of this kind.

Soon she began to ask herself whether she could not be of more service to the world by fitting herself for a nurse in this institution than she could in any other way. It was not a step that a young lady of her standing was expected to take. It is believed, however, that her nearest friends seconded her proposal, or, at least, did not oppose her; for she finally decided to become a member of that school and learn the art of taking care of the sick. At twenty-six years of age she went to Kaiserswerth, where she

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was trained as a professional nurse; and she ever afterwards rejoiced over her decision to become educated for so noble a pursuit. The way in which Pastor Fliedner was led to found that training school interested her deeply; for she saw the guidance of Providence in its history.

Pastor Fliedner was a good and faithful preacher, who ministered to a small and poor parish. All the people were obliged to economize and labor industriously in order to support themselves. His little church struggled on, and its good influence was seen and felt throughout the region. At length, however, it was burdened with debt, and the faithful pastor decided to make an effort to remove it. He went through the country far and wide, preaching, visiting prisons and other public institutions, setting forth the necessities of his little church, and collecting money wherever he could. He was successful beyond his expectations, and the church debt was paid. At the same time he learned many things which controlled his future career. He found that prisoners were neglected physically and morally, that insane people were not treated humanely, that nurses and other attendants knew little about their business, so that the unfortunate and criminal classes were in a bad plight through ignorance and indifference. These things weighed as a heavy burden upon his kind heart, and he dwelt upon them almost night and day.

Months went by, and his people were not able to pay the expenses of their church. Pastor Fliedner knew the actual pecuniary condition of each man and woman in his parish, and he saw that help must come from the outside. After long reflection he resolved to raise an endowment fund, and visited Holland and

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Great Britain for this purpose. This was in 1832, seventeen years before Florence Nightingale made his acquaintance. His success, both in Holland and Great Britain, was all that he could ask. Everywhere he was received with the utmost kindness and generous response. So great was his success that he resolved to make the endowment large enough to enable him to prosecute some benevolent enterprises, in connection with his church, that he had in mind. He had heard of Elizabeth Fry, and he made her acquaintance, and became familiar with her prison work. It was a revelation to him of woman's power as a messenger of mercy. It opened up before him a new sphere of usefulness for woman in his own country; and he returned to Germany, resolved to make his own influence widely felt in behalf of distressed humanity. His great heart could not rest with so much suffering around him.

First, he opened a home for discharged women prisoners. It was next to impossible for this class to find sympathy and employment on coming out of prison. He would give them a Christian home, where needful lessons and influences would strengthen their moral character, and he would secure for them situations that otherwise would not be accessible. Then he opened a school for the children of factory operatives, who were roaming the streets and growing up in ignorance. Next followed his training school for nurses, which was one of his most important charities, and proved to be an agency of widespread blessing. A hospital for the sick and the insane was one of his subsequent charities, for which he provided trained nurses from his own school.

So successful were his benevolent efforts that the

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fame of the institutions he founded spread far and wide. The generous felt appealed to by the self-denying labors of Pastor Fliedner, and sent him money. Often he scarcely knew whence would come support for all his work; but he labored on, asking God to guide and bless him in his plans for elevating the people around him. It was a very discouraging field of operation at times, and but for his faith that God would not suffer his labors for others to fail, he would have yielded to despair. His faith triumphed, and, after some years, Providence provided him with the pecuniary means to carry forward and greatly enlarge his charities. This was especially true of his training school for nurses. The plan was so sensible that it commended itself at once to philanthropic men and women, and they contributed gladly to its support. The fame of it was quite widespread when Florence Nightingale became a member of it in 1849, since which time it has increased rapidly, so that now there are nearly a thousand nurses, employed in different lands, who were educated in this school, to make no mention of the many who have passed away.

Miss Nightingale was not in good health when she joined the training school of Fliedner, but she managed to go through the regular course of six months, doing her work so thoroughly that at the close Pastor Fliedner said she passed the best examination of any pupil ever instructed in the institution. She returned home to rest. She had applied herself so closely that her health was much impaired, and absolute rest for a season was necessary.

After the lapse of a single year, however, she saw a door of usefulness open. There was a sanitarium

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for invalid and infirm governesses, or teachers, in London, that was in danger of failure. The public did not manifest much interest in it, and its management was poor indeed. Miss Nightingale became acquainted with the institution and its needs, and she could not harbor the thought for a moment that it must fail. The mission of the sanitarium was very important in her view, and she felt confident that the public would give it liberal support were it reorganized and placed under efficient management. In the circumstances, she offered her services free of charge, and entered at once upon the work of making the institution a great blessing to the metropolis. It required a general overhauling, which proved a more formidable task than she anticipated. She found that it was the labor of months instead of weeks, and would demand more money than the institution could provide. But her resolution and perseverance were equal to the demands, and care, hard work, and her own purse supplied the lack of money.

Between one and two years were consumed in putting this sanitarium upon a sound basis. But when the reorganization and renovation were accomplished, public interest mounted to the wished-for standard. No longer did it have to go begging for public regard. The public became proud of it, so well adapted was it to bless the class for whom it was originated. It was a credit to London; and the young woman who had saved it from disgrace, if not extinction, was honored in every circle of thoughtful citizens. She returned to her home, bearing the esteem and benediction of the best people in the land. The blessing, too, of many who were ready to perish accompanied her.

We may pause here to review the way in which

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the subject of this sketch was led. There was no accident about her career so far. She was not a mere "creature of circumstances;" the natural tendency of wealth and position was not toward professional nursing. It was a noble PURPOSE, early formed, out of a childhood that was trained in charity, which made this result possible. This grand, God-like idea of making her life a power for good to mankind took complete possession of her. It mastered her, just as the idea of delivering France from its enemies mastered Joan of Arc. If Miss Nightingale had simply embraced the idea of laboring for the good of others, the result would have been far less wonderful. It is one thing for a person to possess an idea, but quite a different thing to be possessed by it. In the latter event, the whole being is rallied and manipulated by the idea. Difficulties are nothing; hardships are nothing; herculean work is nothing. The will, conscience, and heart unite in a fixed purpose that goes straight to the mark. This is the philosophical explanation of Miss Nightingale's career.

At the close of her arduous labors in London she returned home, with the expectation of a long and needed repose. There was every comfort in her home that money could provide, and no one but a genuine philanthropist could have turned away from its attractions for the briefest season. But Providence had other and larger plans for her. She had not commenced the chief work of her life; that remained to be accomplished, although she was living in blissful ignorance of it.

The Crimean War was entered upon in 1854, and wild excitement prevailed in the country. Soldiers

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were sent off to the seat of war with scarcely any preparation made to care for them on reaching the scene of conflict. The hospital arrangements were too meagre to meet a fractional part of the demand for such aid. As a consequence, sickness and death fairly ran riot in the allied armies. The situation was forlorn in the extreme. W. H. Russell was the war correspondent of *The Times*, and he wrote: —

"It is now pouring rain, the skies are black as ink, the wind is howling over the staggering tents, the trenches are turned into dykes; in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep; our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing; they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches; they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign, — and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country."

Such a fearful tale from an eye-witness like Mr. Russell created the wildest excitement, with which not a little indignation was mixed. Thoughtful citizens saw at once that the Government had failed to make suitable provision for the comfort of its soldiers, and that thousands of them must die before the necessary assistance could reach them. Of course there arose indignant remonstrance, and a demand for immediate measures to be adopted for the relief of the army. Nor was the foregoing all that Mr. Russell wrote.

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"The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting," he wrote; "there is not the least attention paid to decency or clean linen; the stench is appalling; the fetid air can hardly struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appeared to be attended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

No one doubted Mr. Russell's statements; and when he wrote, in the severe winter of 1854, that the snow was three feet deep on the level, and that the cold was so intense that many soldiers were frozen in their tents, and that eighteen out of forty-five thousand were on the sick list at one time, the people were moved as never before. A subscription was opened at *The Times* office, and seventy-five thousand dollars were subscribed in two weeks. A movement was inaugurated at the same time to collect shirts, flannels, sheets, clothing, blankets, and food; and it was remarkably successful. It was thought best to despatch an agent to the Crimea with these supplies; and accordingly one was sent to remain and attend to the distribution of supplies.

But the public was not satisfied. Some statesmen were not content with sending supplies alone; they desired to forward at once some one who could bring order out of confusion, and make hospitals comfortable and safe for the sick. Who was competent for the work? That Florence Nightingale

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was the person above all others to send, was the opinion of many. Others scouted the idea of sending a woman into a camp of rough, vicious, and degraded soldiers. Such a measure would expose England to the derision of the civilized world. Others still said, "A feeble woman like Miss Nightingale would not survive the exposure of a single month at the seat of war." They believed that such service would tax the strongest woman in the realm to the utmost, and, therefore, it was preposterous to think of sending an invalid.

But the general sentiment of the people was in favor of Miss Nightingale, if she would go. The Secretary of War, Sydney Herbert, was of that opinion, and he wrote to her upon the subject, as follows, October 15, 1854: —

"There is, as far as I know, only one person in England capable of organizing and directing such a plan, and I have been several times on the point of asking you if you would be disposed to make the attempt. That it will be difficult to form a corps of nurses, no one knows better than yourself. . . . I have this simple question to put to you: Could you go out yourself, and take charge of everything? It is, of course, understood that you will have absolute authority over all the nurses, unlimited power to draw on the Government for all you judge necessary to the success of your mission; and I think I may assure you of the co-operation of the medical staff. Your personal qualities, your knowledge, and your authority in administrative affairs, all fit you for this position."

Here comes in the most interesting coincidence of all. Miss Nightingale had been greatly exercised

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over the sufferings of the soldiers, as related by Mr. Russell. Night and day their forlorn condition lay as a heavy burden upon her heart. Could she be of any service? Would it be possible for her to go to their relief? She raised these inquiries within herself, and pondered the matter until she resolved to offer her services to the Government. On the very day the Secretary of War wrote to her (October 15), she wrote to him to say that she was prepared to go to the Crimea for hospital work if he desired. About the time that she received his letter, he received hers.

Three or four days later, the Secretary of War issued the following bulletin: —

"Miss Nightingale, accompanied by thirty-four nurses, will leave this evening. Miss Nightingale, who has, I believe, greater practical experience of hospital administration and treatment than any other lady in this country, has, with a self-devotion for which I have no words to express my gratitude, undertaken this noble but arduous work."

This bulletin sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of all the people, save those who believed that a woman was out of place in a military camp. The public experienced immediate relief, while the movement to raise supplies for the army was widely stimulated. So much confidence was reposed in Miss Nightingale that the general anxiety for the soldiers was allayed, and contributors felt that nothing more remained for them to do but to furnish necessary supplies. It was a time of great rejoicing.

Of course, it was an experiment — the first time that the British Government, or any other perhaps, had intrusted hospital arrangements for sick and

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wounded soldiers to a woman. Even the "medical staff," which the Secretary of War thought would welcome Miss Nightingale, feared the experiment would prove a failure. Some of them manifested opposition at first.

The experiment proved a grand success in the Crimea. All doubts were dissipated within a very short time. Surgeons were wonderfully relieved, and they were far more successful in saving lives. And the soldiers seemed to think they had reached Paradise, where angels of mercy ministered to their necessities. It was a bright era for the Crimean army; and no praise was too extravagant for the good woman who wrought the change.

Miss Nightingale, with her assistants, arrived at Scutari on the 5th of November, the day the battle of Inkerman was fought. She found so much confusion that a woman of less coolness and executive ability would scarcely have known what to do. In the great "Barrack Hospital," which the Turkish Government allowed the British to use, were four thousand soldiers, packed like sardines in a box. A large proportion of this number were sick, and not wounded. Fever and dysentery were the prevailing diseases, and there were a few cases of cholera. The mattresses on which the sufferers lay were poor and dirty, so that one of the first things that the nurses did was to cleanse them and make them comfortable. The preparation of suitable nourishment for patients in their condition demanded immediate attention. Soon after their labors began, one of the nurses wrote: —

"The whole of yesterday one could only forget one's own existence, for it was spent, first in sewing

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the men's mattresses together, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds after their five days' confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds had not been dressed. Hundreds of men with fever, dysentery, and cholera (the wounded were the smaller portion) filled the wards in succession from the overcrowded transports."

There were nearly a thousand men who could not eat ordinary food; suitable dishes must be prepared for them. For the want of this care the sufferings of many had been increased, and perhaps it had considerably to do with the heavy death-rate (full sixty per cent) that had prevailed. Miss Nightingale took the entire oversight of this department. She knew exactly what nourishment the men should have, and just how to prepare it. It was a great charge to keep, but Providence wonderfully preserved her health to the end. The change that was wrought within a short time was almost incredible The sick list rapidly diminished, and cheerfulness and hope took the place of sadness and despair. The filthy, uncomfortable quarters were transformed into cleanly, neat, attractive apartments. Every patient was clad in new, fresh, clean garments, and made happy by care, and a supply of books and games. Within a few months the death-rate was reduced from sixty to one per cent — all the outcome of proper nursing.

Miss Nightingale's experience evoked her admiration for the character of soldiers as a class. There was an absence of that coarseness and disregard of feminine qualities which she expected to meet among them. Seldom was there a profane or even slang word uttered in her presence, and never a vulgar or

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insulting word. A deep sense of gratitude for kindness received appeared to move all hearts, and many were not at all backward to express it, almost exhausting the Queen's English to find words adequate to convey their sentiments. More true heroism and more real magnanimity she discovered among them than she had dreamed of. In this respect she witnessed much that added lustre to England's fame, and she publicly expressed these views. At one time she wrote: —

"I remember a sergeant who, on picket — the rest of the picket killed, and himself battered about the head — stumbled back to camp [before Sebastopol], and on his way picked up a wounded man and brought him on his shoulders to the lines, where he fell down insensible. When, after many hours, he recovered his senses, I believe after trepanning, his first words were to ask after his comrade. 'Is he alive?' 'Comrade, indeed! yes, he's alive — it is the General.' At that moment the General, though badly wounded, appeared at the bedside, — 'O, General, it's you, is it, I brought in? I'm so glad; I didn't know your honor. But, if I'd known it was you, I'd have saved you all the same.'

"England, from her grand mercantile and commercial successes, has been called sordid; God knows she is not. The simple courage, the enduring patience, the good sense, the strength to suffer in silence, — what nation shows more of it in war than is shown by her commonest soldier? I have seen men dying of dysentery, but scorning to report themselves sick lest they should thereby throw more labor on their comrades, go down to the trenches and make the trenches their death-bed. There is nothing in history

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to compare with it. Say what men will, there is something more truly Christian in the man who gives his time, his strength, his life, if need be, for something not himself — whether he call it his queen, his country, or his colors — than in all the asceticism, the fasts, the humiliations and confessions which have ever been made; and this spirit of giving one's life, without calling it a sacrifice, is found nowhere so truly as in England."

Her own life was an illustration of what she was stating. That she and her associates responded to the wail of suffering from the Crimea, and, regardless of perils, sickness, and death itself, hastened thither bearing relief, accounts for much that she saw and experienced. The most hardened soldier could not be indifferent to such self-abnegation. The bare thought of such self-sacrifice by a woman to mitigate his trials would inspire him to appear at his best. The presence of women, as nurses, amidst the horrors of war, could not be otherwise than elevating and refining, begetting patience, contentment, and courage. For heroines to come to the aid of distressed soldiers must make heroes of them. They could not be weak, unmanly, and dispirited, with such examples of self-denial and Christian sympathy moving up and down the wards daily. Average humanity is made of better stuff than that. It is not strange that a grateful patient kissed the shadow of Miss Nightingale as she passed.

No kind of reading had been provided for the soldiers, when Miss Nightingale took charge of the hospital work. As soon as possible she adopted measures to supply this lack. Enlisting the chaplain in the enterprise, she started a library, which grew rapidly, and proved a great blessing to the men. It

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not only absorbed their leisure time, but it improved them mentally and morally. Secular and religious newspapers were forwarded by friends, which were a prolific source of entertainment and profit. Many an hour, otherwise dreary and burdensome, was enlivened, and made glad and hopeful.

When she was shaking up the pillows of poor fellows, who were longing for home and loved ones, the most timely and sweetest Christian counsels dropped from her lips, and often proved to be seed sown upon good ground. Many sin-burdened hearts were led in this gentle way to the Cross. Many Christian patients were encouraged and strengthened by her life of faith and love; and to them her words were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Time will never disclose the amount of moral and spiritual good that was done in this humble, quiet way. Eternity alone will reveal the blessed record.

One soldier wrote home, "We call her the 'Angel of the Crimea.' Could bad men be bad in the presence of an 'angel'? Impossible." Another wrote, "Before she came there was such cussin' and swearin' as you never heard; but after she came, it was as holy as a church." The presence of a good woman allayed temper and frightened the demon of vice away. Still another soldier wrote, "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on our pillows again content." A more tender tribute to a charitable Christian woman was never paid.

The English journals, and the journals of nearly every country, vied with each other in their eulogies

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of the Crimean nurse. *The Times* said: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.

"With the heart of a true woman and the manner of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England upon her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail."

The foregoing was written by a correspondent of *The Times*, who was on the spot, and wrote what came within his own observation. It is a fair estimate of her own worth and work by critics the world over.

Miss Nightingale continued at her post to the end of the war, about eighteen months, with only a single interruption by illness. All England proposed to give her the grandest reception, on her return, ever accorded to a woman, not even excepting the Queen herself. Learning of the plan, and desiring to avoid

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such an infliction, she took passage on a French steamer, and reached Sea Hurst, her home, August 15, 1856, before the people knew of her flight. It was a decided disappointment to the public, and yet their respect for the noble-hearted woman was rather increased by this characteristic manner of avoiding a "show."

The Queen desired to honor her for what she did and what she was, and she invited Miss Nightingale to visit her at Balmoral. Here she presented her with a costly jewel, which was "a ruby-red enamel cross on a white field, encircled by a black band with the words, 'Blessed are the merciful.' The letters V. R., surmounted by a crown in diamonds, are impressed upon the centre of the cross. Green enamel branches of palm, tipped with gold, form the framework of the shield, while around their stems is a riband of the blue enamel, with the single word, 'Crimea.' On the top are three brilliant stars of diamonds. On the back is an inscription written by the Queen."

The Sultan of Turkey sent her a rich, expensive bracelet, as a testimonial of his appreciation and respect.

The Government, finding that she was conscientiously averse to receiving any expression of indebtedness by a gift of money, presented her with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars with which to found the training school for nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital.

Miss Nightingale is an authoress. In 1859 she published "Hospital Notes;" in 1860, "Notes on Nursing;" in 1863, "Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India;" in 1873, "Life or

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Death in India;" and in 1874, "Life or Death by Irrigation." In one of these papers, she says, what her life so well illustrated: —

"Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God's spirit? Nursing is one of the fine arts; I had almost said the finest of the fine arts."

Miss Nightingale still lives, spending most of the year at Claydon House, Buckinghamshire; the remainder of the time at her own house, West End, London.

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DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX — PHILANTHROPIST.

SOME public benefactors of both sexes became such because their childhood was barren of influences which pointed in that direction. A prominent educator has said, "My early life was devoid of opportunities to learn, so that I resolved, if possible, that my work should make it easier for the boys who should come after me." A good father, who was giving his children a liberal education, remarked, "I mean that their father's experience, in his childhood and youth, shall not be theirs." In like manner it appears that the unsettled and wandering life which the parents of Dorothea Dix led, in which she suffered much that poverty and an aimless life entail, without parental suggestions touching upon the relief of suffering humanity, so wrought upon her mind and heart, that she resolved, even in her youth, to make her own life felt for the welfare of others.

Miss Dix was born in Hampden, Maine, April 4, 1802. Her father — Joseph Dix — was sent there upon a temporary mission for his father, to oversee and sell a lot of land. He was accompanied by his wife, who gave birth to this daughter during their brief stay in that locality. Joseph Dix was an inefficient man, though he possessed talents and moral principle. But he found his greatest satisfaction in being unsettled. He moved from one place to another

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to improve his condition, but never accomplished his purpose; his condition of poverty and privation did not improve. In these circumstances, Dorothea's schooling was interrupted, and she was subjected to no systematic training, domestic or intellectual. Being a talented, enterprising, and pushing girl, fond of books, and aspiring to be somebody, she naturally rebelled against this order of things. It fretted her disposition, and she became more and more dissatisfied as she grew older. She began to cast about for an open door to something better. If her father could not find one, she would look for herself.

The family were residing in Worcester, Massachusetts, when Dorothea reached a conclusion, at twelve years of age. Despairing of ever enjoying better prospects at home, she slipped out one day, without the ceremony of bidding any one good-by, and repaired to her grandfather's house in Boston, where she was warmly welcomed. Evidently the grandparents understood the situation, for their home became Dorothea's home from that time.

Grandfather Dix was a medical gentleman, the fibre of whose character was very different from that of his son's — Joseph. He was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, August 24, 1747, of genuine Puritan stock. In his youth he resolved to become a physician, although his poverty would not permit a college education. He studied three years with Dr. John Green of Worcester, who was eminent in his profession, and two years more with William Greenleaf, a prominent druggist of Boston. In 1770, when he was twenty-three years of age, he began practice, as physician and surgeon, in Worcester, where he rose to eminence as a practitioner and citizen. He had a partner, at

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the outbreak of the American Revolution, — Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, — who took the royalist side, and, in consequence, was obliged to flee the colony. Dr. Dix was an uncompromising patriot, and cast in his lot with the struggling colonists. At the close of the Revolution, he went to England to pay over to his misguided partner the money that was fairly his due. His neighbors smiled that so stanch a patriot as Dr. Dix should put himself to so much trouble to benefit a man who was a traitor to the colony. But Dr. Dix was as honest as he was persevering, and so crossed the ocean to square accounts with his partner and have a clear conscience. While in England, he purchased medical books, surgical instruments, and chemical apparatus, both for his own use and for sale, and, subsequently, he carried on quite a traffic in such articles, in connection with his practice.

In Worcester his enterprising spirit led him to originate projects for the improvement of the town, physically and morally. In this, his earnest, self-reliant, and determined way of doing things met with opposition, and an irresponsible class of men resolved that the reformer should be driven out of town. At least, they would subject him to personal violence, and so planned. Their plot was to call him at night to see a pretended patient four or five miles away, and this would take him through a long piece of woods, where they could waylay and beat him to their heart's content. At the appointed time, a man appeared at the doctor's office, and summoned him to go in haste to the distant patient. The doctor was never caught napping in his life, and he was not caught this time. He saw straight through the ruse, but said promptly, "Yes, I will go at once." Then,

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flinging up a window, he called loudly to his coachman, "Bring round my horse at once; see that the pistols in my holsters are double-shotted; then give the bull-dog a piece of raw meat and turn him loose to go along." That was the end of the plot. The would-be assailants understood the doctor too well to run any risks.

Mrs. Dix and her husband were well matched. She was Dorothea Lynde, born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, May 23, 1776, daughter of Joseph Lynde, one of the Revolutionary patriots, whose home was burned over his head by the British troops, in consequence of which he took refuge in Worcester. She was a woman of great resolution, unblemished Christian character, and as inflexibly conscientious as any of the old Christian martyrs. She was a devoted mother, and would die for her children, though she would not coddle them very much. She did not believe in display or gentility, but she did believe in good manners, neatness, order, industry, honesty, kindness, and the Christian religion. After this pattern her household was moulded and guarded.

We have been thus particular in speaking of the grandparents, because Dorothea inherited from them those sterling qualities which won her distinction, and was more indebted to them for needful discipline than she was to her own parents. The prompt, decisive, and persistent methods of her grandfather became hers, rather than the oscillating, shiftless, and aimless methods of her father. No one could ever discover the least trace of shiftlessness in her make-up. She was born to do and dare because her grandparents were. No amount of work or self-denial ever scared her out of a purpose once formed.

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That Dorothea found a home here at twelve was the fortunate circumstance of her life. She was neither petted nor abused. She was obliged to obey, and to make the wishes of her grandparents her guide. She could not waste her time, nor gossip, nor behave unwomanly in that Puritan home, which was established in Boston in 1795 by removing from Worcester.

Here she could gratify her love of learning as never before. More books, better schools, real sympathy with all her efforts to improve, were the boon of every day, and she was happy. Her native talent flashed, and she became brilliant. No task in school disheartened her; she was equal to every emergency. Her progress was very satisfactory to her grandparents; they could ask for nothing better. To them a bright and useful future was foreshadowed by her tact, push, and conscientious improvement of time. Grandmother Dix, with almost prophetic words, said that Dorothea would have to be the main reliance of her father's family, and she must be fitted thoroughly for some occupation that could yield them bread. Dorothea's biographer gives a delightful view of Grandmother Dix in her home, as follows: —

"Stern and unrelenting as the grandmother's training was, she, after all, had an ideal of her own as to the thoroughness with which every piece of work should be done, which was a true ideal. Indeed, there still lives in Massachusetts a lady, who, after the school was later on established in the old Dix mansion, describes, as one of the most indelible memories of her own childhood days, how as an especial reward for excellence in moral conduct, she herself was allowed the unusual privilege of making

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an entire shirt under the Rhadamanthine eye of Madam Dix. The sense of moral responsibility precipitated on the poor child was literally crushing, as now first the startling revelation broke on her mind of the eternal distinction between the right way and the wrong way in the minutest particulars. Of the thousands of stitches entering into the awe-inspiring structure, not one must differ from another to a degree that could be detected by a micrometer. The one and only immutably correct way of cutting and fitting the neck-band seemed far more out of the range of mortal possibility than the camel's passage through the eye of a needle. And yet to this day the lady frankly admits that, well-nigh fatal as the strain proved at the time, the benefit was life-long of having thus been made to do at least one piece of work thoroughly well. Indeed, she still speaks of the experience in the same vein of enthusiastic gratitude in which here and there a veteran scholar descants on the intellectual bark and iron put into him by the inexorable discipline of the classics, in the heroic days when, in the eyes of the Latin master, a misplaced particle in a sentence was as unpardonable a sin as was, in the eyes of Madam Dix, a misplaced stitch in a shirt."

That such training was excellent for Dorothea there can be no doubt. She did not enjoy it at the time; it seemed to her hard and severe. Had it been accompanied by loving and tender regard, it would have seemed less onerous; but such affectionate demonstrations were not practised in Dr. Dix's family. To him, these things belonged to the weak side of life. Yet, looking back from her womanhood, Miss Dix ever recognized her great obligations to her

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grandparents for their excellent, though severe, discipline.

At fourteen years of age Dorothea opened a school for children in Worcester. She was so girlish in appearance that she put on long skirts, and lengthened the sleeves of her dresses, so as to appear older than she was. In this venture she succeeded well. Her government was as autocratic as that of Grandma Dix. Obedience to the rules of school was demanded first and last. No pupil thought of taking advantage of her girlhood to play or idle away time. Her authority was respected, if it were not feared.

But she did not continue this school long. She aspired to teach higher grades. She returned to her grandparents in order to qualify herself to instruct older pupils. After a little, she took a class of day pupils in a small house belonging to her grandmother, in Orange Court. Here she gradually raised her standard, learning from experience from week to week, until, at nineteen years of age, she opened a boarding and day school in the Dix mansion. Scholars from the most prominent families in Boston, as well as from towns in other parts of New England, attended this school. She had her own ideal of a school, and such she aimed to make hers, sparing neither time nor strength to accomplish her object.

Dr. Dix was dead at this time, and Mrs. Dix was in poor health. Dorothea had charge of the family as well as the school. Her two young brothers were members of her school and family, and she had to bestow motherly attention upon them. Several pupils boarded with her, also; so that her duties and cares were many. She was housekeeper, mother, teacher, and superintendent, and enjoyed the great responsi-

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bility. She was nurse, too, for her grandmother was confined to her room much of the time, and required loving attention. Ambitious to make her school thorough and popular, having a high ideal of what a teacher should be, and, at the same time, using every spare moment for her own intellectual improvement, the tax upon her strength was heavy. Already her kind and benevolent heart was going out towards the unfortunate sons and daughters of humanity; but now she must labor for her two brothers until they could go out into the great world and shift for themselves; and these other pupils must receive the impress of her own spirit to fit them for their life-work.

While so buried in work, the thought of neglected children on the street, whom she saw and pitied every day, so distressed her, that she resolved to open a free school for them over the stable of the Dix mansion. It is quite evident that her grandmother was opposed to this measure at first, for, subsequently, she addressed the following letter to her, pleading so earnestly and eloquently that she acceded to the plan.

"My Dear Grandmother, — Had I the saint-like eloquence of our minister, I would employ it in explaining all the motives, and dwelling on all the good, — good to the poor, the miserable, the idle, and the ignorant, — which would follow your giving me permission to use the barn chamber for a school-room for charitable and religious purposes. You have read Hannah More's life, and you approve of her labors for the most degraded of England's paupers; why not, when it can be done without exposure or expense, let *me* rescue some of America's miserable children from vice and guilt? . . . Do, my dear

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grandmother, yield to my request, and witness next summer the reward of your benevolent and Christian compliance.

"Your Affectionate Granddaughter,

"D. L. DIX."

Here is an illustration of the idea we advanced at the opening of this paper. Miss Dix was reared under the strictest type of Puritanism, and it did her good without question. It was not relieved, however, by tender and loving ministrations to the oppressed and needy. It waited for the spirit and grace of God to regenerate such degraded humanity. In her childhood and youth, she did not witness that sympathy and generous regard for others that should exist. So that she grew up with the determination that her own life should reflect some rays of hope and joy into the homes of the poor and distressed. Her school in the "barn chamber" was her first step towards the consummation of her noble aim.

Her school in the barn was a signal success, and proved the beginning of charitable work for the neglected classes in Boston. It developed into the Warren Street Chapel enterprise, which has been doing a grand work from that day to this. But the additional labor this work of charity involved told rapidly upon her health, a matter to which she gave but little heed. At length, however, she was nearly prostrated by over-work, and her physician enjoined immediate rest. She could hardly consent to such a plan, it was so great a disappointment. But Dr. William Ellery Channing invited her to become the tutor of his children for six months, beginning in the late spring and closing in early autumn. Nearly

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the whole of this time his family would spend at the summer home on Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island. The proposition was accepted, and a residence of so long a period in that healthful locality greatly improved Miss Dix. Her labors were light, and much of her time was spent out of doors. With her little charge she scoured the fields and shores of the bay, in the study of natural history, — a very profitable pastime for both teacher and pupil. For several winters following she was compelled to seek relief from pulmonary troubles in the softer climate of Philadelphia, and Alexandria, Virginia.

At length, in 1830, Dr. Channing himself was obliged to find repose and health in a foreign climate. He went with his family to the island of St. Croix, one of the West India group, and he invited Miss Dix to accompany them to instruct his children; and this proved even more beneficial than her residence on Narragansett Bay. She returned in the spring so well that she resumed her labors in the school of the Dix mansion, with even larger expectations than ever before. The model of a school had taken shape in her own mind, and she was resolved to reduce her ideas to practice. She entered upon the work as if God had given her a new lease of life without limitation as to human strength and endurance. She was up with the sun in the morning, and seldom retired until midnight. Charitable work outside, that seemed necessary to her very existence, occupied her thoughts and some of her time. English branches, together with Latin and French, were taught in her school, which grew in favor so rapidly that she was unable to receive all the young ladies who applied for admission. The

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prominent feature of her model school was *the formation of moral and religious character.*

That she came forth from her bitter experience of illness with a higher sense of her personal responsibility to God and her pupils may be learned from the following extract from one of her letters to a friend, when she was battling with pulmonary complaint in Alexandria, Virginia: —

"I am never less disposed to sadness than when ill and alone. Sometimes I have fancied that it was the nature of my disease to create a rising, elastic state of mind, but be that as it will (I speak solemnly), the hour of bodily suffering is to me the hour of spiritual joy. It is then that I feel my dependence on God and His power to sustain. It is then that I rejoice to feel that, though the earthly frame decay, the soul shall never die. The discipline which has brought me to this has been long and varied; it has led through a valley of tears, a life of woe. . . . It is happiness to feel progression, and to feel that the power that thus aids is not of earth."

Here is found the true secret of her love of and work for humanity. Her pupils must become good women to bless the world. The world must be made better, and here was one of the ways of accomplishing the object. No matter what the cost might be, this was her mission, and the thing must be done. Was it strange that five years of such care and labor completely prostrated her? Now it was a case of life and death: she must quit or die. She was posted away to England in company with several near friends, who watched over her with great anxiety. She carried with her letters of introduction from Dr. Channing and other distinguished Bostonians to

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friends in the mother country, and one of these was directed to the family of Mr. William Rathbone of Liverpool, who insisted that Miss Dix should be taken directly to their home on account of her very feeble condition. They thought that she needed the care and quiet of a home, and that they would render with glad hearts. She remained with the Rathbone family eighteen months before she was able to leave for the Continent. And such a home! Could she ever tell her American friends all about it? She wrote to one of them: —

"Imagine me surrounded by every comfort, sustained by every tenderness that can cheer, blest in the continual kindness of the family in which Providence has placed me, — I, with no claims but those of our common nature. Here I am continually contracting a debt of gratitude which time will never see cancelled. There is a treasury from which it will be repaid, but I do not dispense its stores."

Frequent hemorrhage suggested to herself and friends her critical condition. Recovery in the circumstances would be almost miraculous. Still she was hopeful, cheerful, and trusting; and when, in the depth of her weakness, there came to her the tidings of the death of both mother and grandmother, her composure and triumph were singularly complete. After her return from England, and while she was spending the winter in Washington, she wrote to a friend: —

"I may be too sensitive; I may hunger and thirst too eagerly for that cordial, real regard which exists not in mere outward forms or uttered sounds; I may be too craving for that rich gift, the power of sharing other minds. I have drunk deeply, long, and oh! how blissfully, at this fountain in a foreign clime.

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Hearts met hearts, minds joined with minds; and what were the secondary trials of pain to the enfeebled, suffering body when daily was administered the soul's medicine and food? Yes, beloved, ever too dearly beloved ones, we are divided, and what but the deepness of sorrow, what but the weight of grief, would rest on my soul, if the Future, the glorious Future, the existence that knows no death, no pain or separation, were not seen in the long vista through which Faith and Hope are the angelic conductors? But there are duties to be performed here. Life is not to be spent in vain regrets. No day, no hour, comes but brings in its train work to be performed for some useful end — the suffering to be comforted, the wandering led home, the sinner reclaimed. Oh! how can any one fold the hands to rest, and say to the spirit, 'Take thine ease, for all is well'!"

That this woman should be spared fifty years longer to accomplish a beneficent work for the insane, in America and Europe, that caused her friends to regard her with amazement, is one of the marvels of Providence. But the foregoing shows how she was led along in a way she knew not, being disciplined for the greater work of her life that was to come: not a disappointment too many, not a sorrow too great, not a trial too severe, appears to have been meted out to her, to bring her humane and heroic nature up into its sphere of highest achievement. Childhood, youth, early womanhood, health, sickness, prosperity, adversity, joy, and sorrow, all mixed in seeming confusion, contributed to the noble outcome of her unexpectedly long life. Finally she dropped into the niche God ordained her to fill.

It was after her return from England that Miss

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Dix became particularly interested in the care of the insane. The subject was prominent before the public, and the asylum for the insane at Worcester, Massachusetts, had been erected, and perhaps several others in the country. And still this unfortunate class needed more sympathy and generous care than they received. This was especially true of the insane paupers, in city and town. They were kept indiscriminately with the poor of every class, unless they were so violent that they were put in irons or confined in cages. Their treatment was extremely heartless, through ignorance or indifference.

While Miss Dix was giving as much thought and attention to the cause as her poor health would admit, an incident occurred that drew her directly and inevitably into this philanthropic work. Several students in Harvard Theological School took the House of Correction at East Cambridge in charge for Sunday-school instruction. Twenty or more of the inmates were females, the charge of whom it was thought best to give to a woman. In casting about for the right one for the position, the name of Miss Dix was mentioned. One of the students called upon her, and made known his errand. "I will be glad to take charge of them," Miss Dix replied gladly. But she seemed to be so much of an invalid to the student that he said, "Perhaps, madam, I am asking too much of a lady as feeble as you are." She dissented from that view of the case, and said, "I shall be there next Sunday," and she was there. At the close of the Sabbath school, she visited the jail, where she found several insane people with whom she conversed. She saw that there was no stove in their room, and they were shivering with cold. She spoke

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with the jailer about it, and he excused the neglect by saying that they could not be trusted with fire in the room, that it would endanger the building and the lives of all. But Miss Dix's humanity was not so easily turned aside by the possibility of danger. She went directly into the Court, then in session at East Cambridge, and requested that provision should be made to warm the room in which the insane were confined, and her request was granted without delay. That was the beginning of her great work for this unfortunate class.

Her observation at East Cambridge was a startling revelation to her. The overcrowding, filth, and unsanitary condition of the buildings, the indiscriminate intercourse of the innocent and guilty, sane and insane, and the general absence of real care, mercy, and tender interest, awakened her indignation. She remonstrated against such harsh treatment, and enlisted the sympathies of such stanch philanthropists as Dr. S. G. Howe and Charles Sumner.

On visiting the almshouse, she found even a worse condition of things; and she learned from reliable witnesses that all the almshouses in the State were probably conducted after the same manner. At once she went to work to ascertain the facts. She visited the public institutions of Boston and surrounding cities and towns, and everywhere she found that the insane received no better treatment. Her soul was thoroughly aroused, and she resolved to wage a relentless warfare against the outrage. In one town she found an insane pauper confined in an old building near the poorhouse, with an iron collar about his neck to which was attached a chain that held him fast to one corner of the room. In another town she

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found a lunatic confined in a cage, without warmth or decent apparel, and in filth that was appalling. "He's cleaned out now and then," said the merciless keeper. Similar facts she gathered in many towns, and published them to arouse an indifferent and ignorant public. Her statements reflected, of course, upon the keepers and managers of these institutions, and they denied her statements, and denounced her as an irresponsible woman. She met this denial by inducing Dr. Howe and Charles Sumner to investigate for themselves. The first gentleman instituted a careful examination, and published the results in *The Boston Daily Advertiser* of September 8, 1841, corroborating the statements of Miss Dix throughout. Mr. Sumner accompanied him, and in his report to the doctor he said: —

"You cannot forget the small room in which were confined the raving maniac, from whom long since reason had fled never to return, and that interesting young woman, whose mind was so slightly obscured that it seemed as if in a moment, even while we were looking on, the cloud would pass away. In two cages or pens, constructed of plank, within the four stone walls of the same room, these two persons had spent several months. The whole prison echoed with the blasphemies of the poor old woman; while the young and gentle fellow-in-suffering, doomed to pass her days and nights in such close connection with her, seemed to shrink from her words as from blows. It was a punishment by a cruel man in heathen days to tie the living to the dead; hardly less horrid was this scene in the prison at Cambridge."

Miss Dix explored the prisons of Massachusetts, from Cape Cod to Berkshire, without fear or favor,

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her great soul on fire with determination to expose the cruel wrong. She collected a mass of facts and testimony that was overwhelming, and then applied to the Legislature for relief. Her memorial to that body was one of the most remarkable documents of that day. It was clear, outspoken, and eloquent, fortified by an array of facts that were horrible enough to move hearts of stone. We quote briefly from the long and able document: —

"I shall be obliged to speak with great plainness, and to reveal many things revolting to the taste, and from which my woman's nature shrinks with peculiar sensitiveness. But truth is the highest consideration. I tell what I have seen, painful and shocking as the details often are, that from them you may feel more deeply the imperative obligation which lies upon you to prevent the possibility of a repetition or continuance of such outrages upon humanity. . . . If my pictures are displeasing, coarse, and severe, my subjects, it must be recollected, offer no tranquil, refining, or composing features. The condition of human beings reduced to the extremest state of degradation and misery cannot be exhibited in softened language, or adorn a polished page.

"I proceed, gentlemen, briefly to call your attention to the present state of insane persons confined within this commonwealth, in *cages*, *closets*, *stalls*, *pens; chained*, *naked*, *beaten with rods*, and *lashed* into obedience!"

Miss Dix was seconded in her efforts to secure necessary legislation by such distinguished men as Dr. Luther V. Bell, Dr. William E. Channing, Dr. S. G. Howe, Hon. Horace Mann, and Dr. John G. Palfrey. Dr. Howe was a member of the Legisla-

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ture, and presented the memorial of Miss Dix, and engineered a bill through that body to add sufficient new buildings to the insane asylum at Worcester to accommodate two hundred more patients. The Christian public was glad over the result, and the praises of Miss Dix were spoken by the humane everywhere. She spent two years in exploring the State before she appealed to the Legislature, determined to carry that body by a storm of facts. The result was good pay for her labor.

Her achievements in Massachusetts were won without thinking of the vast field for philanthropic labors outside of this commonwealth. But her victory here led her to think that the condition of the insane was no better in other parts of the United States. Indeed, she had abundant reason for believing that in many parts of the land their condition was far worse than here. She must learn the facts, at whatsoever cost. Her own health had been mercifully preserved so far through her arduous efforts to sound the depths of human woe; and now she dared to strike out in plans that covered the world. She would redeem her own native land from this cruelty and shame, at the risk of pain and suffering and a premature grave. She thought not of herself, but only of the neglected, abused, and misunderstood class of the insane. "In deliberately planning, as she did thus early in her career, so vast a campaign, was revealed the greatness and compass of her mind. The splendors and audacities of moral genius now flashed out in her. Far more than simply a good and merciful woman was here. Here was a woman with the grasp of intellect, the fertility of resources, and the indomitable force of will that go to the

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make-up of a great statesman or a great military commander."

Miss Dix studied the effects of kind treatment upon the insane under Dr. Woodward of the Worcester Asylum, Dr. Bell of the McLean, and Dr. Butler of the newly erected Lunatic Hospital in Boston. She beheld the most wonderful transformations — raving maniacs, who would tear their clothes, lacerate their bodies, injure their attendants, pour out the most profane and filthy language possible, transformed into mild, neatly-clad, well-behaved persons, "walking quietly, with self-respect, along their spacious and airy halls, or sitting in listening groups around the daily paper, or digging in the garden, or handling edged tools, or strolling around the neighborhood with kind and careful attendants."

These tokens of good awakened her enthusiasm afresh. She was prepared to undertake the most exhausting labors in other States; and she went into Rhode Island, where she secured the co-operation of Hon. Thomas G. Hazard. Here she discovered some phases of cruelty and neglect surpassing any she had found in Massachusetts. In Little Compton she learned of an insane man who was confined in a dark, damp, deathly dungeon, and she went to see him. "His prison was from six to eight feet square, built entirely of stone, — sides, roof, and floor, — and entered through two iron doors, excluding both light and fresh air, and entirely without accommodation of any description for warming and ventilating. The walls were covered with frost to the thickness of half an inch, as ascertained by actual measurement. The only bed was a small sacking stuffed with straw, lying on a narrow iron bedstead; and it was wet,

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and the two coverlets were saturated with drippings from the walls, and stiffly frozen. Thus, in utter darkness, encased on every side with walls of frost, his garments constantly wet, with only wet straw to lie upon, and a sheet of ice for his covering, has this most dreadfully abused man existed through the past inclement winter."

Miss Dix published an account of this crazy Abram Simmons in *The Providence Journal*, and closed the horrible recital with the following sarcastic and cutting paragraph: —

"Should any persons in this philanthropic age be disposed, from motives of curiosity, to visit the place, they may rest assured that travelling is considered quite safe in that part of the country, however improbable it may seem. The people of that region profess the Christian religion, and it is even said that they have adopted some forms and ceremonies which they call worship. It is not probable, however, that they address themselves to poor Simmons' God. Their worship, mingling with the prayers of agony which he shrieks forth from his dreary abode, would make strange discord in the ear of that Almighty Being, in whose keeping sleeps the vengeance due to all his wrongs."

There was a small asylum for the insane in Providence at that time, but it was never designed for the treatment and comfort of the insane poor. Miss Dix set herself to work for the enlargement and better endowment of this institution. She proposed to solicit funds for this object from Cyrus Butler, the many times millionnaire of that city. Her friends smiled at the suggestion, and said that Butler would not give a dollar for anything. But Miss Dix had a

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touching story to tell of abuse and cruelty, which she thought would melt his heart. She visited him at his residence, and made known her errand. He received her courteously, but turned the conversation to topics entirely foreign to the object of her visit. Every time she approached the subject of appeal for funds, he would divert attention to some other topic, until, finally, she became indignant, and, rising from her seat, remarked with much spirit, "Mr. Butler, I wish you to hear what I have to say. I want to bring before you certain facts, involving terrible suffering to your fellow-creatures all around you — suffering you can relieve. My duty will end when I have done this, and with you will then rest all further responsibility."

She proceeded with much feeling to describe the harrowing scenes she had witnessed in his own State. Her voice and words were full of pathos, and the facts were enough to move the stoutest heart. Mr. Butler listened to her strong, tender appeal spell-bound: no case of suffering and want had ever been set before him with so much eloquence and emotion. As soon as she was through, he asked, "Miss Dix, what do you want me to do?" "Sir, I want you to give $50,000 toward the enlargement of the insane hospital in this city." "Madam, I will do it," he answered. Her triumph was complete. Rhode Island was now pledged to humanity towards the insane.

The citizens of Providence were surprised and highly gratified by this unexpected turn of affairs. No person in the world but Miss Dix could have secured a pledge for $50,000 from Cyrus Butler, for the insane or for any other object, they said. The name of the institution was changed to Butler Hospital as soon as the enlargement was completed.

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There were many States without a lunatic asylum, and to one of these Miss Dix now turned her attention — New Jersey. First of all she canvassed the State to learn the physical and moral condition of its almshouses and prisons, with special reference to caring for the insane. She found as surprising cases of abuse and wrong as she had found anywhere, and in due time she laid them before the Legislature in a memorial addressed to that body. She asked them to vote a sum for building a hospital for the insane. There was much opposition to this, but the energy and tact of Miss Dix were equal to the emergency. Evening after evening she would invite to her house from ten to twenty legislators to discuss the question with them, and to lay before them facts she had gleaned in their own State. In this way she reached the better judgment and hearts of many members. She tells of a "rough country member," who came to her house one evening with the expression on his lip, "The wants of the insane in New Jersey are a humbug," and he meant to overwhelm her with his arguments against the visionary measure. After listening more than an hour to her fascinating talk, and her quick, crisp answers to questions put, he started up from his seat, and said: —

"Ma'am, I bid you good-night! I do not want, for my part, to hear anything more; the others can stay if they want to. *I am convinced;* you've conquered me out and out; I shall vote for the hospital. If you'll come to the House, and talk there as you've done here, no man that isn't a brute can withstand you; and so, when a man's convinced, that's enough. The Lord bless you!" and thereupon he departed.

The Legislature of New Jersey voted to establish a

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hospital for the insane, and it was carried by a large majority. A large majority of the members appeared to think, with the "rough country member," that "no man that isn't a brute" could vote against the measure. This was the first asylum for the insane that was founded by the influence of Miss Dix in a State where none existed before. Thereafter many States followed the example of New Jersey through her effective labors. She continued her persistent efforts until twenty-two of the thirty States in the Union adopted her proposition. We have not space to follow her through this stupendous undertaking. The obstacles in her way would have disheartened most men, and few women could have overcome the difficulties that beset her way. In a letter to Mrs. Rathbone, of Liverpool, she wrote: —

"I have travelled more than ten thousand miles in the last three years. I have visited eighteen State penitentiaries, three hundred county jails and houses of correction, more than five hundred almshouses and other institutions, besides hospitals and houses of refuge. I have been so happy as to promote and secure the establishment of six hospitals for the insane, several county poorhouses, and several jails on a reformed plan."

She carried the Legislatures of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Maryland, when her most sanguine friends thought success was impossible. She wrote to a friend, after beginning her labors in North Carolina, "They say, 'Nothing can be done here!' I reply, 'I know no such word in the vocabulary I adopt.'" It was this invincible spirit that carried her forward. Though

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naturally timid, as she claimed, her enthusiasm for the cause and the right enabled her to appear as a perfectly fearless woman. Once a friend asked her if her life was not often in peril. In her affirmative reply, she related the following incident: —

"I had hired a carriage and driver (in Michigan) to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said that he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols; I will take care of them.' He did so reluctantly.

"In pursuing our journey through a dismal-looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poorhouses, and occasionally giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress and in want of money, I will give you some.' While thus speaking I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'that voice!' and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary and had heard me lecturing to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest em-

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ployment.' He declined taking anything at first, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment."

This incident is Miss Dix's biography — at least, it discloses an element of her character without which she never could have persevered in her philanthropic mission. It was the grand quality of SELF-POSSESSION that saved her in that moment of peril. Had the driver held the pistols, perhaps both would have been murdered on the spot. He would have fired, doubtless, and that would have drawn a charge from the robber's pistol. A woman's voice that he had heard before in a plea for reform and right living alarmed him more than a revolver.

In Alabama her womanly independence and pathos won a signal victory. There was scarcely a ray of hope for her cause in that State at first. Its warmest advocates anticipated failure. That she could write the following paragraph to a friend, at the close of the contest, shows how great was her triumph: —

"Twenty-four majority in the Senate, and eighty-one in the House, was something of a conquest over prejudice and the positive declaration and determination not to give a dime! Therefore, to give $50,000 and 3,000,000 bricks, besides the farm and foundation of the structure, is no small matter. Great was my surprise at the really beautiful vote of thanks, first by the Legislature, then by the commissioners, and citizens alike insisted on naming the hospital after me."

Perhaps her most important and gigantic movement was enlisting Congress in the good work. She memorialized that body for "a grant of 5,000,000

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acres of the public domain, the proceeds of the sale of which to be set apart as a perpetual fund for the care of the indigent insane; the sum total of the fund to be divided, in proportion with their respective rates of population, among the thirty States of the Union." It was a hard-fought battle that won here. She once said, "I shall be well enough when I get to Kentucky or Alabama. The tonic I need is the tonic of opposition. That always sets me on my feet." She had plenty of this "tonic" in Congress. Her first memorial proved a failure, and the second was not much better. But opposition toned her up from year to year to greater and greater endeavors. At last, with the aid of leading Congressmen whose aid she had secured, she rose to the demands of the occasion, and asked for the colossal amount of 12,225,000 acres, more than double the amount asked for in her first memorial. Her perseverance and importunity triumphed, and the whole nation is reaping the blessed fruits of that action to-day.

She was invited to Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, where she succeeded in awakening the public to the importance of her mission. In several towns and cities of those countries hospitals for the insane were erected at the public expense — the beginning of a beneficent policy from which those countries have derived untold benefits.

She was invited to Great Britain, and, at a time when she required absolute rest for a season, she resolved to seek it in that country. For a few months after her arrival in England she rested from her excessive labors. But her fame and success would not permit a long period of repose. Committees from here and there, and leading philanthropists, applied

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for her counsel and services, and the result was that she created as much enthusiasm for her cause in Great Britain as she had done in America. In nearly all of the European countries a new impulse was given to philanthropy on this line. She wrought a complete revolution in the treatment of the insane in Scotland, so that Dr. Tuke of York wrote, "At the present day there is not a doctor in Scotland, interested in the welfare of the insane and in the splendid asylums now in operation in that country, who would not acknowledge the profound debt of gratitude due to Miss Dix for her courage, her pertinacity, and her judicious advice."

Miss Dix explored the realms of misery, sorrow, and woe throughout Europe, forgetting her ailments and her hardships, in her earnestness to relieve suffering humanity. So extensive and thorough were her investigations, and so unselfish the spirit with which she traversed the Continent, that the eulogy which Edmund Burke pronounced on Howard has been applied to her: —

"He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts, — but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of hu-

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manity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity."

After two years' and more sojourn in Europe, Miss Dix returned to the United States. It was only a short time before the outbreak of the Civil War, and strife was in the very air. But the time that intervened, before the South made war upon the Government, was occupied in her familiar work of caring for the insane. Schooled as she had been in caring for the suffering, it was not strange that she was first in the field to offer her services as a nurse for sick and wounded soldiers. It came about in this wise. Miss Dix was thoroughly acquainted with the South, and she was much in the slave States just before the war, so that she became familiar with the plans of Southern leaders, and their purpose to overthrow the Government at Washington. President Felton of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad says: "Early in the year 1861, Miss Dix, the philanthropist, came into my office, and said that she had an important communication to make to me personally. . . . The sum of her story was, that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy through the South to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern Confederacy *de facto* the Government of the United States. At the same time they were to cut off all communication between Washington and the north, east, and west, and thus prevent the transportation of troops to wrest the capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln's inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice. In fact, she said, troops were then drilling on the line of our own road, the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines of railroad. The men

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drilled were to obey the command of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington."

Immediate measures were adopted to defend Washington, and to save the life of the President-elect on his way to that city. The success of these precautionary measures is well known, the credit of which is really due to the sagacity, courage, and patriotism of Miss Dix.

When the crisis came, and the assault upon the National Government was made, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, Miss Dix was the first to offer her services at Washington as a nurse for sick and wounded soldiers. The Secretary of War appointed her "Superintendent of Women Nurses, to select and assign women nurses to general or permanent military hospitals, they *not* to be employed in such hospitals without her sanction and approval, except in cases of urgent need." Her previous experience had singularly fitted her for this very responsible position. It has been said that, "nowhere else in the world is there demanded such wise selection of officials, such sleepless vigilance, and such exercise of perpetual self-control, as in a well-ordered insane asylum." So she was abundantly qualified to organize bands of nurses, inspect hospitals, forward supplies, and see that all discharged their duties, provided that her health was not entirely wrecked.

We cannot tarry on details. It is enough to know that this slender woman discharged her duties during the four years' conflict without a single furlough. Providence seemed to shield her from the shafts of disease that she might continue her angelic ministry to the distressed until peace was declared. She re-

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mained at her post, not only until the last gun was fired, but until the last soldier left the hospital. The country's debt of gratitude to Miss Dix was so great, that Secretary Stanton asked her in what way she would prefer to have her services officially recognized, and he suggested a great public meeting, presided over by some high official, or a sum of money voted by Congress. Miss Dix peremptorily declined the public meeting and the "sum of money." "What, then, would you like?" Mr. Stanton asked. "The flags of my country," she replied with emphasis, not dreaming that such a request would be granted.

The Government immediately directed a pair of beautiful flags—the national colors—to be made specially for her, and the Secretary of War forwarded them, "In token and acknowledgment of the inestimable services rendered by Miss Dorothea L. Dix for the Care, Succor, and Relief of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers of the United States on the Battlefield, in Camps and Hospitals, during the recent war, and of her benevolent and diligent labors, and devoted efforts to whatever might contribute to their comfort and welfare."

At the close of the war she raised money to pay for the erection of a monument in the National Cemetery, at Hampton, Virginia, in memory of the soldiers who died in defence of their country. Again, for this noble act, the Secretary of War conveyed to her the thanks of the department "for your arduous, patriotic, humane, and benevolent labors in bringing to a successful completion such a noble testimonial to our gallant dead who perished in the war to maintain their government and suppress the rebellion."

Soldiers rested from their labors, but Miss Dix did not. She returned to service in behalf of the

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insane, and for several years devoted herself to work in the Northern and Middle States, and then visited the South, where the people were in sorest need of her assistance. Singularly enough, this uncommon woman was able to continue her labors with about the same vigor and success until she was seventy-nine years of age. She had worn herself out for the good of others, and had made thousands of homes glad by her ministrations; but when she could labor no longer for others, she had no home of her own. But there were a large number of hospitals glad to make the remnant of her days happy. She chose to make her abode in the first one she caused to be established, at Trenton, New Jersey. Her private property was ample to support her in comfort to the end, as it had enabled her to labor fifty years in charity without a salary; but she preferred to rest, and die, if so ordered, in a public institution which her own labors built. "It was an indication of her high self-respect of character, that she should have felt the fitness of thus ending her days as the honored guest of one of the many institutions she had founded, rather than in any private house. For half a century she had had no home, but had been in every fibre of her being a public character. The asylums were her children; and that, when worn out and incapacitated for further service, one of these children should thus take her and care for her beneath its roof-tree, seemed to her but in the natural order of family love and duty."

She went to the hospital at Trenton for temporary rest, not really convinced that her public service was closed. But she remained there an invalid five years, a patient, trusting, waiting sufferer, and died July 17, 1887.

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MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI — TEACHER AND WRITER.

"HERE let me say a word respecting the character of Margaret's mind," wrote Rev. F. H. Hedge. "It was what in woman is generally called a masculine mind; that is, its action was determined by ideas rather than by sentiments. And yet, with the masculine trait she combined a woman's appreciation of the beautiful in sentiment and the beautiful in action. . . . What I especially admired in her was her intellectual sincerity. Her judgments took no bribe from her sex or her sphere, nor from custom or tradition, or caprice. She valued truth supremely, both for herself and others. The question with her was not what should be believed, or what ought to be true, but what *is* true. Her yes and no were never conventional; and she often amazed people by a cool and unexpected dissent from the commonplaces of popular acceptation."

The above is the honest and correct statement of a friend respecting Margaret Fuller Ossoli, who was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810.

Her ancestors were educated and influential people. Her paternal grandfather was a clergyman of wide reputation — Rev. Timothy Fuller — who was graduated at Harvard College, and a few years later was settled over the Congregational Church in Princeton, Massachusetts. That he was an independent man

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is evident from the fact that he thought the Declaration of Independence was premature, and therefore unwise. He was invited to preach a sermon to "minute-men" in his own town, and he preached from the text, "Let not him that girdeth on the harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." It was an attack upon the Declaration of Independence, and raised a *furor* of excitement among the "minute-men," who buckled on their armor a little tighter, and moved to take the pastoral robes from him. He was dismissed in 1776 because he was not in favor of his country. He preached elsewhere for a while, but finally returned to Princeton, purchased a large farm, embracing the Wachusett Mountain, and proved himself a loyal citizen, so that he regained the confidence of his townsmen. That confidence in him was thoroughly restored, is plain from the fact that he represented Princeton in the State convention called to accept the Constitution of the United States. But he must be independent, or he could not be anything; so he voted steadily against that instrument, for the very good reason that it recognized human slavery so as to give it a new lease of life. He had the courage of his convictions, and would support no sect, party, or enterprise that was wrong. His wife's father — Rev. Abraham Williams — took the same view, emancipated his own slaves, and set his face like a flint against human bondage. This anti-slavery principle descended to their posterity, as this sketch of Margaret's life will show.

The grandfather died in 1805, leaving five sons and five daughters, all the sons being lawyers. One of Margaret's biographers says: "These sons

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were men of marked character, possessing many admirable and some unpleasing qualities. Timothy, Margaret's father, was the eldest, born July 11, 1778. He graduated at Harvard College in 1801.

He became a distinguished lawyer, and was a member of the State Legislature at different times, and a representative in Congress from 1817 to 1825. He was a great friend of John Quincy Adams, and supported him for President on anti-slavery grounds. He was an eloquent debater, and several of his strong speeches in Congress against the Missouri Compromise were published. He had gathered material for writing a history of the United States, when he suddenly died of Asiatic cholera, October 1, 1835."

Margaret's mother was a sweet-tempered woman, whose religion pervaded her whole life and made it consistent and beautiful. But for this quality her alliance with a resolute, strong-willed man might have proved a source of unhappiness. Her maiden name was Margaret Crane, and she was a daughter of Major Peter Crane, of Canton, Massachusetts, and married Mr. Fuller May 28, 1809. She was an enthusiastic lover and cultivator of flowers. She once wrote to her daughter: "One must have grown up with flowers and found joy and sweetness in them, amidst disagreeable occupations, to take delight in them as I do. They have long had power to bring me into harmony with the Creator, and to soothe almost any irritation." The last sentence is a key to her character, which might be called flower-like. She survived both her husband and daughter many years, and was ever regarded as a remarkable New England matron by all who knew her.

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We shall see how largely the leading traits of both father and mother entered into the life and work of Margaret. On some lines she reminded friends of her father, and on others of her mother. Yet she was drawn to her mother by stronger ties than she was to her father. She once wrote to her brother: "We cannot be sufficiently grateful for our mother, — so fair a blossom of the white amaranth, — truly to us a mother in this that we can venerate her piety. Our relations to her have known no jar. Nothing vulgar has sullied them; and in this respect life has been truly domesticated." Hereditary traits were the first moulding influence in Margaret's career.

Margaret's father took charge of her education. He had not much confidence in the schools of his day, at least for the culture of a girl like his. He had original and pronounced ideas about the education of girls; indeed, he differed with many educators of his time in regard to the education of girls. Most people thought that females did not require so much education as males; and here Mr. Fuller took issue with them. He was fifty years in advance of his neighbors in his ideas about educating girls. It was for this reason that he became the sole instructor of his daughter.

Margaret commenced the study of Latin at six years of age, other studies following according to her father's ideas. Being a ready and brilliant scholar, she adopted his plans with all her heart, and her progress was sufficiently rapid to gratify the pride of the most inconsiderate father. Instead of recognizing the necessity of restraining her precocity, he subjected her to a forcing process, delighted to witness her intellectual exploits. Friends interposed objec-

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tions to his method of training Margaret, because she was a girl. They would not object to pushing a boy after his manner, but girls were delicate, and could not withstand the strain. Such were their views, and such were the views generally about girls at that time; with which Mr. Fuller had no sympathy whatever. He fully believed that his daughter could endure as great mental strain as any one of his sons, and so he persisted in his efforts.

His method was open to one serious objection. His daughter could recite to no one but himself; and quite often his business delayed her recitations until late in the evening, sometimes after she should have been in bed and asleep. Here was a draft upon her nervous system which ignorance of correct physical training overlooked. Many years after she wrote in her diary: "If we had only been as well brought up in these respects! It is not mother's fault that she was ignorant of every physical law, young, untaught country girl as she was; but I can't help mourning sometimes that my bodily life should have been so destroyed by the ignorance of *both* my parents."

In later life, describing her father's method of discipline, she wrote: "I had tasks given me as many and various as the hours would allow, and on subjects beyond my age; with the additional disadvantage of reciting to him in the evening, after he returned from his office. As he was subject to many interruptions, I was often kept up till very late; and as he was a severe teacher, both from his habits of mind and his ambition for me, my feelings were kept on the stretch till the recitations were over. Thus frequently I was sent to bed several

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hours too late, with nerves unnaturally stimulated. The consequence was a premature development of the brain, that made me a "youthful prodigy" by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the harmonious development of my bodily powers and checked my growth, while later they induced continual headache, weakness, and nervous afflictions of all kinds.... They did not know why the child was so unwilling to go to bed. They did not know that, as soon as the light was taken away, she seemed to see colossal faces advancing slowly towards her, the eyes dilating, and each feature swelling loathsomely as they came, till at last, when they were about to close upon her, she started up with a shriek which drove them away, but only to return when she lay down again. They did not know that, when at last she went to sleep, it was to dream of horses trampling over her, and to awake once more in fright, or, as she had just read in her Vergil, of being among trees that dripped with blood, where she walked, and walked, and could not get out, while the blood became a pool and plashed over her feet, and rose higher and higher, till soon she dreamed it would reach her lips. No wonder the child arose and walked in her sleep, moaning all over the house, till once, when they heard her, and came and waked her, and she told what she had dreamed, her father sharply bid her 'leave off thinking of such nonsense, or she would be crazy,' — never knowing that he himself was the cause of all these horrors of the night."

In time these multiplied studies ceased to be a burden, and she studied and read with a strange passion. Horace, Ovid, and Vergil, and other Latin

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authors, familiarized her mind with Roman life, so that she revelled in authors who wrote on that line. Books became to her a real treasure. She wanted no other companion. Her appetite for reading was greater than her appetite for breakfast. And so, unwittingly, her home life was defeating the object which her father was expecting to accomplish. The bitter fruit of overwork appeared even sooner than her most anxious friends anticipated, in extreme nervousness, melancholy, and painful headaches. Even her father realized that something must be done for her. He did not think that medical treatment was necessary, but that a change of place and methods would bring her relief. This change would be secured by attending the school of the Misses Prescott in Groton, Massachusetts. Margaret was not pleased with the idea of going there to school; her physical condition was such that she could not think cheerfully of going anywhere. Nevertheless she went, and for a while was absorbed in the novelty of the change.

Her schoolmates were drawn to her at first, but her eccentricities finally made them shy. They recognized her talents and great promise, but deprecated her oddities. It was not until she engaged in private theatricals that she entered into the school curriculum with all her heart. Here she felt at home, and showed herself to be a genius in dramatic art. In some of the plays the girls used rouge upon their cheeks, and Margaret continued to use it every morning, to heighten the bloom on her cheeks. She was the only girl who did so. Some of her schoolmates remonstrated, but she continued the practice. At length, she came to the dinner-

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table one day, when each girl present carried a bright red spot on both of her cheeks. It was a contrived plan to cast reproach upon Margaret, and she saw through the game at once, and felt keenly the rebuke. She managed to command her indignant feelings until dinner was through, when she hurried to her room, locked the door, and threw herself upon the floor in convulsions. As she did not appear when the school session opened, a girl was sent to her room, who found it locked, and received no answer to her call. Her report alarmed the teachers, who broke open the door of her room, and there found Margaret lying unconscious on the floor. Hurried measures were adopted for her restoration, medical aid was summoned, and after extreme exertions she rallied, and the following day was engaged in study.

This method of showing their disapproval of her act, however, arrayed her against her schoolmates. There was less harmony and more of a traducing spirit among the members. And this continued until eight girls brought charges against her for calumny and falsehood. This was several months after the unfortunate affair just narrated. It was directly after evening prayers that the principal requested the pupils to remain in their seats, and called up Margaret to meet the charges. Eight girls arose and preferred their charges. Margaret maintained her self-possession for a time, and put in an eloquent plea in self-defence ; but the facts were irresistible, and she finally threw herself down, "dashing her head with all her force against the iron hearth, on which a fire was burning, and was taken up senseless."

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Teachers and scholars were very much frightened; they feared that she was dead, and all burst into tears. Restoratives were applied, and, after a little, she revived, and a startling groan escaped from her, sounding dismally amidst the sobs of her schoolmates. One of the girls was holding one of her cold and death-like hands, when another grasped it, and exclaimed, "O, forgive me, Margaret; it is impossible not to love you." Others, fearing that they had killed the dear girl by their charges, besought her with tears to forgive them, asserting their love for her. But she made no reply.

For several days and nights she lay in this silent mood, under medical treatment, a high fever raging through her system, and hard thoughts agitating her mind. But a change was going on in her being. One of the girls wrote of this, thirty years afterwards, for her memoirs: —

"But at the moment of detection, the tide ebbed, and the bottom of her soul was revealed to her eye. How black, how stained and sad! Strange, strange, that she had not seen the baseness and cruelty of falsehood, the loveliness of truth! Now, amid the wreck, uprose the moral nature which never before had attained the ascendant. 'But,' she thought, 'too late sin is revealed to me in all its deformity, and, sin-defiled, I cannot, will not live. The mainspring of life is broken.'"

At this point the teacher who nursed her came to understand the girl for the first time. She saw that the only remedy for the sin-sick girl was love, — pure, sincere, divine love. Bringing to her at night a soothing dose, Margaret took no notice of it, but stared vacantly at the wall, as if unconscious of

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the lady's presence. The latter burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O my child, do not despair; do not think that one great fault can mar a whole life! Let me trust you; let me tell you the griefs of my sad life. I will tell you, Margaret, what I never expected to impart to any one." And she proceeded to tell the touching story of her life, while the tears of love and contrition rolled down her cheeks. Margaret knew that the lady was as true and pure and good as any angel, and she listened as if new life and hope were coming into her soul; and she reached out her hand for the quieting remedy the nurse had brought.

That was the turning-point of her life. Gradually she returned to life, as one who was raised from the dead. As soon as her strength was sufficiently restored, she requested that all of her schoolmates should be summoned to her bedside. They came; and she said to them, "I deserved to die, but a generous trust has called me back to life. I will be worthy of it, nor ever betray the trust, or resent injury more. Can you forgive the past?" All were in tears of joy now, and all forgave her gladly, and vied with each other thereafter to express their love for the interesting girl, who had suddenly become worthy of their truest affection. The writer from whom we just quoted adds: "Let it be recorded, as an instance of the pure honor of which young hearts are capable, that these facts, known to some forty persons, never, so far as I know, transpired beyond those walls."

It was the conviction of friends and physicians that the high-pressure process of educating her in childhood was the direct cause of this perilous ex-

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perience through which she had passed. The girl was more sinned against than sinning. Her nervous system was in the ascendant; nerves lorded it over brains and heart. But when Providence brought her into straits where passion was hushed and reflection ruled, the moral nature asserted itself, and she escaped as by fire. From that time she was a new creature, devoting herself to self-culture with conscientious fidelity, eager above all things to become a blessing to mankind.

Margaret remained two years in the Groton school, when she returned to her home in Cambridge, a womanly, remarkable girl for one of her years,—fifteen. That she continued her busy life is quite evident from the fact that she "rose before five in summer, walked an hour, practised an hour on the piano, breakfasted at seven, read Sismondi's 'European Literature' in French till eight, Brown's 'Philosophy' till half-past nine, then went to school for Greek at twelve, then practised again till dinner. After the early dinner she read two hours in Italian, then walked or rode; and in the evening played, sang, and retired at eleven to write in her diary." The school which she attended for the study of Greek was the "Cambridgeport Private Grammar School," of which a Mr. Perkins, a graduate of Yale College, was principal. It was really an academy in which young men were prepared for college. Here Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Richard H. Dana, and John Holmes, brother of Oliver, were Margaret's fellow-students. At the same time, she rendered assistance daily in household affairs, and displayed remarkable tact in this department of usefulness. It was said that "she could rock the cradle, read

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a book, eat an apple, and knit a stocking, all at the same time." At home or in school all observers were deeply impressed by her personality.

Her letters to the teacher who so befriended her at the Groton school furnish a key to her habits of study and progress in self-culture, as well as to her changed character. After having been at home a few months, she wrote to her, giving an account of her daily work, from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, and adding: —

"'How,' you will say, 'can I believe that my indolent, fanciful, pleasure-loving pupil perseveres in such a course?' I feel the power of industry growing every day, and, besides the all-powerful motive of ambition, and a new stimulus lately given through a friend [the teacher to whom she was writing], I have learned to believe that nothing, no! not perfection, is unattainable. . . . I know the obstacles in my way. I am wanting in that intuitive tact and polish which nature has bestowed upon some, but which I must acquire. And, on the other hand, my powers of intellect are not well disciplined. But all such hindrances may be overcome by an ardent spirit. If I fail, my consolation shall be found in active employment."

A year later she wrote: "I am studying Madame de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, and Castilian ballads, with great delight. There is an assemblage for you. Now tell me, had you rather be the brilliant De Staël or the useful Edgeworth? — though De Staël is useful too, but it is on the grand scale, on liberalizing, regenerating principles, and has not the immediate practical success that Edgeworth has."

At seventeen she wrote: "As to my studies, I am

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engrossed in reading the older Italian poets, beginning with Berni, from which I shall proceed to Pulci and Politian. I read very critically. Miss Frances and I think of reading Locke, as introductory to a course of English metaphysics, and then De Staël on Locke's system." Subsequent letters speak of her Greek studies, and the reading of Sir William Temple's works, Russell's "Tour in Germany," Rammohun Roy's book, and "Reflections of Prince de Ligne."

At twenty years of age she wrote a letter to her old friend, the aforesaid teacher, in which she referred to the fearful ordeal through which she passed at Groton, and poured out her very soul in gratitude to her beloved benefactor. We extract the following: —

"You need not fear to revive painful recollections. I often think of those sad experiences. True, they agitate me deeply. But it was best so. They have had a most powerful effect upon my character. I tremble at whatever looks like dissimulation. The remembrance of that evening subdues every proud, passionate impulse. My beloved supporter in those sorrowful hours, your image shines as fair to my mind's eye as it did in 1825, when I left you with my heart overflowing with gratitude for your singular and judicious tenderness. Can I ever forget that to your treatment in the crisis of youth I owe the true life, — the love of Truth and Honor?"

About this time, also, she wrote in her diary what expresses the marvellous transformation through which she passed at Groton, through the tender and loving treatment of her "friend." In part it was: —

"I will not, if I can help it, lose an hour in castle-building and repining, — too much of that

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already. I have now a pursuit of immediate importance; to the German language and literature I will give my undivided attention. I have made rapid progress for one quite unassisted. I have always hitherto been too distracted by childish feelings to acquire anything properly, but have snatched a little here and there to feed my restless fancy therewith. Please God now to keep my mind composed, that I may store it with all that may be hereafter conducive to the best good of others. O keep me steady in an honorable ambition; favored by this calm, this obscurity of life, I might learn everything, did not feeling lavish away my strength. Let it be no longer thus. Teach me to think justly and act firmly. Stifle in my heart those feelings which, pouring forth so aimlessly, did indeed water but the desert, and offend the sun's clear eye by producing weeds of rank luxuriance. Thou art my only Friend! Thou hast not seen fit to interpose one feeling, understanding breast between me and a rude woful world. Vouchsafe then Thy protection, that I may hold on in courage of soul!"

Her noble, forgiving, Christ-like spirit appears still later on, when, recalling the memory of her departed father, she wrote: —

"Father, if you hear me, know that your daughter thinks of you with the respect and relenting tenderness you deserve. Time has removed all obstructions to a clear view of what you were. I wish we might reach you with our gentle thoughts."

The foregoing extracts show that Margaret wielded a facile pen in her youth. The command of choice language was an easy acquisition to her, and it seemed perfectly natural for her to compose; and her composi-

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tions were characterized by grace and strength. She wrote poetry, also, although she laid no claim to being a poet. At seventeen she wrote the following hymn, which indicates that she might have become one of New England's sweet poets had she given attention to poetical culture.

"Come, breath of dawn! and o'er my temples play;
Rouse to the draught of life the wearied sense;
Fly, sleep! with thy sad phantoms far away;
Let the glad light scare those troublous shadows hence.

"I rise, and leaning from my casement high,
Feel from the morning twilight a delight;
Once more youth's portion, hope, lights up my eye,
And for a moment I forget the sorrows of the night.

"O glorious morn! how great is yet thy power!
Yet how unlike to that which once I knew,
When, plumed with glittering thoughts my soul would soar,
And pleasures visited my heart like daily dew!

"Gone is life's primal freshness all too soon;
For me the dream is vanished ere my time;
I feel the heat and weariness of noon,
And long in night's cool shadows to recline."

When twenty years of age, she took charge of the instruction of the younger children in the family. With a devotion and self-sacrifice that impaired her health, she attended to their lessons at the same time that she did housework and pursued her studies. The two brothers, Richard and Arthur, commanded her special attention. They were gifted boys, and no one better understood their promise than Margaret. The author knew them both in their manhood, and two nobler, more talented and enterprising young

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men never won my confidence. When Arthur was preparing for the ministry, he addressed a letter to his sister, in which he expressed his deep gratitude for her efforts in his behalf, to which she replied: —

"You express gratitude for what I have taught you. It is in your power to repay me a hundred-fold, by making every exertion now to improve. I did not teach you as I would; yet I think that the confinement, and care I took of you children, at a time when my mind was so excited by many painful feelings, have had a very bad effect upon my health. I do not say this to pain you, or to make you more grateful to me, but I say it that you may feel it your duty to fill my place, and do what I may never be permitted to do. Three precious years, at the best period of my life, I gave all my best hours to you children; let me not see you idle away time, which I have valued so much; let me not find you unworthy of the love I felt for you. Those three years would have enabled me to make great attainments, which now I never may. Do you make them in my stead, that I may not remember that time with sadness."

Margaret Fuller became a teacher in the famous school of Mr. Alcott, Boston, at twenty-three years of age. The school was conducted upon the Socratic method, which Miss Fuller enjoyed with all her heart. She proved herself, too, a very intelligent and efficient teacher, working in perfect harmony with the principal. It was a good school for her, also, in that she was associated with an instructor who made human nature a study. She could scarcely help becoming a close observer of human nature, in these circumstances, and she really learned more about boys and girls while there than she ever knew before. When

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Mr. Alcott's school was abandoned, Miss Fuller became principal of the "Green Street Academy," Providence, Rhode Island, — a school of sixty or more pupils of both sexes. Here she won a wide reputation as a teacher, and devoted herself completely to her school. She wrote about it thus: —

"There is room here for a great move in the cause of education, and if I could resolve on devoting five or six years to this school, a good work might, doubtless, be done. Plans are becoming complete in my mind, ways and means continually offer; and so far as I have tried them, they succeed. Some sixty scholars are more or less under my care, and many of them begin to walk in the new paths pointed out. General activity of mind, accuracy in processes, constant looking for principles, and search after the good and the beautiful, are the habits I strive to develop."

An incident will illustrate her method of discipline, love being its animating principle, in which trusting her pupils proved an inspiring feature. She kept a valuable microscope at her boarding-place, and one day a child, curious to examine it, took it from the shelf, dropped it, and it was dashed into fragments. Without inquiring into the facts in the case, the irate mother boxed her, abused her, and shut her up in a room. When Miss Fuller returned from her school and learned of the accident, she sought out the child, took her into her lap, and said, "Now, my dear little girl, tell me all about it; only remember that you must be careful, for I shall believe all you say." The child was thus encouraged to tell her story, and she told it with artless candor, was forgiven, and made happy. That child lived to become a successful teacher, when she declared that Miss Fuller's treatment of her, after

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the accident spoken of, was the life-long lesson that enabled her to succeed in the school-room.

Miss Fuller distinguished accidental mischief from the intentional, as all guardians of children should, and thereby established mutual confidence between teacher and pupil.

She was not satisfied with this sphere of usefulness. Her literary tastes led her in another direction. The pursuit of science, art, and literature, on a higher plane, had strong attractions for her. For this reason, she resigned her position at Providence, and removed to Jamaica Plain, near Boston, where her family were then living. Subsequently, they purchased a house in Cambridge, returning to their early associations.

From this period Miss Fuller divided her time between study and teaching private scholars the languages and the higher branches of an English education. She was well qualified to teach seven languages, — English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. Her command of the choicest English adorned her efforts as teacher, letter-writer, and conversationalist. And here we may add that few more graceful and entertaining letter-writers than she ever lived. Sometimes there was a sort of mysticism, or dreamy diction, about her letters and her writings generally, but there was always grace and beauty. For example, she sent the translation of an extract from Goethe to a lady friend, adding in her letter: —

"Which of us has not felt the questionings expressed in this bold fragment? Does it not seem, were we gods, or could steal their fire, we would make men not only happier, but free, — glorious? Yes, my life is strange, thine is strange. We are, we shall be, in this life, mutilated beings, but there is in

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my bosom a faith that I shall see the reason; a glory, that I can endure to be so imperfect; and a feeling, ever elastic, that fate and time shall have the shame and the blame, if I am mutilated. I will do all I can; and, if one cannot succeed, there is a beauty in martyrdom."

It was this characteristic that illuminated her conversation, and placed her in the first rank of conversers. She once wrote to a friend: "Conversation is my natural element. I need to be called out, and never think alone without imagining some companion. Whether this be nature or the force of circumstances, I know not; it is my habit, and bespeaks a second-rate mind."

One of her biographers says upon this subject: "All her friends will unite in the testimony, that whatever they may have known of wit and eloquence in others, they have never seen one who, like her, by the conversation of an hour or two, could not merely entertain and inform, but make an epoch in one's life. . . . With comprehensive glance she would survey the past, and sum up, in a few brief words, its results; she would then turn to the future, and, by a natural order, sweep through its chances and alternatives, — passing over into a more earnest tone, into a more serious view, — and then bring all to bear on the present, till its duties grew plain and its opportunities attractive. Happy he who can lift conversation, without loss of its cheer, to the highest uses! Happy he who has such a gift as this, an original faculty thus accomplished by culture, by which he can make our common life rich, significant, and fair; can give to the hour a beauty and brilliancy which shall make it eminent long after, amid dreary years of level routine!"

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Because of her excellent conversational powers, she was persuaded to open a school of conversation for women of Boston in Miss Peabody's room in West Street. This was a novel method, and took the place of lectures upon literary and philosophical themes, history, biography, education, literature, and perhaps other subjects. From twenty-five to forty ladies — the best thinkers and most literary women of the city — attended these entertainments. The usual hour was at eleven o'clock in the morning. One whole winter — thirteen conversations — was given to the Fine Arts; another to Education; another to Ethics. Others were devoted to a variety of subjects. A member of the class wrote about it many years thereafter: —

"In this company of matrons and maids, many tender spirits had been set in ferment. A new day had dawned for them; new thoughts had opened; the secret of life was shown, or, at least, that life had a secret. They could not forget what they had heard and what they had been surprised into saying. A true refinement had begun to work in many who had been slaves to trifles. They went home thoughtful and happy, since the steady elevation of Margaret's aim had infused a certain unexpected greatness of tone into the conversation. It was, I believe, only an expression of the feeling of the class, the remark made by a lady of eminent powers: 'I never heard, read of, or imagined a conversation at all equal to this we have now heard.'"

After five or six winters these conversations were brought to a close by Miss Fuller's removal to New York city, to join the editorial staff of *The Tribune*, whose chief was Horace Greeley. She was eminently

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fitted for some departments of editorial work, and, for that reason, Mr. Greeley invited her to a position on his staff. That she accomplished her mission in this line of literary work is evident from Mr. Greeley's words: —

"No project of moral or social reform ever failed to command her generous, cheerful benediction, even when she could not share the sanguine hopes of its authors; she trusted that these might somehow benefit the object of their self-sacrifice, and felt confident that they must, at all events, be blessed in their own moral natures. I doubt that our benevolent and reformatory associations had ever before, or have ever since, received such wise, discriminating commendation to the favor of the rich, as they did from her pen during her connection with *The Tribune*. One characteristic of her writings I feel bound to commend, — their absolute truthfulness. She never asked how this would sound, or whether that would do, or what would be the effect of saying anything, but simply, 'Is it the truth?' 'Is it such as the public should know?' And if her judgment answered yes, she uttered it; no matter what turmoil it might excite, or what odium it might draw down on her own head. Perfect conscientiousness was an unfailing characteristic of her literary efforts."

Being of a speculative turn, and given to a morbid condition of mind, it was natural that her Christian experience should be varied, and often elevating. A lady, several years her senior, was thrown into Miss Fuller's company, and their conversation turned upon religious subjects. The lady says: "She sought to learn my religious experience, and listened to it with great interest. I told her how I sat in dark-

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ness for two long years, waiting for the light, and in full faith that it would come; how I had kept my soul patient and quiet, — had surrendered self-will to God's will, — had watched and waited till at last His great mercy came in an infinite peace to my soul. Margaret was never weary of asking me concerning this state, and said, 'I would gladly give all my talents and knowledge for such an experience as this.' Several years after, I was travelling with her, and we sat, one lovely night, looking at the river, as it rolled beneath the heavy moonlight. We spoke again of God's light in the soul, and I said, 'Margaret! has that light dawned on your soul?' She answered, 'I think it has. But, oh, it is so glorious that I fear it will not be permanent, and so precious that I dare not speak of it, lest it should be gone.'"

Her journal and letters, after this time, when she was twenty-three years old, abound in paragraphs like the following: —

"When I came back, the moon was riding clear above the houses. I went into the churchyard, and there offered a prayer as holy, if not as deeply true, as any I know now; a prayer which perhaps took form as the guardian angel of my life."

"The first day I was taken up; but the second time the Holy Ghost descended like a dove. But I will not describe that day; its music still sounds too sweetly near. Suffice it to say, I gave it all into our Father's hand, and was no stern-weaving Fate more, but one elected to obey, and love, and at last know."

Previous to 1840 several of her translations of foreign authors were published, and took high rank at once. Numerous papers from her pen appeared, also, in several journals, and her reputation as a writer was

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established. In 1840 appeared her "Autobiographical Romance;" in 1843, her "Summer on the Lakes;" in 1844, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century;" and in 1846, her "Papers in Literature and Art." Much literary material was found among her effects after her sad death, much of which was given to the public in her Memoirs. Her journal itself was perhaps as interesting and characteristic as anything from her pen.

For several years Miss Fuller was intending to visit Europe; but her plans were thwarted until 1847, when she took up her residence in Rome. Not long after she became a resident in Rome, she lost her way when out upon a trip of observation one day, and a young, intelligent, and handsome Italian accompanied her to her boarding-place. This chance acquaintance ripened into friendship, then into love, and they were married. His name was Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli, — a citizen of rank. It was at a time when Mazzini led a movement for the independence of Italy, and the Marquis Ossoli was one of his followers, — an earnest, heroic patriot. The Ossoli family adhered to the cause of the Pope, and two sons were his chamberlains. As Angelo had enlisted under Mazzini's banner, the family discarded him, and both his noble character and sacrifice for his country appealed strongly to Miss Fuller's heart. Her sympathy with the Mazzini party encouraged him to stand firm for the redemption of Italy; but, in the circumstances, it was necessary to keep his marriage to a Protestant a secret.

The French army held the city in siege long enough to cause great suffering, and the hospitals were crowded with patients, and the streets with hungry patriots who had fled thither for protection.

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Mrs. Ossoli devoted herself to the cause of freedom, encouraged the followers of Mazzini, became an enthusiastic nurse in the hospitals, and thereby endeared herself to all who were for independence. Her husband was in the army outside of the city fighting for his country, and her infant was with its nurse at Rieti for safety. Lewis Cass, Jr., was American Minister at Rome at that time, and a few months after Mrs. Ossoli was lost at sea, he wrote to an American friend of hers as follows: —

"In the month of April, 1849, Rome, as you are no doubt aware, was placed in a state of siege by the approach of the French army. It was filled at that time with exiles and fugitives who had been contending for years, from Milan in the north to Palermo in the south, for the Republican cause; and when the gates were closed, it was computed that there were, of Italians alone, thirteen thousand refugees within the walls of the city, all of whom had been expelled from adjacent States, till Rome became their last rallying point, and to many their final resting-place."

He goes on to describe the mass of heroic youth and men, struggling for freedom; the perils that beset their daily lives; of his labors for the safety of American residents in the city, among whom was Mrs. Ossoli, whom he then knew only as Miss Fuller. After referring to the valuable hospital service rendered by "ladies of high rank," he says of Mrs. Ossoli: —

"She took an active part in this noble work, and the greater portion of her time, during the entire siege, was passed in the Hospital of the Trinity of the Pilgrims, which was placed under her direction, in attendance upon its inmates. The weather was

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intensely hot; her health was feeble and delicate; the dead and the dying were around her in every form of pain and horror; but she never shrank from the duty she had assumed. Her heart and soul was in the cause for which these men had fought, and all was done that woman could do to comfort them in their sufferings. I have seen the eyes of the dying, as she moved among them, extended upon opposite beds, meet in commendation of her unwearied kindness. I have heard many of those who recovered speak with passionate fervor of her whose sympathy and compassion throughout their long illness fulfilled all the offices of love and affection. Mazzini, the chief of the Triumvirate, — who, better than any man in Rome, knew her worth, — often expressed to me his admiration of her high character; and the Princess Belgiojoso, to whom was assigned the charge of the Papal Palace on the Quirinal, which was converted on this occasion into a hospital, was enthusiastic in her praise. . . ."

When the heaviest bombardment of the city was experienced, and the prospect of the Republican cause seemed slim indeed, Mrs. Ossoli sent for Mr. Cass, and placed in his hand a package of papers to be sent to her friends in the United States in case of her death.

"She then stated," he wrote, "that she was married to the Marquis Ossoli, who was in command of a battery on the Pincian Hill. That being the highest and most exposed position in Rome, and directly in the line of the bombs from the French camp, it was not to be expected, she said, that he could escape the dangers of another night such as the last, and therefore it was her intention to remain with him,

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and share his fate. At the *Ave Maria*, she added, he would come for her, and they would proceed together to his post. The packet which she placed in my possession contained, she said, the certificates of her marriage and of the birth and baptism of her child. After a few words more, I took my departure, the hour she named having nearly arrived. At the porter's lodge I met the Marquis Ossoli, and a few moments afterwards I saw them walking towards the Pincian Hill."

Both survived, however, and on the next day the French army entered the city, and Mr. and Mrs. Ossoli went out through the opened gates, and hastened to Rieti, where their child was. Here they remained several months, awaiting developments, and then removed to Florence, from which place they resolved to sail for America.

Ossoli was told by a fortune-teller, years before, to avoid the sea, lest he be lost, so that he considered a voyage to the United States with great dread. Mrs. Ossoli cherished a superstitious notion also, that the year 1850, being the middle of the century, would be an eventful one in her history. Besides, she appears to have had a presentiment of disaster, judging from two notes she wrote to Madame Arconati, a few weeks before she sailed. She said: —

"I am absurdly fearful about this voyage. Various little omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. Among others, just now we hear of the wreck of the *Westmoreland* bearing Powers' 'Eve.' Perhaps we shall live to laugh at these. But in case of mishap I should perish with my husband and child, perhaps to be transferred to some happier state. . . ." Again, after speaking of the recent wreck of the *Royal Ade-*

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laide, John Skiddy, and the *Argo* in which she had planned to sail, "I shall embark more composedly in my merchant ship; praying, indeed, fervently, that it may not be my lot to lose my babe at sea, either by unsolaced sickness or amid the howling waves. Or, that if I should, it may be brief anguish, and Ossoli, he and I, go together. Pray with me, dear friend, as yours ever, for ever."

They sailed May 5, 1850, Mrs. Ossoli's forebodings being so dark that she was very reluctant to embark. It was a fearful voyage. First, the captain died of small-pox, and was buried in or near the harbor of Gibraltar. Then adverse winds delayed them a whole week, after which Mrs. Ossoli's child was stricken with small-pox, from which he finally recovered almost unexpectedly. Then followed the terrific gale of July 18, and, at four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the vessel was wrecked on Fire Island beach. Mrs. Ossoli had placed her little Angelo in the arms of the steward, to be borne in safety to the shore, if possible, when the fatal wave should sweep the deck. But two only of the sailors were saved in the final catastrophe. Mrs. Ossoli's prayer was answered, and she and her husband went down together. The noble steward, who meant to save the precious treasure in his arms, shared the fate of his comrades; but he clung to his dear charge even in death, and his body, while yet warm, was cast upon the shore with the dead child in his arms. With tender hands, the two surviving sailors laid the little one tearfully in a seaman's chest that was driven to the land, and buried it in a sand-hill near by, from which place it was removed, subsequently, by relatives to Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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It is a singular fact that Mrs. Ossoli's trunk, containing the correspondence between herself and husband, together with the packet she once intrusted to Mr. Cass, and other important documents, floated ashore from the wreck. Thus Providence wrested from the hurricane the relics which were most valuable to Mrs. Ossoli's friends, as mementoes and historic records of herself. She had prepared a history of the Roman Republic for publication in the United States; but this was lost, with all of her possessions except those found in the aforementioned trunk.

Thus closed a life that was more or less stormy from beginning to end. It was all the more remarkable because it was the life of a woman. A strong will, a rich mind, and a true heart, explain its career. Love of work, intense application, heroic resolve, lofty purpose, and firmness for the right, all combined to make her name illustrious before she went abroad. She sailed a stormy sea before she crossed the Atlantic. Difficulties and trials hedged her way, but they never baffled her spirit. Her feminine soul was sustained by masculine heroism. Things happened that she deplored, but she made many things happen that otherwise never would have existed. There was a tragic element about her commonest life, from her youth upward, investing her course with a charm that mystery creates. Being shipwrecked at last on a dangerous coast was in keeping with much of her experience before she risked her life upon the sea.

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FRANCES POWER COBBE — THE SELF-MADE SCHOLAR.

THE maxim "self-made or never made" has been applied to men only. It is just as true of women. Those only who overcome difficulties, and make themselves a name in spite of privations and poverty, are known in history. Opportunities are of no more value to a woman who does not make the most of them, than they are to a man who slights them. Shiftlessness will make a daughter as worthless as it will a son. Wealth only nurtures her vanity and worldliness, unless she has principle, will, and perseverance enough to use it rightly. The lives of all successful women confirm this view. The life of Frances Power Cobbe is an eminent illustration of this fact.

She was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 22, 1822, in circumstances of comfort, competence, and high social position. Four sons had preceded her when she was born, the eldest being about twelve years of age. It was a Christian household, in which affection, intelligence, and virtuous living were the leading characteristics. We infer as much from what Miss Cobbe says of her home: —

"My earliest recollections include the lessons of both my father and mother in religion. I can almost feel myself now kneeling at my dear mother's knees repeating the Lord's Prayer after her clear, sweet voice. Then came learning the magnificent Collects,

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to be repeated to my father on Sunday mornings in his study; and later, the Church Catechism and a great many hymns. Sunday was kept exceedingly strictly at Newbridge in those days, and no books were allowed except religious ones, nor any amusement, save a walk after church. Thus there was abundant time for reading the Bible and looking over the pictures in various large editions, and in Calmet's great folio Dictionary, besides listening to the sermon in church, and to another sermon which my father read in the evening to the assembled household. Of course, every day in the week there were morning prayers in the library, and a 'Short Discourse' from good, prosy old Jay, of Bath's 'Exercises.' In this way I received a good deal of direct religious instruction, besides very frequent reference to God and duty and heaven, in the ordinary talks of my parents with their children."

Evidently hers was a Puritan home of the first water; perhaps a model for that day and country. The *moral* held the place of honor at that hearthstone, instead of the social, intellectual, and secular. She speaks of "Newbridge," and this needs explanation, because she was born in Dublin.

It appears that the fine ancestral estate came into the possession of her father, after it had been much neglected for thirty years. He went thither to live at the time of his marriage, and "began earnestly the fulfilment of all the duties of a country gentleman, landlord, and magistrate." Miss Cobbe says: "My mother used laughingly to say that 'he went to jail on their wedding-day;' for he stopped at Bristol, on our way to Newbridge, and visited a new prison, with a view to introducing improvements into Irish jails.

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It was due principally to his exertions that the county jail, the now celebrated Kilmainham, was afterwards erected." But her mother's health was so much impaired before the birth of Frances, that she was placed in the care of an eminent physician in Dublin. To be with her, and for the good of the family, he took a house in Dublin, where he lived temporarily. Hence, the birth of Frances in Dublin. As soon as the health of Mrs. Cobbe would permit, the family returned to Newbridge.

Frances' mother was a well-educated woman, having been trained in the famous school of Mrs. Davis, in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, and possessed those native qualities of womanhood which endeared her to all who knew her. The only surviving friend of hers, who remembered her well, in 1894 wrote to Miss Cobbe about her as follows: —

"I know well that in recalling the days of your bright youth in your grand old home, the most prominent figure amongst those who surrounded you then must be that of your justly idolized mother, and I cannot help wishing to add my testimony, as of one unbiassed by family ties, to all that you possessed in her while she remained with you, and all that you so sadly lost when she was taken from you. To remember the *châtelaine* of Newbridge, is to recall one of the fairest and sweetest memories of my early life. When I first saw that lovely, gracious lady, with her almost angelic countenance and her perfect dignity of manner, I had just come from a gay Eastern capital, — my home from childhood, where no such vision of a typical English gentlewoman had ever appeared before me, — and the impression she made upon me was therefore almost a revelation of

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what a refined, high-bred lady could be in all that was pure and lovely and of good report; and yet I think I only shared in the fascination which she exercised on all who came within the sphere of her influence. To me, almost a stranger, whom she welcomed as your friend under her roof, her exquisite courtesy would have been alone most charming, but for your sake she showed me all the tenderness of her sweet, sympathetic nature; and it was no marvel to me that she was the idol of her children, and the object of deepest respect and admiration to all who knew her. Beautiful Newbridge, with its splendid hospitality, is like a dream to me now of what a gentleman's estate and country home could be in those days when ancient race and noble family traditions were still of some account."

Here is what people call "a good start." A well-ordered home, honored ancestry, pleasant and attractive environment, a library, intelligent society, and the means to pay for education, ought to ensure a good start. But these alone cannot develop either manhood or womanhood. They did not make Miss Cobbe one of the world's respected achievers. She was essentially self-made, as we shall see. Schools and governesses may have contributed a little to her start; but the final outcome was settled by her own personal endeavor. She never went to school until she was fourteen years of age. She was under the care of governesses from seven years of age until she was sent to school at Brighton. She was not fond of study. Her lessons were a trial to her. When she had learned to write, she drew on the gravel walk, with a sharp stick, this sentence, "*Lessons! Thou tyrant of the mind!*" It was expressive

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of her dislike to study, or at least her abhorrence of Lindley Murray. She says, "I envied the peacock, who could sit all day in the sun, and who ate bowlfuls of the griddle-bread of which I was so fond, and never was expected to learn anything!" It did not pay to learn anything; it was too much work, she thought. One day she read a book on the "Signs of the Times," from which she learned that a "vial" would soon be emptied near the Euphrates, to be followed by the end of the world. The writer wound up by telling the reader to look for startling news soon from the Euphrates. Frances did not exactly understand what the "vial" was, but she hoped that it would close up her lessons. So she frequently inquired of parties, "What news from the Euphrates?" At last, a person of whom she made the inquiry, asked, "Why do you want to know that?" Her answer was, "I was hoping for the emptying of the 'vial' which would put an end to my sums and spelling lessons."

Surely there was not much prospect of her becoming a woman of letters! A revolution must be wrought in her feelings and tastes before anything of that kind could be possible. And yet she was a good girl, — honest, obedient, and truly filial in her heart. Speaking of her mother, she said: "All these memories are infinitely sweet to me. Her low, gentle voice, her smiles, the atmosphere of dignity which always surrounded her, the very odor of her clothes and lace, redolent of dried roses, come back to me after threescore years with nothing to mar their sweetness. She never once spoke angrily or harshly to me in all her life, much less struck or punished me; and I — it is a comfort to think of it — never,

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so far as I can recall, disobeyed or seriously vexed her."

She was a bright, good girl misunderstood. Her antipathy to study might have been overcome by judicious treatment. She was not such a violent foe to learning as she seemed to be. The books that were put into her hands were not designed for children. In her father's library were many books of value, but not suited to her taste. No books, or better ones, was her decision. This view of the girl is confirmed by the manner in which she finally became interested in reading.

The time came when her mother allowed her to look through the library to her heart's content on rainy days. There she came across two or three books in which she became interested. They were stories, suited to arrest her attention and engage her heart. One of them was a novel of Scott's. About this time, too, her father read "The Pilgrim's Progress" aloud to the older children, not dreaming that Frances would care in the least for the story. But her attention was arrested at once, and she listened as if to a new revelation. Evening after evening she listened with increasing delight. Such a book as that was worth having, and she wondered if there were more like it. When it was lying on the table in the daytime, she would appropriate it with enthusiasm, and read it so long as she could have its use. Some of the characters appealed to her admiration, especially Great-heart and Apollyon, portraits of which she drew upon her slate so skilfully that her mother said, "remarkable for a child." So deeply interested did she become, that she was allowed "to join the group of boys and listen to the marvellous tale." Evidently

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her father was beginning to understand his daughter. Not even the eldest son absorbed the story as Frances did. It disclosed that she was an artist in embryo. She could appreciate allegory: most children can. Dr. Franklin used to say that all writers for the young should use this style, because it was more real. It was especially real to Frances; and when the reading of it was finished, and her father presented the volume to her for her own, her delight was boundless. She read the book through and through, and made it her companion for months and years; and she wrote in 1894, "I have the dear old book still, and it is one of my treasures, with its ineffably quaint old woodcuts and its delicious marginal notes."

That her father appreciated her interest in the book, and that a new revelation of her mental faculties was made to him thereby, is plain from the fact that he wrote the following paragraph on a fly-leaf of the book before presenting it to her: —

"This book, which belonged to my grandmother, was given as a present to my dear daughter, Frances, upon witnessing her delight in reading it. May she keep the Celestial City steadfastly in view; may she surmount the dangers and trials she must meet with on the road; and, finally, be reunited with those she loved on earth in singing praises for ever and ever to Him who loved them and gave Himself for them, is the fervent prayer of her affectionate father."

About this time, also, she had a new governess, who appeared to understand her. She discovered at once that her young charge was gifted, and needed only wise direction. The same element of her being that was touched by "The Pilgrim's Progress" responded to the maps, diagrams, and pictorial illustrations which

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her governess provided. They made geography, history, and astronomy plain to her. In this way she was led on and up to the planetary system, filled with wonder over its revelation; and finally read Rollin, Gibbon, and Plutarch with her governess, as intelligently and profitably as a girl of fifteen years could read them. Through suitable selections of poetry, also, she came to admire some of the French and English poets, and found much satisfaction in their perusal. In a similar way she was carried forward in her music.

In one paragraph she tells of her enthusiasm over astronomy. "Independently of her [the governess] I read every book on astronomy which I could lay hold of, and I well remember the excitement wherewith I waited for the appearance of the comet of 1835, which one of these books had foretold. At last a report reached me that the village tailor had seen the comet the previous night. Of course I scanned the sky with renewed ardor, and thought I had discovered the desired object in a misty-looking star of which my planisphere gave no notice. My father, however, pooh-poohed the bold hypothesis, and I was fain to wait till the next night. Then, as soon as it was dark, I ran up to a window whence I could command the constellation wherein the comet was bound to show itself. A small hazy star, *and a long train of light from it*, greeted my enchanted eyes! My limbs could hardly bear me as I tore downstairs into the drawing-room, nor my voice publish the triumphant intelligence, 'It *is* the comet! It *has* a tail.' Everybody (in far too leisurely a way, as I considered) went up and saw it, and confessed that the comet it must be, with that appendage of the tail! Few

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events in my long life have caused me such delightful excitement. This was in 1835,"—when she was twelve years old!

A decided contrast between the girl who wrote of "lessons" on the gravel walk, "*Thou art the tyrant of the mind!*" and the girl who found something stranger than fiction in astronomy! All because she came to be understood! She was in a fair way to make many things happen. Even her muse began to soar under the happy guidance of this governess. She became so charmed with a class of poetry that she aspired to be a poet herself. She was but twelve years old when she wrote a long poem entitled, "The Fisherman of Lough Neagh," from which we make a brief extract to show that the spirit of poesy was in her soul:—

"The autumn wind was roaring high
And the tempest raved in the midnight sky,
When the fisherman's father sank to rest
And left O'Nial the last and best
Of a race of kings who once held sway
From far Fingal to dark Lough Neagh.

"The morning shone, and the fisherman's bark
Was wafted o'er the waters dark.
And he thought as he sailed of his father's name,
Of the kings of Erin's ancient fame,
Of days, when 'neath those waters green
The banners of Nial were ever seen,
And where the knights of the Blood-Red-Free
Had held of old their revelry;
And where O'Nial's race alone
Had sat upon the regal throne."

We have said that Frances had a good Christian home, and we have given some idea of the religious

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discipline therein. What was the effect upon her? She shall answer these questions, as she ought to know more about it than any one else.

"I think I may say that I *loved God* when I was quite a young child. I can even remember of being dimly conscious that my good father and mother performed their religious exercises more *as a duty*, whereas to me such things, so far as I could understand them, were real pleasures; like being taken to some one I loved. I have since recognized that both my parents were, in Evangelical parlance, 'under the law,' while in my childish heart the germ of the mysterious New Life was already planted. I think my mother was aware of something of the kind, and looked with a little wonder, blended with her tenderness, at the violent outbursts of penitence, and at my strange fancy for reading the most serious books in my play hours. My brothers had not exhibited any such symptoms; but then they were healthy schoolboys, always engaged eagerly in their natural sports and pursuits, while I was a lonely, dreaming girl."

Frances was fourteen, in advance of her years as a thinker and writer, and her parents recognized the necessity of sending her away to school. The suggestion was a welcome one to the energetic and book-loving daughter, so that preparations were made for her entering a family school at Brighton, several days' journey distant. It was a popular school among the wealthier class of parents, and that was all that Mr. and Mrs. Cobbe knew about it. They did not know whether it was critical or superficial, a place in which to be drilled, or a mere place in which to recite. They should have known that nothing would satisfy their

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daughter but a thorough training, such as all independent young thinkers require. They should have seen, also, that their child needed special care in religious training. A fashionable school, in which etiquette ranks higher than scholarship, and being educated for "society" supersedes education for Christian service, was not the school for her. She was an unusually sensitive girl, so conscientious that she passed through many seasons of bitter sorrow over her sins. She writes about this herself, and says that when she was eleven years of age,—

"I used to keep awake at night to repeat various prayers, and (wonderful to remember) the Creed and Commandments! I made all sorts of severe rules for myself; and if I broke them, manfully mulcted myself of any little pleasure, or endured some small self-imposed penance. Of none of these things had any one, not even my dear mother, the remotest idea, except once, when I felt driven, like a veritable Cain, by my agonized conscience, to go and confess to her. The tempest of my tears and sobs on this occasion evidently astonished her, and I remember lying exhausted on the floor in a recess in her bedroom for a long time before I was able to move."

This was an unusual demonstration, and her parents should have seen how important it was to attend to her Christian culture with the most tender and watchful interest. She was wont to read her Bible much, and, being an independent thinker, her questions were many and weighty. She would not accept a doctrine or statement without proof. If her parents had fully comprehended her moral peril now, it is probable that harassing doubts about the truth of this, that, and the other Biblical statement would

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never have troubled her. But she began at that early age to call in question certain portions of the Bible. She was first troubled over the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Her own account of it is very interesting.

"It was a winter's night," she says; "my father was reading the Sunday evening sermon in the dining-room. The servants, whose attendance was *de rigueur*, were seated in a row down the room. My father faced them, and my mother and I and my governess sat round the fire near him. I was listening with all my might, as in duty bound, to the sermon which described the miracle of the loaves and fishes. 'How did it happen exactly?' I began cheerfully to think, quite imagining I was doing the right thing to try to understand it all. 'Well, first, there were the fishes and the loaves. But what was done to them? Did the fish grow and grow as they were eaten and broken? And the bread the same? No! That is nonsense. And then the twelve basketfuls taken up at the end, when there was not nearly so much at the beginning. It is not possible!' 'Oh heavens!' was the next thought, '*I am doubting the Bible!* God forgive me! I must never think of it again.'"

Could the girl have received proper counsel and direction just here, she might have followed the example of her Christian parents through life. But she continued to ask questions about the Bible, and, no doubt, her inquiries were regarded as childish freaks, and for this reason treated as of no account whatever. At any rate, she cherished this doubting tendency, reading her Bible every day, often condemning her daily life, and most of the time think-

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ing, Can this be true? She left home for school at Brighton in this doubting mood, where she was in a worse plight than ever. As we shall see, the school was a mere fashionable one, where etiquette ranked higher than brains, and religion was a mere formality. She sat under the preaching of "Evangelical Mr. Vaughan," whom she regarded with decided favor, but she says: —

"I recall vividly the emotion with which one winter's night I listened to his sermon on the great theme, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as wool.' The sense of 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' the rapturous joy of purification therefrom, came home to me, and as I walked back to school, with the waves thundering up the Brighton beach beside us, and the wind tossing the sky overhead, the whole tremendous realities of the moral life seemed borne in on my heart. On the other hand, the perpetual overstrain of school work, and unjust blame and penalty for failure to do what it was impossible to accomplish in the given time, drove me to all sorts of faults for which I hated and despised myself. When I knelt by my bed at night, after the school-fellow who shared my room was, as I fancied, asleep, she would get up and pound my head with a bolster, laughing, and crying out, 'Get up, you horrid hypocrite; get up! I'll go on beating you till you do.'"

She remained in this school two years — a wretched girl all the time. Things were not congenial to her. Studies that she valued above all others were passed by with little attention. Even composition, in which she delighted, and which she regarded as more valuable to herself than any other exercise,

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was considered an insignificant art. Music and dancing were classed with the most important studies in the school. There was little system in the management, and no well-meant provision to make good, useful women out of the girls. Miss Cobbe writes : —

"It is almost needless to add, in concluding these reminiscences, that the heterogeneous studies pursued in this helter-skelter fashion were of the smallest possible utility in later life; each acquirement being of the shallowest and most imperfect kind, and all real education worthy of the name having to be begun on our return home, after we had been pronounced 'finished.' Meanwhile the strain on our mental powers of getting through daily, for six months at a time, this mess of ill-arranged and miscellaneous lessons, was extremely great and trying."

She was now sixteen — at home. The two years at Brighton was lost time; in no particular did she make real advancement there. She realized it when she came to reflect, and lamented the failure. She was dissatisfied with her mental and moral state. In her self-condemnation she sought the Lord and found Him. She says: "I have always considered that in that summer, in my seventeenth year, I went through what Evangelical Christians call 'conversion.' Religion became the supreme interest of my life; and the sense that I was pardoned, its greatest joy. I was, of course, a Christian of the usual Protestant type, finding infinite pleasure in the simple old 'Communion' of those pre-ritualistic days, and in endless Bible readings to myself. Sometimes I rose in the early summer dawn and read a whole gospel before I dressed."

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It was then that she resolved to educate herself, and she began in earnest to lay out a plan for self-improvement. She began with the study of history, a thorough systematic course, extending through four years. During these years she constructed tables of royal successions which enabled her to see at once "the descent, succession, and date of each reigning sovereign of every country, ancient and modern, possessing any history of which a trace could be found." She studied Greek, geometry, astronomy, algebra, English literature, and read the "Faerie Queen," all of Milton's Works, and the "Divina Commedia" and "Gerusalemme Liberata" in the originals. Of translations she read the "Iliad," "Odyssey," "Æneid," "Pharsalia," and all, or nearly all, of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ovid, Tacitus, Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and other authors like them. There was a good library in Newbridge, and this she patronized to the fullest extent, and also had access to Archbishop Marsh's old library in Dublin. She revelled in the British poets, — Milton, Pope, Dryden, Campbell, Gray, and so on to the end. For four years she pursued this method of self-culture, developing her mental faculties marvellously, and establishing her reputation as a gifted young woman. The first essay that she wrote during this period was on Roman history, and it was so able that a literary gentleman queried whether she wrote it. She said, "As men and women who are to be good musicians love their pianos and violins as children, so I early began to love that instrument, the English Language, and in my small way to study how to play upon it." She was her own teacher of this art. She cultivated a

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style of her own, and from year to year made such progress as to become an expert in handling the Queen's English. Hence we are justified in calling her the SELF-MADE *scholar*. It is an illustrious example of self-help.

One of her conquering qualities was thoroughness; she never dismissed a subject or question until she understood it. The meaning of a word, the translation of a phrase in a foreign language, the reference to a name or event not understood, — all such things were looked up at the time in order to secure accuracy. She said recently of those pleasant and profitable opportunities: "When I came across a reference to a matter which I did not understand, it was not then necessary, as it seems to be to young students now, to hasten over it, leaving the unknown name, or event, or doctrine, like an enemy's fortress on the road of an advancing army. I stopped, and sat down before it, perhaps for days and weeks, but I conquered it at last, and then went on my way strengthened by the victory. . . . I can make no sort of pretensions to have acquired, even in my best days, anything like the instruction which the young students of Girton and Newnham and Lady Margaret Hall are so fortunate as to possess, and much I envy their opportunities for obtaining accurate scholarship. But I know not whether the method they follow can, on the whole, convey as much of the pure delight in learning as did my solitary early studies. When the summer morning sun rose over the trees and shone as it often did into my bedroom, finding me still over my books from the evening before, and when I then sauntered out to take a sleep on one of the garden-seats in the shrubbery, the sense of hav-

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ing learned something, or cleared up some hitherto doubted point, or added a store of fresh ideas to my mental riches, was one of purest satisfaction."

Here is industry with a vengeance — working all night long, with only a nap upon a garden-seat when the morning sun was gilding the tree-tops! So great industry is perilous to health, but it shows what the indomitable will and lofty purpose will do. The goal must be reached. The science or art must be mastered. Every obstacle between must be surmounted. Ease must be sacrificed, sleep curtailed, hardship welcomed, and the object obtained at all hazards. Such a girl makes a woman who moves the world!

Miss Cobbe says that she did not let a "doctrine" pass until she understood it. Here her mind drifted into speculation. So long as her invincible purpose flowed through the sciences, she was morally safe; but when its ploughshare tore up the field of truth, roots and all, she was making a dangerous experiment. Scores of persons have utterly abandoned Christianity in this way. She says: "Then ensued four years [between sixteen and twenty years of age] on which I look back as pitiful in the extreme. In complete mental solitude and great ignorance, I found myself facing all the dread problems of human existence. For a long time my intense desire to remain a Christian predominated, and brought me back from each return to scepticism in a passion of repentance and prayer to Christ to take my life or my reason sooner than allow me to stray from the fold." But her desire to *know* had become a passion. There was war in her soul — a battle between the new creation and the old. Just the experience of St. Paul: "I

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find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me! For I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

Paul understood the warfare that was going on in his heart, and so he came off conqueror. But Frances wanted to *know* so much that she proceeded to read the works of Hume, Tindal, Collins, Voltaire, Epictetus, Seneca, Theodore Parker, not to mention others, until she reached a conclusion from which she was not "brought back from each return to scepticism."

On her return from Brighton, her mother was a confirmed invalid, and Frances was obliged to assume charge of the household. She was quite young to carry such a responsibility, even under the direction of her feeble mother; but she was equal to the task, and the housekeeping was kept up to the usual excellent standard. These cares limited her time for study, but her great industry supplied the deficiency. Her mother passed away, after a few years, so that the daughter became the sole manager of household affairs, her father's dependence and comfort. For nearly twenty years from the time she took charge of the family, these cares rested upon her; and yet her literary achievements would have been highly creditable to her had she commanded her whole time for intellectual pursuits.

As literary women are said to be poor housekeepers, lacking neatness and order, we desire to refute this somewhat popular opinion by quoting from Miss Cobbe, who was a model in this respect. The systematic, prompt, thorough way of pursuing her studies

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in early life gave direction to her household arrangements, showing that good habits thus formed on one line go with the possessor through life upon all lines. Miss Cobbe says: —

"While these studies were going on, from the time I left school in 1838 till I left Newbridge in 1857, it may be noted that I had the not inconsiderable charge of keeping house for my father. My mother at once put the whole responsibility of the matter in my hands, refusing even to be told beforehand what I had ordered for the rather formal dinner parties of those days; and I accepted the task with pleasure, both because I could thus relieve her, and also because then and ever since I have really liked housekeeping. I love a well-ordered house and table, rooms pleasantly arranged and lighted, and decorated with flowers, hospitable attention to guests, and all the other pleasant cares of the mistress of a family. In the midst of my studies I always went every morning regularly to my housekeeper's room and wrote out a careful *menu* for the upstairs and downstairs meals. I visited the larder and fine old kitchen frequently, and paid the servants' wages on every quarter day; and once a year went over the lists of everything in the charge of either the men or women servants. In particular I took very special care of the china, which happened to be magnificent; and thereby hangs the memory of a droll incident with which I may close this chapter.

"A certain dignified old lady had paid a visit to Newbridge with her daughters, and in return she invited one of my brothers and myself to spend some days at her 'show' place in County Wicklow. While there I talked with the enthusiasm of my age

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to her very charming young daughters of the pleasures of study, urging them strenuously to learn Greek and mathematics. Mrs. L. overhearing me, interrupted the conversation by saying, somewhat tartly, "I do not at all agree with you, Miss Cobbe; I think the duty of a lady is to attend to her house, and to her husband and children. I beg you will not incite my children to take up your studies."

This fact magnifies the value of Miss Cobbe's personal qualities, of which we have spoken. She spent all her early life in a home, and moved in a circle of friends, where wealth and social position prescribed a style of living which was inimical to intellectual progress; but she was not enslaved thereby. She was above the vain "show" of life in which Mrs. L. gloried. She was invited to examine the costly and beautiful things about the house, including a "dessert-service" that cost FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS; and she says: "For the first time in my life I recognized that condition of disorder and slatternliness which I had heard described as characteristic of Irish houses." Miss Cobbe's noble qualities enabled her not only to make things happen in the world of letters, but also to make them happen in her model home. The true elements of success achieve in domestic as really as in literary life.

In the sixties Miss Cobbe did much journalistic work. Her racy style and habits of thought eminently fitted her for this kind of service, and she enjoyed it thoroughly. She had begun to contribute to the press in her youth, so that her experience added much to her qualifications for journalistic work in the sixties. She visited Italy, and corresponded with the London *Daily News*, in a series

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of letters that attracted wide attention. She wrote a large number of miscellaneous articles while there, which appeared in *The Spectator*, *Reader*, *Inquirer*, *Academy*, and *The Examiner*, — articles of marked literary ability.

In 1867 she was on the editorial staff of a journal called *Day*, and subsequently became one of the editors of a "newly founded journal," called *Echo*. The latter was a daily that sold for a half-penny, an experiment that awakened much interest as well as ridicule. Good judges said that a "half-penny paper" could not live in London. But it did; and Miss Cobbe did editorial work on it for seven years. Then her labors were transferred to *The Standard*, in which she took part in the "vivisection controversy." She was decidedly opposed to "vivisection," as practised in the medical schools, because it was a cruelty to the animals dissected and tended to harden the hearts of students. She advocated stringent legislation upon the subject, and was severely criticised by surgeons and others for interfering with a custom that had prevailed from time immemorial. But nothing could daunt her ardor in a good cause, and she persevered until the desired legislation was secured.

It was while doing editorial work in London that she became interested in the poor, also in the condition of the working girls, and she devised measures to relieve them. Investigation surprised her in regard to many things; there were more sin and suffering than she had supposed. There were more ignorance, idleness, and moral corruption than she imagined. Her soul was stirred within her. She must enter this new field of Christian labor. Woman was the greatest sufferer, and she must be relieved. She had

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not an equal chance with man before the law. The latter had legal rights that were not conceded to woman. She could not hold property as the male sex could; and when she got married all the rights she ever had seemed to be lost in the claim of her husband. If the latter proved brutal, and abused his wife, the law offered no protection, but left her to a sad fate. Miss Cobbe says: "The part of my work for women to which I look back with most satisfaction was that in which I labored to obtain protection for unhappy wives, beaten, mangled, mutilated, or trampled on by brutal husbands. One day I was by chance reading a newspaper in which a whole series of frightful cases of this kind were recorded, here and there, among the ordinary news of the time. I got up out of my arm-chair, half dazed, and said to myself, 'I will never rest till I have tried what I can do to stop this.'" And she did not stop until a remedy was provided. A woman of her courage and perseverance would succeed, of course, no matter what obstacles stood in the way. If Miss Cobbe had had some experience with an average husband, her efforts might have been somewhat modified; and if so, it was fortunate for her suffering sex that such an experience was never hers.

Paupers in the workhouse were neglected, as she believed, and she was glad to be an instrument of surpassing good to them in bringing about a change. Their minds were almost wholly neglected, and she planned for a systematic supply of reading matter, — papers, magazines, and books. She wrote a long and elaborate article, "Workhouse Sketches," for *Macmillan's Magazine*, that awakened widespread interest in the subject. She says of that contribution to the

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press: "To my astonishment and delight there came, along with the magazine containing the article, a check for twelve pounds ($60). It was the first money I had ever earned, and when I had cashed the check I held the sovereigns in my hand and tossed them with a sense of pride and satisfaction, which the gold of the Indies, if gained by inheritance, would not have given me! Naturally I went down straight to St. Peter's and gave the poor old souls such a tea as had not been known before in the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.'"

Miss Cobbe had interested herself in reformatories and ragged schools in Bristol before this time. She writes: "I heard that Miss Carpenter of Bristol was seeking for somebody to help in her reformatory and ragged school work. I went to see her, and arranged to pay her a moderate sum for board and lodging in her house adjoining Red Lodge, and she was to provide me with occupation." (Miss Cobbe, after the death of her father, received a patrimony of a thousand dollars a year.)

She continues: "Our days were very much alike. We assembled for prayers very early in the morning, and breakfast, during the winter months, was over by daylight. After this there were classes at the different schools, endless arrangements and organizations, the looking up of little truants from the ragged schools, and a good deal of business in the way of writing reports, and so on. Altogether, nearly every hour of the day and week was pretty well mapped out, leaving only space for the brief dinner and tea; and at nine or ten o'clock at night, when we met at last, Miss Carpenter was often so exhausted that I have seen her fall asleep with the spoon halfway

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between her mouth and the cup of gruel which she ate for supper."

Miss Cobbe could have lived at her ease upon her annual allowance of a thousand dollars, had she pleased to do so; but a woman of so much ability and so philanthropic spirit could not be contented without laboring for humanity. To lift a human soul out of the slums of Bristol or London into a pure and noble life, was to her a coveted pleasure. There was much about the work which lookers-on call self-sacrifice, hardship, self-denial, but she did not so regard it; and we have learned enough about her virtues and training to show us why she did not.

Some critics, dissenting from some of her religious views as published in certain of her works, say they do not understand her. Such a self-denying and beautiful life as she has lived does not seem to tally with breaking away from the old standard of her Puritan ancestors. But, to the author, who should certainly dissent from some of her published opinions, there is not an abandonment of the standard of her ancestors in *spirit;* it is the Puritan method and expression chiefly that arrays her soul against that form of religious belief. A woman who writes a paragraph like the following, out of the depths of her heart, must be anchored to the Truth: —

"If religion is still to be to mankind in the future what it has been in the past, it must still be a religion of prayer. Nothing is changed in human nature because it has outgrown some of the errors of the past. The spiritual experience of the saintly souls of old was true and real experience, even when their intellectual creeds were full of mistakes. By the gate through which they entered the paradise of love

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and peace, even by that same narrow portal of Prayer must we pass into it. No present or future discoveries in science will ever transmute the moral dross in human nature into the pure gold of virtue. No spectral analysis of the light of the nebulæ will enable us to find God. If we are to be made holy, we must ask the Holy One to sanctify us. If we are to know the infinite joy of Divine Love, we must seek it in Divine communion."

We cannot follow the subject of this paper into all her benevolent work; it would require a volume. But we must say that her great work in behalf of the better education of girls, and the improvement of women, was not a whit less important than her mission work. It was in truth missionary work. Female education was both neglected and opposed at that time. The need of such tongues and pens as hers was imperative. Hence she was drawn before the public, and dignified every platform upon which she spoke. Out of this class of work came some of the best books she has given to the world. Her interest and studies in this direction guided her into high scholarship. She became a woman of recognized talents, influence, and usefulness, mainly through the views of female education which she entertained from early womanhood, enforced by those successful elements of character which we have pointed out.

As an author, Miss Cobbe has won international fame. All of her books, tracts, pamphlets, and essays were devoted to important and pressing needs of the times. Her first book was "Essay on the Theory of Intuitive Morals." There were "Broken Lights," followed by "Dawning Lights;" also "Hopes of the

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Human Race." Later on, "A Faithless World" and "Health and Holiness." A collection of elaborate articles published in *The Quarterly Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Cornhill Magazine*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and others, was issued with the title, "Studies New and Old on Ethical and Social Subjects." Another, of minor articles, called "Reviews of Work and Play." Still another collection of essays, issued in 1872, named, "Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays." And yet another in 1875, "False Beasts and True." Later "Peaks in Darien" appeared, also "Town Mouse and the Country Mouse," a humorous study of life in London. Her latest and perhaps most widely known books are "Duties of Women" and "The Modern Rack." The former was, first, a course of lectures given to ladies in the Westminster Palace Hotel. After their publication in book form, and three editions had been sold in England, through Miss Willard the W.C.T.U. of the United States brought them out for the good of the female sex here.

We have not included all the literary works of this hard-worked woman in our summary, but we have spoken of the most important — enough surely to be credited to one mortal life. And a self-made woman, too! She had some teachers in her early life, but we have not been able to discover that they gave direction to her career. Her plan of life was her own, under God of course, and its living the result of qualities that she nurtured as faithful mothers do their offspring. Blessed outlook must be hers, as she sits in the shadow of age, and recounts the events that have happened by her tireless efforts.

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MARY LYON—EDUCATOR.

WOMEN cause eras to happen sometimes. Born and living at a period when the human race makes special demands for advancement on certain lines, their abilities and aptitudes are utilized in a providential way to inaugurate a new departure. This was true of Mary Lyon, who founded the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, the first institution of the kind established in America.

She was born in the little town of Buckland, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797. Her ancestors had not recovered from the hardships and poverty entailed by their long struggle for Independence, so that the new-comer was ushered into the common lot of that day, which was hard work, little money, close economy, and poor opportunities.

Mary's father was a man of strong mind and deep piety. He owned a small farm, from which, by great industry, he obtained a comfortable livelihood for his family. He shared the most implicit confidence of all citizens in that sparsely populated region, and was frequently sent for to pray with friends who were sick. His self-control was one of his leading characteristics. No one ever saw him angry, and neither his wife nor children ever heard him utter a cross word. He was a model man. Mrs. Lyon was his equal in every particular—a woman of mental strength and ardent piety, who understood how to train her chil-

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dren in the way they should go. The law of kindness ruled her spirit at home and abroad, and her praise was in all families. As Miss Lyon, in womanhood, ascribed much of her success in life to the discipline of her "mountain home," as she called it, we will cite here a description of it from her own pen, as published in her "Missionary Offering," a book she wrote in 1843: —

"I was strongly reminded by contrast of another widow, whom I knew and loved forty years ago, and of her mountain home. [Mary's father died when she was four years old.] She was not rich in the treasures of earth. Her little farm was surely not more to her, in providing for her seven, than was that skilful needle in providing for the one. But want in that mountain home was made to walk so fairly and so gracefully within that circle of limited means, that there was always room enough and to spare for a more restricted neighbor. I can now see that loved widow, just as I did in the days of my childhood. She is less than forty years of age, and her complexion is as fair and her forehead as noble and as lofty as on her bridal day. Now she is in that sweet garden which needs only to be seen to be loved. Now she is surveying the work of the hired man and her young son on that wild, romantic farm, made, one would think, more to feast the soul than to feed the body. But she was always busy amid her household cares, and in the culture of the seven olive plants around her table. In that domain nothing was left to take its own way. Everything was made to yield to her faithful and diligent hand. It was no mistake of that good-hearted neighbor, who came in one day, begging the privilege of setting a plant of

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rare virtue in a corner of her garden, because, as he said, there it could never die. The roses, the pinks, and the peonies, those old-fashioned flowers, which keep time with Old Hundred, could nowhere grow so fresh and so sweet as in that little garden. Nowhere else have I ever seen wild strawberries in such profusion and richness as were gathered near by. Never were rareripes so large and yellow, and never were peaches so delicious and so fair, as grew on the trees of that favored farm. The apples, too, contrived to ripen before all others, so as to meet in sweet fellowship with peaches and plums, to entertain the aunts and cousins.

"I can now see that mountain home, with its sweet rivulet finding its way among rocks, and cliffs, and hillocks, and deep, craggy dells. Then just beyond the precincts of the family domain was the 'top of the hill,' crowned by its high, rolling rock, ever inviting the enterprise of each aspiring heart. Every one was amply repaid who would climb that steep hill and ascend that high rock. There might be seen the far-off mountains, in all their grandeur, and the deep valleys and widely-extended plains, and, more than all, that village below, containing only a few white houses, but more than some young eyes had previously seen. But sweetest of all, the length of a mile or more, to the village church, was that wild, winding way, traversed each Sabbath morning by that orderly group, while the family pony gave the mother a horseback ride. There, too, in winter, was that sleigh, packed so snugly and gliding so gently over that same winding way to that same small church.

"At that mountain home every want was promptly

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and abundantly met by the bounties of summer and the provident care for winter. The autumnal stores, so nicely sorted and arranged, always travelled hand in hand through the long winter, like the barrel of meal and cruse of oil. The apples came out fresh in the spring, and the maple sugar, the most important grocery of the neighborhood, was never known to fail before the warm sun, on the sparkling snow, gave delightful indication that sugar days were near. When gathered around the simple table, no one desired a richer supply than was furnished by the hand of that dear mother. The simple school-day dress, too, so neat and so clean, and amply sufficient in the view of those young minds, should not be forgotten; while the rare gift of the Sunday suit, kept expressly for the occasion, formed an important era in the life of the possessor, and was remembered with grateful smiles for many days afterwards. The children never thought of being dependent or depressed. They felt that their father had laid up for them a rich store in grateful hearts, and among the treasures which will never decay; and that their mother, who was considered in all that neighborhood a sort of presiding angel of good works, was continually adding to these stores. I can now remember just the appearance of that neighbor, who had a numerous household to clothe, as she said one day, 'How is it that the widow can do more for me than any one else?'"

Here we have a clear view of the home which made Mary Lyon what she was, as she claimed. Mark the characteristics of that home,—plain, neat, well-ordered, where industry, economy, harmony, obedience, morality, and religion reigned. Such a home educates; its influence is always uplifting.

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Benefactors and the world's best workers are trained therein.

Mary early learned to do housework, and to spin. At that day, the spinning-wheel was as necessary in the home as a dining-table. Her mother made the cloth used in the family, and the daughters assisted her as soon as they were old enough. Mary was no exception to the rule, and could spin well at twelve years of age. She was thorough and sincere in all she did, and could keep house well before advancing to her teens. She desired to be useful above all things, and appeared to understand that this could be accomplished only by industry and the improvement of time.

The schools of Buckland were short and poor. Mary had to walk a whole mile to her school, when she became a pupil, and two miles, after she was six or seven years old. For the schoolhouse was removed for some reason, doubling the distance Mary had to walk. But she improved her leisure time at home. With what aid her mother could render, her intellectual culture at home was more valuable to her than that she received at school. She advanced so rapidly that visitors observed her attainments even in childhood. Her father died about the time she commenced to attend school, and the affliction was very trying. She was too young to fully understand her loss in the death of her father, but old enough to sadly miss his presence and guidance. His death made so deep an impression upon her heart, that she always believed her views and plans of life were somewhat influenced thereby. We quote what she says of that sorrow: —

"The dying scene in that retired 'north room' I

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can never forget. How mournful was the contrast between the clear mid-day sun and those sorrowing hearts, those bursting sighs, and those flowing tears! Those last faltering words, 'My dear children,—what shall I say to you, my children? God bless you, my children!' have not yet died away on my ear. Then came the funeral, which gathered all the neighborhood around the mourning circle. Gently was it whispered by one and another, 'We have all lost a friend; the peacemaker is gone.' How deep were those weeds of mourning, shrouding that family! Even the plaintive tones of the little one, but just able to lisp her father's name, were oft and long repeated by kind-hearted neighbors. Then came that first cold winter of widowhood. How mournfully did the cheerful fire blaze on the domestic hearth, as we gathered around that bereaved family altar! What child of the household could ever forget those extraordinary prayers of the sorrowing mother for the salvation of her fatherless children, as they were offered up, day by day, through all the long cold winter? Before that mourning day came, the eldest, while yet a child, professed to love the God of her fathers. As the remaining six were gathered in, one by one, and all before they had passed the years of their youth, the mother failed not to refer to her own agonizing prayers during the first winter of her widowhood."

All along through this sketch the reader will be reminded of the scene just described, and say within himself, "How clear the impression of that good home upon her eventful life!" The experience of being made fatherless deepened her sense of personal duty later on, if it did not inspire her to do her best for

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mankind. To a girl of her thoughtfulness, sincerity, and filial devotion, the lesson of such a sorrow could not have been lost.

Mary was a tender, loving daughter; and there was a close connection between this relation and her distinguished womanhood. She often spoke and wrote of the cheerful obedience required in her early home, and how much an honest regard for the rule did for her after engaging in her life-work. Sometimes obedient children become neglectful of parents in their manhood and womanhood if they have met with great success. Rising from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to high honors, and even from ignorance to learning, has made many sons and daughters neglectful of their aged parents; not so with Mary Lyon. She was far superior to her mother in knowledge and reputation when she became a famous teacher. But she never knew so much, or reached a fame so lofty, as to forget her precious mother. She wrote to her:—

"I have thought much more of you than usual for a week or two past. Although my situation is necessarily rather different from what it was in childhood, yet you will not suppose that on this account I love my friends less. I sincerely desire that I may ever be saved from neglecting my early friends, especially my mother, to whom I am more indebted than to all others, except my Maker. When I think of my mother, I think of one who ardently and unceasingly desires my temporal and spiritual welfare; one to whom I owe much that I can never repay; one who never forgets me, and never forgets that I have an immortal soul; one the benefit of whose prayers I have long enjoyed, and whose desires, I trust, are

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now every day ascending to the throne of grace in my behalf."

Her mother's Christian character appears to have been an element of her own success; for she frequently wrote to her to pray for this, that, and the other object for which she was laboring. When she began her efforts in behalf of a female seminary, she wrote to her, "I want you to pray for me, my dear mother, that I may in this thing be guided by wisdom from above, and that the Lord would bless me and make me a blessing." And when her labors had been crowned with success, and the location of the institution had been fixed, she wrote again: —

"Will you, my dear mother, pray for this new institution, that God will open the hearts of His children in its behalf, and that the Spirit of God may rest on its future teachers and pupils, that it may be a spot where souls may be born of God, and saints quickened in the Lord's service? It is my heart's desire that holiness to the Lord may be inscribed upon all connected with it, and that a succession of teachers may be raised up, who shall there continue to labor for Christ long after we are laid in our graves."

Often, when she felt her own need of more grace for the grave duties to which she was called, she would write, "My dear mother, I want you to pray for me in particular now, that I may do my whole duty from day to day; that I may know what I should do, and how to do it."

Evidently there was no one in the wide world in whose prayers she had so much confidence as in those of her mother. We may not say to what extent this filial piety determined her success, but it must have

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had a decided influence in forming her spotless character, without which her plans and labors for female education must have failed. It is safe to say that filial love which leads to cheerful obedience will make many things happen which no other human quality can.

This same spirit marked her career as a sister. Reared with six brothers and sisters, at a fireside where dissension was not allowed, and where no one seemed inclined thereto, her sisterly affection appeared to be limitless. Even when the cares of a great seminary were borne by her, and her sisters were occupying humble positions in society, her epistles were frequent, and overflowed with such outbursts of affection as the following: "Oh that I could fly over the hills and pay you a visit. Friends know best the strength of their love when they are separated. If possible, I think more of you now than ever. But should I fill a whole sheet in describing my desire to see you, and the delight which would be derived from an interview with you, it would be saying just nothing at all; therefore I shall leave all to be supplied by your imagination."

It requires no careful study to discover here an element of her success as a teacher. For school discipline, as well as for winning the confidence and love of pupils, nothing can supply the place of this filial and fraternal devotion. In the common walks of life, too, mingling with the masses from day to day, this spirit cannot be overestimated as a means of winning confidence and exerting influence.

We have already said that Mary believed in hard study. She did not depend upon her genius to carry her through. One of her teachers said, "I should

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like to see what she would make if sent to college." She exhausted Alexander's Grammar in four days, one of her teachers said, reciting all of it that pupils usually commit, in one recitation. She was equally skilful in arithmetic and other studies, and yet was not disposed to depend upon her native ability. Indeed, she did not happen to think that she possessed unusual talents, proving that true merit and humility are always associated. It was her habit to do well any kind of work in hand, and so she never left a problem in arithmetic, or any subject in science, without understanding it.

After the district school which she attended in childhood was removed two miles away, Mary could not attend regularly. On this account she attended school some time in Ashfield, where she boarded with relatives, doing housework out of school hours to pay for her board. But, all the while, she continued to improve her spare moments at home, making almost as rapid progress without teachers as with them. We are speaking of her now before she was fourteen years old, when most girls spend all the time they can command in play.

Mary was not more than twelve years old when she formed a definite purpose to become a teacher, and that purpose was seconded heartily by her mother, brother, and sisters. She could not see exactly where the money would come from to pay for the extra schooling she must have, but a clear-cut, honest purpose always finds the way. She was the only girl around who had a definite purpose as to the future life. Girls were not expected to have an aim to be somebody at that time. Boys were expected to lay their plans to become farmers, carpenters,

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shoemakers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, or ministers; but girls were only made for marriage, motherhood, and housekeeping, and no purpose need be formed for that; they would become that any way. But from her girlhood Mary never accepted such nonsense; she was about fifty years in advance of the times on that subject. She could see no reason why a girl should not know as much as a boy, and become as useful. Few people advocated female teachers, except for little children in summer-time. Most of the teachers should be males; and they were. Public sentiment drew the line; but Mary stepped over it, in her independence and enthusiasm for knowledge.

At that time there was not a college for the education of females; the *higher* education of girls was generally discarded. But Mary advocated not only the *higher* but the *highest* education of girls. A little later, when she had become a teacher, she wanted to attend lectures on chemistry and other subjects at Amherst College, but she could not be admitted. It was preposterous, in the view of masculine educators, to allow a young woman to appear in the classroom with young men, although it was not a flattering compliment to the latter class. Mary was thought to be a doubtful gender to think of such a thing. Her genuine modesty was damaged considerably by her unwomanly proposition, as it was thought. Just here is where the reader needs to concentrate his mind, so as to fully comprehend the achievements of a poor girl, who is in earnest, as they will appear in the course of this narrative. It is one of the great events of history, which no thoughtful reader should lose sight of, that she completely upset the prevailing

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opinions among men concerning female education. This is what she made happen; educators, professors, clergymen, and statesmen to the contrary notwithstanding. Keep the fact uppermost.

At fourteen Mary's mother married the second time, and removed to Ashfield. Her son was a fine Christian young man, who had worked the farm efficiently for several years, and it was arranged for him to continue in charge of it, and Mary to keep house for him until he entered into wedlock. She was competent for this position, as her mother trained her daughters thoroughly in the somewhat unpopular art of housekeeping. The three oldest daughters were married, at that time, and had homes of their own. The two who were younger than Mary went to Ashfield with their mother. At this point, an observer outside would have discovered little encouragement that Mary would acquire an education. But she was not troubled; her purpose was there.

Her brother was as anxious for her education as she herself was, and he told her that he would pay her a dollar a week, so as to assist her in her education. That was a large sum for a girl of her age at that day, and she regarded the offer as a very great favor on the part of her brother. In addition to keeping the house, she could spin, weave, and knit as well as her mother. Most of the clothes used in the Lyon family were hand-made. All of her work together occupied her time so fully that leisure moments for study were few and far between. Nevertheless, Mary kept heart for a better day. After the lapse of a year or more, young Lyon concluded to marry. His mate had been selected — a nice, Christian girl, who was in every way worthy of the young farmer's

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love — and the whole family were pleased with the arrangement.

The set time to favor Mary's purpose had now come. She discussed the matter with her brother, whose sound judgment and fraternal affection were always ready for use; and it was settled that she should scrape together every dollar she could and take just enough furniture to make a room habitable, and enter Sanderson Academy at Ashfield, five miles distant. "But this will be your home," said her noble-hearted brother, "to which you will come whenever you can." The bride was accordingly installed mistress of the "mountain home," and Mary became a student in Sanderson Academy, and was now fairly started to accomplish her life-purpose.

That she was an industrious, thorough, and ambitious scholar we need scarcely say. "My means are so limited that my stay in this academy will be short," she said, "so I must make the most possible of the opportunity;" and she did. From the beginning she led the school in every branch of study. She was the best scholar the academy had ever had. Pupils would cease their studies to listen to her recitations, unconscious of what they were doing until the principal broke the spell by a word of caution. Nor was her phenomenal proficiency simply an expression of her genius; for she studied more hours than any other student. She turned night into day by close study, and did it so constantly as to jeopardize her health. But for an iron constitution, begotten on the farm, where labor was a necessity, her health must have been broken. Both teachers and trustees were so impressed by her talents and lofty purpose, that they voted to offer her the advantages of the

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school free. She had only means enough to pay her board and tuition for a single term, and then was going to leave. This generous offer by the trustees was a surprise to her, and she accepted it gladly, after having arranged with the lady with whom she boarded to take her furniture to pay for her board the next term.

At the close of her second term at the academy, the principal said that she was better qualified to teach than any student who had gone out from the institution, and he obtained a school for her near Sherburne Falls. She was not yet sixteen years of age, but was mature, and determined to succeed, the latter quality being an essential element of her triumph. She appeared to possess an intuitive knowledge of what school discipline should be, so that school government was easy to her. She won the confidence and co-operation of her pupils, with scarcely an exception. From that time her services as a teacher were in demand. Her fame as a teacher spread throughout that region, and school committees considered themselves fortunate when they could employ her.

But Miss Lyon must equip herself more thoroughly for her life-work. When she left Sanderson Academy she had no intention of quitting hard study. As soon as she could earn money enough to pay for additional schooling, she was again found in Sanderson Academy, and at a popular private school in Derry, New Hampshire, alternating to and fro between teaching and study for several years. Sometimes she studied with scholarly clergymen, pursuing certain lines of science which academies did not teach. At one time she studied in this way with Rev. Mr. Humphrey, who became president of Am-

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herst College thereafter, and took lessons in drawing and painting of Mrs. Humphrey. In this way she became one of the most accomplished young ladies in New England, so that she graced any school-room over which she presided. She had overcome every obstacle in her pathway by accomplishing her early formed purpose.

Miss Lyon had views of her own respecting school government, and her success shows the soundness of her judgment. Dr. Hitchcock, her biographer, says of it: "The government of the school was a kind of theocracy, the teachers standing between the pupils and God, to assist them in learning His will. Yet there was a copious infusion of true republicanism. The regulations were referred to the immutable standard of right and wrong. Is it right? is it in accordance with the law of love? were questions constantly pressed home, with the hope of leading the scholar habitually to ask them for herself. Conscience was brought to bear on courtesy, neatness, dress, and everything which affects personal character and usefulness."

Although Dr. Hitchcock spoke of her as the principal of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, his description of her school government was substantially true of it from the time she was eighteen years old, if not before. She was a thorough believer in self-government, and, as far as possible, reduced that belief to practice. At first she did not give the prominence to religious training that she did in her seminary, yet her method was substantially the same after she became a Christian, at nineteen years of age. Although her life shamed a majority of professed Christians before the time of her conversion, on account

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of the influence of her early Christian training, she did not place the religious discipline of the school *first* until she was twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. Then she said, what educators of our day will say, "The object of all education is character; moral instruction is *first* in order." And this belief she reduced to practice ever after it became her fixed opinion. Her schools were distinguished for this characteristic. She believed that purity was worth more than arithmetic to girl or boy, and that it was far better for them to aspire to become good men and women than good scholars. She confessed that in her early teaching she sought first of all to make good scholars, and her severest criticism of public and private schools was, that they seek to make scholarship before moral character; and that would be her criticism to-day were she living. The difference between her and educators of that day and ours was that she reduced her belief to practice just as well as she knew how. She would not allow the number of studies in school to interfere with moral lessons. The Bible should have the first place among text-books, and it should not be driven therefrom by Greek, Latin, or English literature. Herein her great strength lay, and this was the real secret of her success in championing the higher education of girls. There could have been no Mount Holyoke Female Seminary without it. Indeed, there would have been no Mary Lyon, founder of the seminary, without it.

Miss Lyon had been a teacher but a few years before she was invited to teach in the Ashfield Academy — the first female ever appointed teacher in that institution. She had just completed a course of study in Byfield Academy, of which Mr. Emerson was prin-

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cipal, a school of considerable fame for its thoroughness and Christian character. Her success in the Ashfield Academy was so great that she was invited to other schools, among them a young ladies' school in Derry, New Hampshire, under the charge of Miss Grant, where she was once a pupil. She removed to the latter school, where she taught several years. But the people of Buckland, her native town, had become so much interested in the education of girls, that they importuned her to open a private school for young ladies there, and she finally yielded to their request. The school prospered finely, and became very popular throughout that part of the State.

In the meantime, Miss Grant had removed her institution to Ipswich, Massachusetts, and invited Miss Lyon to become associated with her. As the views of these two popular teachers were in complete harmony respecting the higher education of girls, Miss Lyon was disposed to accept the position. But the people of Buckland remonstrated, as did the inhabitants of the neighboring towns. Finally, the clergy of different denominations, in a dozen towns or more, called a meeting, and publicly pledged their support to the school, and the support of their people, if she would continue in Buckland, and make the school permanent. But Miss Lyon was already thinking of a young ladies' seminary, with an exceptional standard of scholarship, unlike any institution of the kind in the country; and she thought, evidently, that the Ipswich call was in that direction. At any rate, she abandoned the school at Buckland, and joined Miss Grant at Ipswich, where her plans for a female seminary, on a Christian basis, rapidly matured. Yet her devotion to Miss Grant's enterprise was

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whole-hearted and true. All her energies and force of character were given to it without reserve. The school became widely popular, and pupils flocked to it from different parts of the country. It was plain to Miss Lyon that the interest in female education had become deep and strong enough to support an institution of the magnitude of the one in her dreams. Her school at Buckland suggested the plan to her, and she began to write to friends about the great blessing of an institution where young ladies could be educated, first for teachers, and then for good mothers. She wrote to her mother: —

"While I have been permitted to occupy a field of labor where I could aid in preparing some who must mould the character of future generations for their great work, I have not been quite satisfied. I have looked out from my quiet scene of labor on the wide world, and my heart has longed to see many enjoy these privileges who cannot for the want of means. I have longed to be permitted to labor where the expenses would be less than they are here [Ipswich], so that more of our daughters could reap the fruits. Sometimes my heart has burned within me; and again I have bid it be quiet. I have sometimes speculated, and built airy castles; and again I have bid my mind dwell on sober realities. I have thought that there might be a plan devised by which something could be done. I have further thought, that if I could be entirely released from all engagements and all encumbrances, perhaps I might in time find some way opened before me for promoting this good object."

Here we catch a glimpse of her secret desires and undefined plans. An irrepressible conflict was going on in her mind, just as sure to culminate in effort for

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the seminary as she lived. A woman of her invincible spirit, with a faith that controls and uses her whole being, will not fail to secure the object on which her heart is set. No obstacle is so great, no opposition so formidable, no labor too arduous, to prevent the consummation of her purpose. The indomitable will that could fit her for a teacher, in the first place, would not rest until the seminary in thought had become a seminary in fact.

Again, as her mind dwelt upon the possible work she might do for humanity, she wrote: "Oh, how immensely important is this work of preparing the daughters of the land to be good mothers! If they are prepared for this situation, they will have the most important preparation which they can have for any other; they can soon and easily become good teachers, and they will become, at all events, good members of society. The false delicacy, which some young ladies indulge, will vanish away as they see most of the companions of their childhood and youth occupying the solemn and responsible situation of mothers. It will no longer appear like a subject for which no care should be taken in the training of daughters."

How strongly the idea of a female seminary had taken possession of her heart at Buckland, before she anticipated joining Miss Grant at Ipswich, is expressed by the fact that her brother came from New York to secure her services as a teacher in a position that would be permanent, with the prospect of building up an institution after her own heart. But she scarcely gave the proposition a passing notice. Although she had not disclosed the secret designs of her heart to any one, and did not to her

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brother, except only to suggest the value of a female seminary to New England, she was so far advanced in her own thought as to believe that she would strive for it in the future.

After she had really determined to make a trial for the female seminary, although she had formed no definite plan, her entire consecration to the enterprise was exemplified by her refusing a flattering offer of marriage. It was a rare opportunity, where her literary tastes would not be embarrassed by domestic cares, nor poverty deny her the comforts of a fine home. But the choice was between a good husband and a female seminary, so that she did not hesitate for one moment in deciding for the seminary. It was not that she thought less of the former, but more of the latter; and the latter was not for herself, but for the daughters of the land. Self was left out of the question wholly; the higher education of girls would be worth a thousand times more to the country than a husband would be to her. That settled the matter — the good of others. Her intercourse with others, in the daily walks of life, as well as her correspondence, abounded in such paragraphs as the following: —

"What a great mistake has been committed by the followers of Christ in not believing that every good thing is to be used primarily for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, for the salvation of men! Property, education, time, influence, friends, children, brothers, and sisters, — all should be devoted to this great object."

At length the time came when she fully determined to found a female seminary. She had conferred with many prominent men and women, including clergymen, lawyers, teachers, and philanthropists, concern-

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ing the enterprise, and a few pledged their hearty co-operation. Many did not believe in so great outlay for young women; it was not necessary. But the indorsement of a few noble Christian men and women was sufficient for Mary Lyon; she terminated her connection with the Ipswich school, and went forth to raise funds for the proposed institution, fully prepared "to face a frowning world." No woman ever undertook a more trying task. With nine out of every ten citizens, even in the Church, opposed to it, including most of the rich men and women of New England, the outlook would have been disheartening to almost any woman but Miss Lyon. She believed that God and Deacon Safford of Boston and Deacon Porter of Monson were with her, and that would answer very well. She was wont to say, "It is one of the nicest of mental operations to distinguish between what is very difficult and what is utterly impossible." It was enough for her to know that a female seminary was not "utterly impossible." That afforded sufficient margin to her for action, and she started out with unwavering faith. The details of her success we shall not record. She met with no greater trials than she anticipated. In the outset she said: "I anticipate trials such as I have never yet known. I expect them, from indications of Providence already manifested toward the enterprise in which I am engaged. But I feel that the dark, portentous cloud which hangs over the future is under the direction of Him who led His chosen people by a pillar of cloud and of fire." And that was just about the way she emerged from the wilderness. The world knows that she raised the money, and that the Mount Holyoke Female Sem-

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inary was founded — one of the most memorable achievements, in the circumstances, that can be found in history.

After it was fully decided that the seminary should be established, difficulties were continually arising. Where should the institution be located? Several places were named; the trustees were not agreed upon a site. Even after South Hadley had been selected, under the brow of its mountain, there was a vain effort made to change it. But all the while Miss Lyon was self-possessed, hopeful, and cheerful, believing that God would order it to be located in the best place, which she thought was South Hadley. Even after work had commenced on the building, the plans had to be modified. Then, when one of the walls had risen slowly upward twenty or thirty feet, it fell when the workmen were at breakfast. The agent said afterwards, "How I did dread to meet Miss Lyon. Now she will be discouraged." But as I went towards the scene of confusion, I met her coming towards me, as smiling and cheerful as ever; and when she arrived within speaking distance, she exclaimed, "How wonderful! No one killed, no one hurt! the men all at their breakfast, not a hair of their heads touched."

The corner-stone of the seminary building was laid October 3, 1836. It was a glad day for Miss Lyon. She wrote to a friend three days after: "We had a fine day for the laying of the corner-stone. It was a day of deep interest. The associations were very tender. That is an affecting spot to me. The stones, and brick, and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul. How much thought and how much feeling have I had on this general

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subject in years that are past! And I have indeed lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the corner-stone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars, and will be an institution for the education of females. Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate! This will be an era in female education," — and the world is indebted to a woman for it!

The seminary was planned for the middle class, and therefore expenses were very low. The rich could send their daughters to costly schools, but a large class of girls could not be educated if the cost were more than from fifty to one hundred dollars a year. Then, the housework would be done by the pupils chiefly. This would lessen their expenses, promote good health, and increase their knowledge of domestic affairs. The school building would accommodate eighty pupils; and to furnish the rooms Miss Lyon adopted the following plan: she proposed to the ladies of prominent Congregational churches to furnish a room each, which was not a heavy tax by any means. In this way the school building was well furnished. It was ninety-four feet by fifty, four stories high above the basement. It was not expected that this accommodation would be ample except for a short time; but the plan included other buildings to be erected as the Christian public furnished the money.

Miss Lyon had the oversight of everything, busy almost night and day. Her biographer says: "Her days were spent in the unfinished edifice, overseeing workmen, and doing many things which needed to be done, much as an efficient lady of moderate means would superintend a house she was building, in the

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absence of her husband. She looked after the drawers, cupboards, closets, shelves, latches, and hinges, and saw that the Church's funds were applied to promote the convenience and welfare of the Church's daughters. When the joiner work was done, she made ready for the mason; when the masonry was done, she made ready for the painter; and when the painter was done, she saw to the drying. The workmen might complain of her interference and dictation; but it was little she minded the complaining, if the work was only done to her mind."

In all this Miss Lyon's self-knowledge was manifest. She knew better than any one what she could and what she could not do, and was always ready to say so. It was a common remark of hers, "*That* is one of the things which I cannot do; but I can do *this* very well, or so well that no one will suffer loss; and I want this for my part to-day." Here was one element of her success; she knew what she could accomplish on certain lines.

From the opening of the seminary it was successful, and efforts were soon put forth to raise money for additional buildings. It was thought that accommodation for three or four hundred pupils would be required. The popularity of the school at the close of the first year was in itself a good plea for generous contributions, though quite a large class of respectable citizens ridiculed the plan of having the domestic arrangements under the care of the pupils. An incident will show the difficulties under which she labored. She went with one of the agents to solicit aid from a wealthy and benevolent individual from whom she had hoped much. She remained at the hotel while the agent broached the subject,

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expecting at least to be invited to call upon the family. But when the subject was fairly before the gentleman, he turned to his daughters, and asked them how they should like to attend a school where they must work in the kitchen, and then merely inquired where Miss Lyon was, and sent his respects to her; but she was not invited to call. When the agent gave her an account of this interview, she buried her face in her hands, and bowed down her head upon the table for a few moments, and then appeared as cheerful as ever.

But the school continued to advance, and funds to increase, until the accommodation was ample for three hundred and more pupils. The time soon came when many applications were rejected because every room was filled. Then, out of this necessity, similar institutions began to appear in different parts of the country, until now the higher education of girls is as popular as that of boys, and accommodation for their instruction is ample. And all this is the outcome of Miss Lyon's heroic labors for the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. She fought the battle and cleared the way. She disarmed public opinion of prejudice and blind opposition. As a pioneer in the grand work, she did what none of her successors have been obliged to do over again.

There were many friends of the institution who advised Miss Lyon to place board and tuition at higher figures. They could not see how the current expenses of the seminary could be paid. She proposed SIXTY DOLLARS a year for board and tuition; and they said, "It cannot be done without incurring a debt." She prevailed upon them to try it for a year, and the sum could be increased if necessary. "We

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must not forget," she said, "that this is a Christian seminary, to be conducted for the highest good of its pupils. Therefore, a missionary spirit must control it, and expenses be made as low as possible that your girls may enjoy its advantages." Hence salaries were fixed on a missionary basis. Miss Lyon made her own salary two hundred dollars, and would never take more; and the salaries of teachers were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. In this way her plan was successful.

The first year of the seminary, Miss Lyon sought, first of all, to make scholars, instead of Christians. Reviewing the year at its close, she concluded that she had not maintained the religious standard promised to the patrons. The second year she sought, first of all, to make Christians instead of scholars; and every girl in school became a Christian. The next year all but six of the whole number gave themselves to the Lord. And so on, to the time of her death, she never lost sight of the true object of education — character; and the highest character too, — Christian. The religious history of the institution is one of the most remarkable records in the life of the American Church. Says Dr. Hitchcock: —

"Some would imagine that to such an almost uninterrupted series of spiritual blessings, extraordinary and peculiar means must have been employed. But nothing of this kind was ever done. A person might have lived for weeks in the seminary, during one of these revivals, and yet seen nothing unusual, save a deep solemnity and tenderness during religious exercises. Those exercises were not much multiplied, nor were the literary exercises suspended or diminished, unless in indi-

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vidual cases of deep seriousness. Both teachers and pupils seemed to be deeply engrossed in their studies, and were, in fact, during all the hours appropriated to study. Nor was the subject of religion obtruded upon the visitor, or introduced, unless he manifested an unusual interest in the state of the school; and then he found, what he hardly suspected before, that in the hearts of those teachers and pious pupils there was a deep fountain of religious feeling, that was ready to gush out and overflow if the channel was once opened. He learned that in their closest and private fidelity to their pupils and companions lay the secret of such an almost constant divine influence."

A daily journal was kept in the school for future reference. That journal discloses much of Miss Lyon's spirit and some of her methods. It was her custom to talk to the whole school frequently upon topics indispensable to successful character-building. To illustrate, the journal says that "this afternoon she came into the hall, and talked about light reading. She urged them to lay aside entirely everything that could be classed under this head. If they had any with them, she wished they would burn it, send it home, or seal it up and put it in the bottom of their trunks, there to remain untouched."

Another entry speaks of the teachers' business meeting. Miss Lyon said, "I do really think that it requires more discipline of mind to be a lady than to be a gentleman. The latter has little of the minutiæ of every-day life to attend to. He can rise in the morning and drive in to his business. But it is not so with the latter, nor would I have it so."

Another: "Miss Lyon commenced her lectures on

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the subject of missions this morning. 'I differ from some who say that one is never poorer for giving to the Lord. If they mean poorer in a spiritual point of view, I agree with them, but not when they say poorer in property; for I do believe the Christian ought to give to the Lord so as really to feel the need of what he gives — a precious reward to suffer for Christ.'"

Another: "Miss Lyon spoke to the young ladies upon the formation of correct habits."

Another: "Every Friday afternoon Miss Lyon addresses young ladies upon general themes. Her subject the last time was simplicity in dress. She spoke of different fashions, and advised them to dress in good taste, and *avoid extremes.* 'Why, young ladies,' she said, 'what would you think to see a gentleman dressed in low neck and short sleeves?' This afternoon her subject was true politeness. 'True politeness,' she said, 'consists more in avoiding than in doing many things.'"

Another: "The subject of Miss Lyon's remarks this afternoon was *conversation.* 'Always be observing,' she remarked, 'and you will always have something to say worthy of the saying.'"

Much attention was paid to physical culture. Miss Lyon would say, "It is as much your duty to preserve your health as to be honest or to pray." A composition had been read on "Wearing thin shoes and cotton hose," and this suggested a theme for Miss Lyon at her next talk. She said: —

"'When you became members of this school, it was expected that you would have maturity of character and moral principle enough to do what is right without a formal command. If you have not, you had

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better go to a smaller school for young persons, where you can receive the peculiar care needed by little girls.' As she pursued the subject, her vivacity increased, and she said, 'There are two things, young ladies, that we expressly say you must do. One is that you must not violate the fire laws (alluding to several regulations of the family in regard to fire), the other is that you must not kill yourselves. If you will persist in killing yourselves by reckless exposure, we are not willing to take the responsibility of the act. We think by all means you had better go home and die in the arms of your dear mothers.' She said that such exposures are a direct violation of two commands of God, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Thou shalt not steal;' for a violation of the first involved a violation of the second, as by it they robbed the world of the good they ought to do."

Again: "Miss Lyon's theme for remark this afternoon was *mutual influence*. She said, 'I have noticed a few young ladies who were not exerting the most desirable influence over one another,' and remarked that she should probably speak to them individually within a few days. She illustrated her subject by examples from chemistry. She remarked that some of the rankest poisons were made by the union of the most valuable and inoffensive elements; as, for instance, oxygen and nitrogen, whose value and importance were so well known, were a constituent in nearly all of them. So, many young ladies, who were harmless oxygen and nitrogen by themselves, if brought together would make nicotine or strychnine."

Her tact in school government was something unusual. She appeared to have an intuitive knowl-

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edge of her pupils, so as to know whether to be sarcastic, gentle, or severe, or playful and facetious in her treatment. To illustrate: it was against the rule for a student to absent herself from a meal, whether sick or well, without rendering an excuse. A room-mate, or other student, was always at hand to bear the message. No one could escape Miss Lyon's observation in the dining-hall, even when three hundred students were there. One day, at the close of tea, a young lady reported to the principal that her room-mate was absent because she did not feel quite able to come down from her room. "Ah, *sick*, is she?" exclaimed Miss Lyon, fastening her sharp eye upon the informant. "Oh, no, no; only a little unwell," was the answer. "Would she like something in her room?" "Yes; she commissioned me to carry up to her a cup of tea and a cracker." "Well, you may go to her now, and I'll see to that," added Miss Lyon. The student returned to her room, which was in the fourth story, and found her room-mate sitting at the window admiring the splendor of an unclouded sunset. In the contemplation of the scene, the tea and cracker was forgotten, until Miss Lyon stepped in with the supper on a waiter. The two girls would not have been more surprised if an angel from heaven had appeared in their room. "O, Miss Lyon, why did you climb these flights of stairs to bring it!" exclaimed the "sick" girl, altogether discomfited; "I never dreamed you would do that. It was not necessary for me to have anything at all." After listening to all their apologies, Miss Lyon simply replied, rather sarcastically as the girls thought, "Well, every one in the seminary is tired when it comes night, and so I might do it as well as

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any one." After inquiring very particularly into the girl's "disease," she retired with a pleasant "good-night." Never again, during her connection with the school, was that student absent from a meal.

Her promptness and energy were leading factors of her character. A writer took the following amusing method to extol these qualities. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was at the seminary on Anniversary Day, when the examinations were going on, before a crowded audience, in the large hall at the south end of the building. Happening to step out at the door, I saw that all the north part of the building was on fire, the flames rushing out of the windows with such fury that it seemed impossible to save the edifice. However, everybody seemed very quiet, and the examinations were not interrupted; but as I passed along, a window opened, and Miss Lyon appeared with a letter in her hand, which she committed to some one to take to the post-office. I thought it was a strange time to be writing letters, but was told that it was a circular which Miss Lyon was getting out to obtain means for erecting a new building!"

She required these qualities of every pupil. She tolerated no putting off until to-morrow what must be done to-day. Some students were slack about rising in the morning. "Now, young ladies," she said, "I want every one of you to fix on an hour for rising. Be sure not to fix on too early an hour, for it would not injure your character nearly so much to make a mistake, and decide to rise at six, when you might rise at half-past five without any injury to your health, as to fail of meeting your own appointment."

After a pause, "Now, all who have decided on

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their time of rising may raise their hands." The undecided would not lift their hands. "Now, consider, if you fix upon five o'clock, and you are on your feet before the clock has done striking, you are punctual; but if you lie five minutes, or even one, after that hour passes, you are tardy, and you must lose a little respect for yourselves in consequence."

Another pause. "Now you may all rise; *all* means *every one*. *All* are on their feet now. If you have decided on your time of rising, you may take your seats." Quite a number remained standing, and they were somewhat confounded when she continued, "As fast as you fix on the hour, you may take your seats." She meant that every one should decide, and they did; all finally took their seats.

Teaching the value of spare moments, and the improvement of time, she said, "You are here at great expense. Your board and tuition cost a great deal, and your time ought to be worth more than both; but, in order to get an equivalent for the money and time you are spending, you must be systematic and industrious, and that is impossible unless you have a regular hour for rising. Girls who run around all day for the half-hour they lost in the morning never accomplish much. You may know them by a rip in the glove, a string pinned to the bonnet, a shawl left on the balustrade, which they had no time to hang up, they were in such a hurry to catch their lost thirty minutes. You will see them opening their books and trying to study at the time of general exercises in school; but it is a fruitless race; they never will overtake their lost half-hour."

Miss Lyon was principal of the Holyoke Seminary twelve years before her sudden and unexpected death.

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An apparently contagious disease broke out in the institution, and a young lady died. The students were startled and greatly alarmed, and were hurrying to and fro through the building in uncontrollable excitement. Miss Lyon was quite ill at the time, but she requested the pupils to assemble in the chapel, where she could lead them to the Rock that was higher than they. She spoke to them of the comforting doctrine of Divine Providence, and said, "Shall we fear what God is about to do? There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or fail to do it." She appeared to be in an unusually heavenly frame of mind, as she spoke of the dear Christian girl in Paradise, and expressed the most enrapturing views of heaven. "Oh, if it were I, how happy I should be to go!" she exclaimed; "not that I would be unclothed while I can do anything for you, my dear children." And then she made such a tender appeal to the impenitent as none of them had ever heard from her lips. Her timely words allayed the alarm, and the students returned to their rooms self-possessed and calm.

On the next day Miss Lyon was prostrated with the same "epidemic erysipelas," and in less than two weeks her remains were laid in a beautiful spot on the seminary grounds, where a monument of Italian marble stands, bearing the inscription, "MARY LYON, The Founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and for twelve years its Principal; a teacher for thirty-five years, and of more than three thousand pupils. Born, February 28, 1797. Died, March 5, 1849."

No life was ever lived which more strikingly illustrated the text, "Man's heart deviseth his way, but

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the Lord directeth his steps." The close connection between her early and later life is unmistakable. The place of purpose, decision, conscientiousness, courage, perseverance, industry, self-reliance, and Christian faith in her grand achievements, is clear as noonday. She taught over three thousand pupils, and led many of them to Christ. Over forty of them became missionaries, and served God in almost every nation on the globe. One-third of them, at least, became teachers, and covered America by their influence. Several hundreds became the wives of clergymen and other literary men, whose labors reached nearly every State and Territory of the American Union. Of the others, happy homes bear witness to the value of culture, refinement, and religion to mothers. Her whole life was a beautiful plan, the outcome of which proved that a high standard of study and a high standard of piety are compatible.

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MARY ASHTON LIVERMORE — ORATOR.

MANY gifted men and women do not appear at their best until their environment makes an effectual appeal. Growing up into manhood and womanhood in the ordinary routine of opportunities and duties, nothing inspires them to unusual endeavor. Ambition is not aroused; the invincible purpose is not formed; the will does not become indomitable. The commonplace in life fails to develop their real strength and power. To this class belongs Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, whose fame as an orator and reformer is world-wide.

She was born in Boston, Massachusetts, December 19, 1821. Her parents were very worthy people, members of the Baptist Church, the late Rev. Dr. Neal, of precious memory, being their pastor. Mary was a very active, restless child, fond of play, while not averse to work, and as bright as she was active. Her ceaseless activity did not compromise her obedient and affectionate disposition. At the Rice hearthstone, breaches of decorum were not tolerated, and discipline was maintained on the Puritan plan. Mary thrived physically and morally under that discipline, and was an attractive, interesting girl. Strangers took note of her promise.

She was a good scholar, and loved to attend school. Quick to learn, enthusiastic over her tasks, and persistently resolute, she found no difficulty in main-

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taining her high rank in school. She made rapid progress in her studies, and at the same time grew in womanly acquirements. Her example, therefore, was always one that others could safely follow, and one that teachers loved to nurture. She was easily a leader among her schoolmates, enjoyed for her social qualities, and for her frank, kind, genial way of doing things. Poor children found in her a true friend. She could not endure to see the poorly clad girls and boys treated with less consideration than the richly dressed. She often found the noblest hearts beating under the most uninviting garb, and she took pains to show her appreciation of their worth. The more unfortunate class understood this, and they rallied around Mary with entire confidence. They loved her for what she was.

Out-of-door sports had a charm for her. The invigorating air, the bright sunshine, the green fields, the games of childhood, all lured her into the most athletic experiences. She could run, jump, and slide better than most of the girls; and it was what her fast-growing body required. Sliding on the ice lifted her to the climax of fun. She thought there was nothing like it, and she scarcely knew when to stop. One day, after a long stretch of sliding, she returned to the house exclaiming, "Splendid! splendid sliding!" Her father responded, "Yes, Mary, it's good fun, but wretched for shoes."

"Wretched for shoes!" These words kept ringing in her ears. She knew that her parents were in straitened circumstances, obliged to practise close economy in order to provide for the large family; and the thought arose in her mind, "I ought not to wear out my shoes by sliding when shoes cost so much."

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She could not rid herself of this reflection. The result was that she did not slide any more; there was no more fun in it. The fact shows that she was an uncommonly thoughtful and precocious girl, and that her filial attachment was deep and strong. The child who can relinquish a favorite amusement because it will add to the burden of parents is above the average class of children.

Mary was ingenious to invent plays. In the absence of playthings, which her father could not afford to provide, she devised various pastimes, among them school-keeping and preaching. She was the eldest of six children, so that she could command quite a school at any time, and all yielded to her leadership. Her imitation of teaching school was exact, after the model of her own instructor. In preaching she excelled especially. Her command of language and her eloquent ways fitted her for this serious enjoyment. She used the woodshed for a house of worship, which was fitted up with logs for benches, on which sat her brothers and sisters, and, in addition, split sticks of wood were arranged on the logs to increase the size of the congregation. Mary could preach and pray with perfect ease. Her imitation was so marked that her parents were often attracted by the scene, and were impressed by the ability which she displayed in the pleasure. Once her mother said to her, "Mary, I wish you had been a boy; you could have been trained for the ministry." At that time no one advocated the education of females for the ministry. The suggestion of such a thing would have been ridiculed. If she had only been a boy, her mother thought that she might have been a promising candidate for the clerical profession, never

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dreaming that she would become a preacher, though a girl.

She was a care-taking child; even when she was a child herself, she was a decided aid to her mother in watching the younger children. She could be trusted with their care. As she grew older a sense of responsibility attached to this watch-care. Her home instructions, and the preaching of her pastor, caused her to feel deeply for their spiritual welfare. They had souls to save, and she desired that they should be saved. She would crawl out of her bed in the night, when she was not more than ten years old, and beseech her parents to rise and pray for the children. "It's no matter about me," she once said to them; "if they can be saved, I can bear anything." She would be reconciled to the loss of her own soul, if theirs could be saved! With what a deathless love she must have loved these brothers and sisters! And how deep and tender and real must have been her emotions over their spiritual danger! Surely a child of ten with so much anxiety and thoughtfulness could not have been a child of ordinary mould!

She attended the Hancock School, under the charge of one of Boston's most famous teachers at the time. The pupils were drilled in the fundamental branches, — reading, writing, spelling, mental arithmetic, with geography, grammar, and history. Pupils were required to read so distinctly, and articulate so well, that they could be readily heard in any part of the room. Mary excelled in this exercise. She had a good voice, and understood how to read well. Even then she laid the foundation of that public career as a speaker, for which she is so widely known. A few years ago, she lectured in a prominent town of Con-

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necticut. At the close of her lecture, an intelligent citizen introduced himself to her, and inquired, "Mrs. Livermore, where did you study oratory?" Without a moment's hesitation, she answered, "In the old Hancock School of Boston, before I was twelve years old, where the best of masters allowed no mumbling or senseless repetition of words, but required every reader to speak so clearly and distinctly as to be easily heard in any part of the room. There I studied oratory." There is no doubt that the foundation of Mrs. Livermore's literary career was laid in that school, as she always claimed. She gained such an idea of good reading, its importance and value in the coming years, as to prepare her for the higher and richer experience that awaited her thirty or forty years thereafter.

She was not more than eleven or twelve years old when she conceived the idea of aiding her parents by some definite occupation. She was large of her age, charged with energy, and could turn her hand to almost any kind of work, so that she really believed it to be her duty to devote her whole time to useful labor. She was neither afraid nor ashamed of work. She was ashamed to see her parents labor so incessantly to support the family, while she, a strong, healthy girl, was doing nothing to earn her bread and clothes. She made known her ideas to her parents, and was so earnest and mature in her suggestions that they listened with affectionate interest, and finally yielded to her plans.

Mary was not enamored of sewing, and yet dressmaking appeared to be the only trade she could learn and follow at that time. It was settled that she should become a dressmaker, and she went into a shop

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for three months to learn the business. When this period elapsed, she was hired, at thirty-seven cents a day, to work there three months more. She was ambitious to earn more than that, so she applied for work at a clothing establishment, and was told that she could take home a dozen red flannel shirts to make. "I can make them in the evenings," she said. "And we want them as soon as possible," said the proprietor, "for business is rushing now. Six and a quarter cents apiece we pay." Mary gave him her name and place of residence, and took the dozen shirts home with her, depositing them in her room for night work, without telling her mother what she had done.

Mary sat up at night to work on the shirts, but did not advance so rapidly as she expected. Sewing into the morning hours even did not enable her to finish the job in time. Of course the shirts were not returned on the day promised, and the clothier called at the house. Mrs. Rice answered the bell.

"Does Mary Rice live here?" he inquired.

"She does."

"Well, she took a dozen red flannel shirts from my shop to make, and she has not returned them."

Mrs. Rice was taken by surprise, but rallied in a moment, and said, "It can't be my daughter."

"Well, she gave her name, Mary Rice, and this is the street and number. I cannot be mistaken."

At that moment Mary put in her appearance, interrupting the conversation.

"Yes, mother, I got the shirts of the man."

"And you promised to get them done, miss; and we are in a very great hurry."

"You shall have them all to-morrow night," answered Mary, with her accustomed promptness.

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"Very well; do not disappoint me," said the man, on turning away. No sooner was the outside door closed than Mrs. Rice burst into tears, and said, "We are not so poor as that. My dear child, what is to become of you if you take all the cares of the world upon you?"

This incident illustrates the womanly character of this girl of twelve years. She was bound to lessen the labors of her dear parents even if she sacrificed her own comfort and health. A girl of this stamp is not found in every neighborhood. We shall discover, further on, a very close connection between this sort of girlhood and that grand womanhood that will command our attention. Providence had taken this young girl in hand to train for future use.

Mary completed the shirts, and delivered them, as she promised, receiving seventy-five cents for her work, which was very small pay. However, she enjoyed it, as it enabled her to add a little to the family support. She did not take any more work from the clothier's; it was not agreeable to her mother.

Mary did not neglect self-improvement. All her spare moments were given to study or to reading. Friends noted her mental growth. Her pastor regarded her as somewhat of a prodigy at fourteen, and he became so earnest for her education, that he made arrangements for her to become a pupil in the Charlestown Female Seminary, where she soon ranked with the best scholars the institution ever had. After a single year, she was qualified to teach some of the lower branches, and in this way she paid her own way through the remainder of the course. She completed the four years' course in two years, and taught enough the last one of those years to defray her ex-

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penses. This was studying with the same resolution that she made the red flannel shirts. She would accomplish her purpose. That was what she did then; and she has done the same from that day to this.

Mary developed into a superior teacher. Scarcely fifteen years old when she was assigned to instruct a class, she surprised the principal by her tact and self-possession. It seems as if intuitive knowledge of the profession guided her to success. Pupils did not stop to remark upon her youth, as might have been expected; they were too much interested in her methods and manners to waste time on that. She appeared to be much older than she was, on account of her ability to explain, and her quiet, womanly way of conducting a class. It is not too much to add that the institution had never claimed a pupil of more talent and higher standing than she.

Before she had passed her eighteenth birthday, she accepted the position of governess in a wealthy family, on a plantation in Virginia. Her salary was a generous one for that day, and her labors and associations were all agreeable. Two years passed very pleasantly and profitably to both governess and governed, when she returned to Massachusetts, bringing with her six hundred dollars in money, and a wardrobe of ample proportions.

She was now about twenty years of age, and took charge of the Duxbury High School, Massachusetts. This was regarded as quite a responsible position for a young lady; young gentlemen were usually placed in charge of high schools then. But she gave universal satisfaction, and, under her management, the school became a model. She possessed the faculty of inspiring her pupils to strive for the best. There

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was a magnetism in her personality that seemed to touch the life of pupils at just the right spot. Her school was distinguished for enthusiasm and the true spirit of emulation. Her Christian influence, both in school and out, was such as attracted the thoughtful men and women of the town. They regarded her as a very fortunate accession to the community, and respected and loved her.

She was principal of this school at twenty-three years of age, and there is no telling how long she might have occupied the place, had not a minister broken up the relation. He was a young man, her senior only by one or two years, in need of a wife; and he came to the conclusion that Mary Rice would fill the place better than any young woman he had ever met. He knew that she was almost a necessity to the town of Duxbury, especially to its rising generation, and that bitter regrets would follow her departure to another home; but love "knows no reason," and the girl was captured and became the wife of Rev. D. P. Livermore. The loss of the High School became his gain. The sequel will show that he got more than he bargained for. He asked only for a minister's good wife; but it was revealed to him, by-and-by, that he got a writer, philanthropist, reformer, lecturer, preacher, and author, all in one. Few clerical lovers ever realized an outcome like that.

Mr. Livermore took his bride to Stafford, Connecticut, where he had a pastorate. Subsequently he was settled in Malden and Weymouth, Massachusetts; Auburn, New York; and Quincy, Illinois. In all of these pastorates he was largely assisted by his well-chosen companion, who enjoyed pastoral labor as much as she did teaching, and for which

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she appeared to be equally well adapted. For thirteen years she was a pastor's beloved and influential wife, during which period three children were born to them.

In 1857 a new field of labor opened to Mr. Livermore in Chicago. It was the publication of *The New Covenant*, an organ of his denomination, for the editorial work of which he and his wife were particularly qualified. At the same time that Mrs. Livermore assisted her husband in his editorship, she conducted *The Lily*, a publication for the young, which she invested with her own intellectual charm.

But a wider and more important field of influence opened to Mrs. Livermore. Her talents, courage, and character fitted her for national work in the time of the country's peril. The public did not know her power; possibly she did not know it herself, until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861. As a patriot, organizer, and heroine, the Civil War first appealed to her.

Mrs. Livermore had been summoned to Boston to see her aged father die. She reached his bedside on the day before the national flag on Fort Sumter was shot down, when a *furor* of excitement prevailed in city and country. The old man had been completely prostrated by his anxiety for his country, and seemed to be near the end. When the news was flashed over the country, "Sumter has fallen," on the day after Mrs. Livermore's arrival, she said, "He turned his face to the wall with an exceeding bitter cry, 'O God! now let me die, for I cannot survive the ruin of my country.'" Mrs. Livermore tells the following about her father, by way of explanation: —

"Born just at the close of the War of the Revolu-

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tion, in which his father and kindred had served, my father was reared in a home where the memories of that war were sacredly cherished. Its great, underlying moral cause, — the defence of 'inalienable human rights' — its hardships, heroism, and undying glory, these were burned into him in his boyhood by constant recital, and he grew to manhood an enthusiast in his love for the young Republic. When, in 1812, war was declared by the United States against Great Britain, my father was more than a willing volunteer, and he entered the naval service.

"The persistent claim of Great Britain that she had a right to search American vessels for deserters from her navy — a right which she exercised in the most offensive manner, until she had 'impressed' thousands of American-born seamen into her unwilling service — was the cause of the war. My father had been a victim of the British 'press-gang,' and, although born in Massachusetts, among the Berkshire hills, he was arrested on board an American trading-vessel as an English deserter, and was forced to do duty on a British man-of-war."

Here is where the subject of this chapter got much of the fortitude and heroic endeavor that made her a national power when the American Government was struggling for existence, and we have quoted the foregoing paragraph because it reveals an influence that was potent in deciding Mrs. Livermore's career. Indeed, she tells, in "My Story of the War," how her father's tales of those trying times wrought upon her childhood.

"I have listened spellbound, in childhood, to his graphic narration of the indignities and cruelties to which he was then subjected. Suspected of a purpose

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to escape, he was degraded to menial service; and when he refused to fight against his own countrymen in time of an engagement, he was put in irons and threatened with death. When unexpectedly restored to menial service, he watched his opportunity, and, running fearful risks, succeeded in escaping from the detested British war-vessel while it was lying at Copenhagen. After weary weeks of hiding and watching and waiting, with experiences of danger that afterwards were woven into many a terrible dream of the night, a chance of return to his own country was given him, and was gladly accepted."

The bare knowledge of these experiences by her father must have made a deep impression upon a nature like her own, so that, when the set time came, her patriotic and heroic spirit triumphed. We may add here that, when President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the Rebellion, and four or five times that number responded to his call, Mrs. Livermore's father began to rally, and was able to ride out with her to see several of the first regiments of volunteers off for the war. It proved just the tonic he needed — the resolve of the President to defend the Republic at all hazards, and the glad response of loyal men to give themselves to the cause. He believed his country would be saved, and the thought gave him a new lease of life. He lived until a few days before the surrender of Lee and the proclamation of peace.

Mrs. Livermore returned to Chicago, where she was soon made president of the North-western Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, for which fine executive abilities and patriotic sentiments eminently qualified her. Everything was in confu-

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sion, and everything was needed. War was the last thing for which the North was prepared. It had made no provision for such an emergency. Mrs. Livermore wrote: —

"The hospital arrangements in the early part of the war were as pitiful and inadequate as were the facilities for transportation. Any building was considered fit for a hospital, and the suffering endured by army patients, in the unsuitable buildings into which they were crowded during the first year of the war, can never be estimated. Before the war, there was no such thing as a general hospital in the army. All military hospitals were post hospitals, and the largest contained but forty beds. There was no trained, efficient medical staff. There were no well-instructed nurses, no sick-diet kitchens, no prompt supply of proper medicines, and no means of humanely transporting the sick and wounded. The entire military and medical systems, which seemed well-nigh perfect at last, were created in the very midst of the war."

No manager of army stores was more successful than Mrs. Livermore, and none gave better satisfaction than she. Trained to order and promptness in early life, she readily brought order out of confusion, and things never lagged behind in her department. Her physical strength was a good match for her active, fertile brain, and she seemed born to endure. Her sympathies were always moved for the sick and wounded soldiers, and she managed to find time to write letters of comfort and cheer to their loved ones at home. One year she wrote more than seventeen hundred letters of this kind, many of them being for dying soldiers, whose final messages of love she felt

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must be put in language best suited to carry comfort and blessings to the dear ones at home. Several years after the war was over, she met one of those letters in Albion, Michigan, where she went to lecture. At the close of her address, a white-haired woman, whose face was marked by care and sorrow, approached her and said: —

"Mrs. Livermore, do you remember of writing a letter for John ——, of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Michigan Volunteers, when he lay dying in the Overton Hospital, at Memphis, during the spring of 1862, and of completing the letter to his wife and mother after he had died?"

"No, my dear woman, I wrote so many letters during the war that I cannot recall any particular one."

The woman carefully drew the letter from her pocket, and passed it to Mrs. Livermore. It was very much worn, and so torn by use that it had been sewed together with fine stitches. Looking it over carefully, she said: —

"Yes, I wrote that letter for your dear boy, and I hope that it comforted you."

"I think," replied the woman, with the tears streaming down her face, "that my daughter-in-law and I would have died when we heard that John was dead but for that letter. It comforted us both, and, by-and-by, when we heard of other women similarly afflicted, we sent them the letter to read, till it was torn in pieces. Then we sewed the pieces together, and made copies of the letter, which we sent to those of our acquaintance whom the war bereft. But Annie, my son's wife, never got over John's death. She kept about and worked, and went to church, but the life

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had gone out of her. Eight years ago she died. One day, a little before her death, she said: 'Mother, if you ever see Mrs. Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you would give her my wedding ring, which has never been off my finger since John put it there, and will not come off till I am dead. Ask her to wear it for John's sake and mine, and tell her this was my dying request.' I live eight miles from here, and when I read in the paper that you were to lecture here to-night, I decided to drive over and — if you will accept it — to give you Annie's ring."

Mrs. Livermore was too full of emotion to speak, but she extended her hand, and the grateful mother adjusted the ring to her finger, when both turned away in tears. And this was but one of the thousands of letters that she wrote. What a record would the brief history of all of them make!

From the office of the Sanitary Commission in Chicago, there were packed and shipped, during Mrs. Livermore's management, 77,660 packages of sanitary supplies, whose cash value was $1,056,192,161. There were written and mailed letters by the tens of thousands. There were many instructed and comforted fathers, mothers, and sisters, who came to inquire after dear ones from whom they had heard nothing since some great battle; and it was a sorrowful reply that she was often obliged to make. Here was a constant draft upon human sympathy, that must be borne, in addition to the pressing duties of each day. Visits to military camps, within the jurisdiction of the North-western Branch, she was obliged to make frequently; and, after bloody battles, speedy journeys to the fields of carnage, to oversee the distribution of supplies, were inevitable.

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This mere glance at her field of labor gives some idea of the burdens which Mrs. Livermore carried so grandly during the war.

She was under the necessity of appearing before public bodies in the interest of the commission, and here her eloquence and power as a public speaker developed. She herself had not been fully aware of her resources in this direction until the necessity was laid upon her. As the stirring times of the American Revolution made orators of Clay, Patrick Henry, and other patriots of that time, so the demands of the late Civil War upon Mrs. Livermore, as a national leader, disciplined her into one of the most gifted female orators of the United States.

It would be impossible, in this brief sketch, to consider details in Mrs. Livermore's public career. There are many stirring incidents, however, that illustrate the elements of character that enabled her to make so great achievements; and some of these will be rehearsed.

At one time thirty-four young men belonging to the Church of the Redeemer in Chicago enlisted together, and went into the Chicago Mercantile Battery. Among them was a frail young clerk, who was a universal favorite. The hardships of the service proved too much for him, and he broke down completely, and was sent to the House of Refuge Hospital in St. Louis. He declined rapidly, and appeared to be passing away with quick consumption. A relative, a gentleman of standing and influence in Chicago, went for him, but returned without him. There was something wrong about his papers, and red tape could not be cut until the wrong was righted. Another gentleman went upon the

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same errand, but returned without him, saying, "His descriptive list is lost." Another friend said, "Suppose it is — going to let Turner lie there and die for that reason; we will see." And he posted away to St. Louis, but met with no better success. He left young Turner to die in the hospital. Red tape held him in a vice. Then friends appealed to Mrs. Livermore, to her surprise. "Why, if the three influential gentlemen who have been for him could accomplish nothing, what do you expect a woman can do?" At first, it seemed preposterous to her. But the friends knew that she was persistent in every position — that her tact and perseverance would surmount imposing obstacles; hence they were importunate, and would not take *no* for an answer. Besides, Mrs. Livermore was one of the best friends the young man had, and thought almost as much of him as a mother does of her son.

She yielded, and went to St. Louis, where she found the young man so feeble that it was doubtful whether he would live to reach home. Another of the thirty-four young men of the Mercantile Battery, by the name of Brackett, was also sick in the hospital. Both affirmed that they delivered their descriptive lists to the surgeon, and they believed that a thorough search would discover them. From this point Mrs. Livermore shall tell the story: —

"So I returned to the surgeon, and told my story and expressed my belief that the lost list was somewhere in the office. The face of the young clerk flushed a little with annoyance, but he politely drew from a pigeon-hole the lists of Ward D, filed alphabetically, and, standing beside me, began to turn them over, while I read aloud the name indorsed on the back of each.

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"'Stop!' I cried, as a familiar name met my eye.

"'No,' said the clerk, 'that name has cheated all Turner's friends who have been down here. His name is *Lowell* D. Turner, and this, you see, is *Loring* D. Turner.'

"'Open it, let's see the inside.' He did, and there the name was correctly written, but inaccurately engrossed on the back. This was the long-looked-for list. I had had just such an experience before."

Papers were made out at once for Turner's release, and Mrs. Livermore proceeded to the department headquarters for the final indorsement, where "a pert little lieutenant, who sat smoking in the office, with his heels higher than his head, fell back on his dignity and red tape, and declared that these papers could not be made out in precedence of others which it would take two weeks to dispose of, unless General Curtis, now the commander of the department, gave an order for them to receive immediate attention. And with evident satisfaction, he informed me that General Curtis was holding a meeting with his staff officers, and had given positive orders not to admit any one to his room until four in the afternoon."

Mrs. Livermore could not be put off in this way. She would out-general the general. Through General Strong she was introduced into General Curtis' "meeting," and broke it up long enough to get an order from him for Turner's immediate release, and also for a furlough of two weeks for Brackett. "I hurried back to Ward D, in the House of Refuge Hospital, at some distance from the heart of the city. It was past noon, and the train left for Chicago at three o'clock. As I opened the door of the ward,

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every soldier who was sitting up looked at me scrutinizingly. They all knew my errand; all had come to love young Turner, and had buoyed him up during my absence with the prediction that he would certainly see his friends the next morning."

The scene that followed when her success was made known baffles description. Turner fainted, as a tempest of cheers fairly shook the building; some of the men turned somersaults in their beds; another called for three cheers for Mrs. Livermore; and Brackett, who had not dreamed of her getting a furlough for himself, threw his arms around Mrs. Livermore's neck and kissed her as he would have done his mother. Mrs. Livermore closes the story thus: —

"The excitement was too much for Turner. He fainted several times before we left St. Louis, and I watched him through the night in the sleeping-car, hardly expecting he would live to reach his friends. But he did, and was nursed by them into such tolerable health that, after two years' residence in Minnesota Pineries, he ventured to propose to the girl whom he had long loved, and they were married. Ten years of blissful wedded life were theirs, when he succumbed to the pulmonary trouble which had so long menaced him, — and his young wife followed him, two years later, dying of the same disease."

This incident reveals character. Mrs. Livermore made things happen when bright, influential men failed. Nor was it because she was a woman; but her sharp observation, habit of looking at details, and determination to succeed, made her successful.

The same qualities in some of the generals in the field would have made them achievers instead of failures. Napoleon succeeded because he attended

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to details. Mrs. Livermore found the lost descriptive list for that reason.

Such confidence was reposed in Mrs. Livermore, that her assistance was sought where special difficulties were to be overcome. People seemed to think that her ability and resolution would not only cut red tape, but also cause official indifference and inefficiency to cower. Distressed parents besought her to assist them in finding wounded and dying sons, and her sympathizing heart could never refuse them. She relates the following: —

"I went with a woman, from Central Illinois, to search for her son. We were informed that he had been taken to Jackson Hospital, and the record book of the clerk showed him to be in bed No. 15, Ward C. We went to the bed indicated, but there lay an emaciated man of sixty or seventy apparently, sleeping. We did not wake him, but returned to the clerk of the hospital and assured him that there was a mistake. The young man for whom we were looking was not there. He was sure that his entry book was correct, and we returned for another examination. The mother gazed long and searchingly at the sleeping man in Ward C, and then said, —

"'No, that's not my boy. My son is but twenty-two.'

"Directly the sleeper opened his eyes, and stared vacantly at both of us.

"'No,' she repeated, 'no, he is not my boy.'

"'O mother!' cried the man, in sick, weak, quivering tones, quickly recognizing the dearly-beloved face, and slowly uplifting his long, bony arms towards her, 'I am your boy! Don't you know your Willie?'"

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The poor fellow, through long and severe sickness, had faded into the likeness of a stranger. He was no longer his former self, and it was no wonder that his own mother did not recognize him.

Mrs. Livermore's special work was to superintend the business of the commission; but she could turn her hand to almost any service for soldiers, and never hesitated to sew, cook, mend, watch, or do errands, for suffering patriots. An incident which she relates illustrates the promptness with which she responded to calls, and the grace and ease with which she could pass from manager to cook. She was at Young's Point, to superintend the removal of the sick and wounded soldiers to St. Louis. They were in a miserable plight, with scarcely any convenience for feeding or comforting them. The steamer on which they were to be carried to St. Louis had not arrived, and might not for three days. "These men need better fare at once," she said to the surgeon, to which he assented, and offered her all the facilities there were to indulge their poor appetites. Really there were no facilities for cooking, for there was no kitchen, no stove, and no cooking apparatus. But she had a spirit lamp, bottle of alcohol, and teapot with her, which were speedily devoted to use. Then, telling the "boys" that they would soon be removed from that miserable place, she assured them that she was going to remain until the steamer *Memphis* came for them — that "the folks at home have sent me down here, and have given me everything that you need; eggs, tea, crackers, white sugar, condensed milk, lemons, ale, everything." Addressing one of the number, she asked, "Now, my boy, if you could have just what you wanted, what

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would you ask for?" After some hesitation, he decided to have a slice of toast, a poached egg, and cup of tea.

"I brought out my spirit lamp, bottle of alcohol, and teapot, and made the tea before his eyes, sweetening it with loaf sugar, and adding condensed milk. One of the negro assistants toasted the bread by the roaring, crackling fire outside, burning up a half dozen slices by way of preliminaries, and looking, when she brought the crispy cinders to me, with her characteristic 'It's done, done, missis!' as if she had strewn ashes on her head for her ill-luck. I dropped an egg into boiling water, cooking it slightly, and laid it on the toast, buttering the whole economically, for the sake of the sick man's stomach, and then took it to his cot."

The reader can judge what followed; we will not use space to describe the scene. But Mrs. Livermore continues, —

"I had got into business. 'Tea! tea! tea! with white sugar and milk in it,' was the cry that came up from every bed. I undertook to make the tea by the wholesale, in the inevitable camp kettle, in which soldiers make tea, coffee, soup, and cook everything. But no; they would have it from my 'homespun teapot,' as one of them called it. 'Don't let that old teapot git played out before you git to me,' cried out a Missourian at the farther end of the hospital. I explained to him that there was no 'play out' to the teapot, that I had alcohol and tea enough to keep it in active operation for weeks, and he then waited patiently for his turn.

"For nearly three days I made tea for all who wanted it in that three-pint teapot over an alcohol

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lamp. . . . I had with me the condensed extract of beef, and desiccated vegetables, so that the soup-making was an easy matter. Before dark, limited as were the arrangements of my *cuisine*, every man was made more comfortable, happier, and more hopeful than had seemed possible in these forlorn quarters. . . . The next day and the day after were spent in about the same manner, varied with letter-writing for the men, and in hearing the multiform versions of their various troubles. . . . On the third day the *City of Memphis* steamed to the landing, and as rapidly as possible the patients of this comfortless field-hospital were taken on board, put in a warm bath, their hair cut, clean garments given them in exchange for the filthy ones they wore, and then in sweet, clean beds they started up the river to St. Louis."

Mrs. Livermore carried a tender heart for the soldiers. The most serious draft upon her strength was the draft upon her deep, exhaustless sympathies. Much of her real power came through this part of her nature, which put her in close touch with humanity. The scene at Young's Point was one of many that caused her to say of the suffering soldiers, —

"Oh, the Christ-like patience I have seen in the hospitals! Oh, the uncomplaining endurance of soldiers who had been reared as tenderly as girls, and who were just from under their mother's wing! In every hospital there were these silent heroes, whose gentle patience and uncomplaining fortitude glorified the rough wards. Every woman nurse, every matron, every Sister of Mercy, who did duty beside the beds of our sick and wounded during the war, carries in her heart tender memories of them, which sanctify the otherwise horrible associations of army life."

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Mrs. Livermore's first public address was made in April, 1863, in Dubuque, Iowa. The ladies of that city had arranged for a public meeting, and invited her to address them. At that time no bridge spanned the Mississippi at that point, and passengers were ferried over. But there was an ice blockade in the river, so that the ferry-boats could not go. Nearly all day Mrs. Livermore was held there in suspense, lamenting her inability to fulfil her engagement in the evening. At length, however, she discovered two men hauling forth a boat for some purpose, and she approached them, and asked to be rowed across, for which she would pay them well. "No, we can't think of it; you will be drowned," they answered. "I can't see that I shall be drowned any more than yourselves," she responded. Besides, she saw no particular necessity for drowning with suitable care and persistent efforts. She would take her chances with them, and she must go to meet her engagement. It was another instance of the lost descriptive list, and she persevered and triumphed. She was rowed across by zigzagging about to avoid the ice, and landed about a mile above the usual landing-place, and was able to fulfil her engagement, for which she was ever ready to take her life in her hand. Again at the front appears the leading, invincible element of her character.

On her arrival she was told that a grand reception was awaiting her — that the meeting would be held in the largest church in the city, and that the Governor of the State would preside. The Governor-elect, Attorney-General, and Adjutant-General of the State would be there, and any number of lesser lights, to make the occasion memorable. "You never could

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have a better opportunity to talk to all Iowa," said her hostess. But this was not assuring to Mrs. Livermore, who was to deliver her maiden speech. She said of that occasion, some years afterward: —

"I was appalled and dumfounded. At that time I had never attempted a public address to a promiscuous audience. I had only addressed audiences of women, sitting in a chair decorously before them, and trying with all my might to keep my hands folded on my lap. I had no idea whether I had voice to reach an audience such as the ladies had invoked — or courage to bear me through the ordeal. I was sure of one thing — that I had nothing whatever to say to a congregation so imposing in numbers and in character, and I flatly refused to carry out their programme.

"'You never should have made these arrangements without consulting me!' was my frightened rejoinder. 'I am *not* a public speaker; I have never made a speech in my life, and have never addressed any but companies of women. I had something to say to you ladies, as the Aid Society, but it is not at all worthy to be presented as an address to the great audience that you have unwisely called together. I *cannot* do it!'"

She could walk unmoved on the battlefield, listen to the wails of agony in the hospital, withstand the assaults of secessionists with their tongues, and plead before governors and generals for sick soldiers who wanted to go home to die; but she thought it was impossible for her to address a great congregation in Iowa. It was because she was not thoroughly acquainted with herself. Just such an engagement as the one of that evening was necessary to make

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her know herself, as other people thought they knew her.

She withstood all entreaties to speak, so that it was arranged for Colonel Stone to make her speech to the great congregation, presenting the points which she had jotted down to lay before the Aid Society; and with that understanding they entered the church, which was crowded clear out to the door-steps. Colonel Stone asked Mrs. Livermore into an anteroom, and there alone, he said: —

"I have no expectation, Mrs. Livermore, that I can in the least change your decision concerning the evening address, but this has occurred to me. I have seen you at the front, watched your work in the hospitals, and believe you are in earnest and honest. When you tell me that you want to be a hand or a foot, an eye or an ear, a voice or an influence, in the work of assisting the country in its sad hour of trouble, I believe just what you say; I think you mean it. To-night God has prepared an opportunity for you to speak to all Iowa. You have not wished it. The ladies of the Aid Society have not done it. These eminent gentlemen have *happened* here on various errands, and this opportunity has, in a certain sense, come about providentially. Now, how dare you, when God has given you such an opportunity to do a great work, how dare you refuse, and say, 'I cannot do it'? It is not necessary for you to deliver an oration; it is only necessary to say to the great audience in the church just what you had come prepared to say to the ladies of the Aid Society. It will be more effective than any labored speech, or any carefully-prepared address. It is for you to say whether the evening shall be a success for the hos-

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pitals of the South — whether the State of Iowa shall commence doing sanitary work, or whether this grand occasion shall prove a failure."

This appeal struck directly at the woman's heart as well as her head. She was left absolutely without a word to say in favor of silence. She consented to speak, on condition that when the colonel introduced her, he should say that she was unaccustomed to public speaking, and that she only expected to talk to the women of the Aid Society.

She made her speech to an audience that listened spellbound, and she spoke for one hour and a quarter. It was the dawn of a new life to her. A new power was revealed to herself; she was an orator. How thoroughly gratified the audience was is learned from the scene that followed her address. Governor Kirkwood, the presiding officer, stepped forward, and said, "Mrs. Livermore has told us of the soldiers' needs and of our duties. It is now our turn to speak, and we must speak in dollars and gifts." He appointed two secretaries to take down the names of donors and their gifts; and eight thousand dollars in money were pledged in one half-hour, together with five hundred bushels of potatoes, eighty-eight barrels of sauer-kraut, one hundred bushels of onions, and five hundred pairs of hospital shirts and drawers.

Then Attorney-General Bissell arose and moved that the suggestion of Mrs. Livermore that Iowa should hold a great Fair in aid of soldiers be adopted, and an organization to manage the enterprise be consummated on the spot — all of which was voted with a will. Mrs. Livermore was employed to canvass the State in behalf of the Fair, and she spent several weeks in public speaking to rally the people. Her

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success on that memorable evening in Dubuque created an irrepressible desire among the people to hear her; and, at the same time, it convinced the lady herself that she was equal to the task.

From that time Mrs. Livermore has been before the country as the foremost female orator. Her charming voice, clear and full enough to be heard throughout the largest auditorium; her dignified and graceful bearing upon the platform and in the pulpit; and, more than all, her grand thoughts clothed in the choicest language, make her the queen of public speakers in America. Her talents and eloquence have been a bulwark to the reformers of our day, and she has stood squarely upon her convictions in their behalf, however hot the battle or doubtful the results. Her appearance as a lecturer or preacher in any town or city of the United States calls out a concourse of delighted listeners.

Mrs. Livermore still lives, at her beautiful residence in Melrose, Massachusetts, able still to enchant an audience, or champion a reform, at the age of seventy-five.

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JENNY LIND—SINGER-ARTIST.

NATURE may richly endow a person with talents for a particular occupation, but the possessor must improve them. Nature will not bestow the gift, and develop it also; for that would defeat the object of the endowment. The recipient must use it to the best of his ability, or the gift will not make him a gainer. No matter how exalted the talents that are given may be, they must be developed, disciplined, and made to answer their highest purpose by persistent labor. Even Jenny Lind, who Mendelssohn said was endowed with the richest vocal powers of any artist he had ever met, consecrated herself to the work of improving her gift with an industry and resolution unsurpassed.

Jenny Lind was born in the parish of St. Clara, Stockholm, October 6, 1820. Her father was but twenty-two years old at the time, without property or enterprise. His father was a lace manufacturer, but the son did not possess sufficient tact or perseverance to continue the business. Of course he was poor, too poor to make a home for his wife and daughter. He was earning partial support by keeping the ledgers of a private merchant, when his daughter was born. Then his moral character was no better than his enterprise, and he was an uncomfortable fellow to live with. Their wedded life was an unhappy one, and Mrs. Lind withstood it eigh-

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teen or twenty months, when she obtained a divorce. She was an intelligent, practical, excellent young woman, whose ancestors ranked well, and her maiden name was Anna Maria Fellborg, eighteen years old at the time of her marriage, in 1810. She was quite well educated, and taught a school for girls before and after her marriage, and she continued this occupation after she obtained a divorce. She possessed great force of character, and was able to provide for herself and child without much trouble.

Her child was baptized on the day after its birth, with the name Johanna Maria, and was immediately placed under the care of a worthy matron living ten miles from Stockholm, in the village of Solerituna. Jenny remained there about three years, when she was taken back to Stockholm, and came under the influence of her maternal grandmother, who was a devoted, Christian woman. To her Jenny ever claimed that she was indebted for deep religious impressions, which contributed so much to her model womanhood. The discovery of her remarkable musical talent was made by the grandmother, and her biographer tells the story as follows:—

"It was the grandmother who was the first to detect the musical gifts of the child; and this detection left a profound impression on the child herself, as if she, too, then first made a discovery of what was in her through the surprise which she found herself producing in others. The story formed her earliest distinct memory. Coming up from the country to the town, she was struck by the music of the military bugles that daily passed through the street; and one day, when she fancied herself alone in the house, she crept to the piano, on which her half-

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sister used to practise her music, and, with one finger, strummed out for herself the fanfare which she had caught from the soldiers. But the grandmother was at hand, and, hearing the music, called out the name of the half-sister, whom she supposed it to be; and little Jenny, in terror at being found out, hid under the square piano; she was so small that she fitted in perfectly, and the grandmother, getting no answer to her calls, came in to look, and presently discovered her and dragged her out, and was astonished, and said, 'Child, was that you?' and Jenny, in tears at her crime, confessed; but the grandmother looked at her deeply and in silence, and when the mother came back she told her, and said, 'Mark my word, that child will bring you help.' After that the neighbors were called in to hear her play. As she told the story in later years, she would reproduce most vividly the frightened look of the child creeping away to hide, and the significant look of the wonder-struck grandmother as she perceived that it was indeed the tiny creature of three years old who had played the tune."

Jenny attended her mother's school, and was a bright pupil. Two or three of the number boarded with Jenny's mother, one of them, named Louise Johansson, becoming her most intimate and life-long friend. After several years the school ceased to be remunerative, and Mrs. Lind resolved to find a position in some family as governess. Just then a childless couple advertised that they would receive a child into their family, and care for it at moderate terms. The couple had charge of the Widows' Home, where Jenny's grandmother had rooms, whose influence was of great value to the child.

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While Jenny's vocal powers were known and appreciated, nothing was yet done to discipline them. She was eight years old, but could enjoy no better advantages because of poverty. She was a lively, happy girl, always playing, working, or singing. As she wrote twenty years afterwards, "As a child I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made." Neighbors and visitors noticed her wonderful voice, and some of them remarked that she ought to receive a thorough musical training; but nothing was done.

One of her favorite pastimes was to sit in the steward's window, which looked out upon the main street leading to St. Jacob's church, where there was much passing to and fro. Often she sat there, and sang to her cat, who appeared to be as much attracted by her rich voice as the passers-by. One day she was occupying her usual seat, with the cat in her lap, singing in her most marvellous way for a child, when the maid of Mademoiselle Lundberg, a dancer at the Royal Opera House, passed. She stopped, and listened in wonderment to the child's singing. On returning she told her mistress of what she had seen and heard, declaring that such a voice was never possessed by any other child. She was so enthusiastic over her discovery that Mademoiselle Lundberg sought the child and her mother, who happened to be in Stockholm at the time. "Bring her to me to sing," she said to Jenny's mother, and the time was arranged. At the appointed hour Jenny and her mother waited upon the woman, who received them with much consideration. Jenny sang at her best, as deeply interested in the episode as her mother, apparently, and Mademoiselle Lundberg was

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affected to tears. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed; "she is a musical genius indeed, and you must have her educated for the stage."

"Never for the stage," replied the mother, with some decision; "I cannot consent to that." Her opinion of life on the stage was that of Christian mothers around her; and the child's grandmother was equally opposed to stage life for Jenny.

"Then, at any rate, you must have her taught singing by the most competent instructor," continued Mademoiselle Lundberg.

"Nothing would please me more," responded the mother, "but the want of money is in the way. It would be altogether too expensive for me to supply such an instructor as you suggest."

"Perhaps so; I will give you a letter of introduction to Herr Croelius, the court secretary and singing-master at the Royal Theatre; it may lead to something."

The letter of introduction was written, and mother and child proceeded at once to the opera house. On ascending the steps, the mother was so overcome by her repugnance to the stage, that she stopped short, and refused to proceed further. But Jenny was determined to see the singing-master, and she pulled and entreated her mother until she triumphed, and they went into Croelius' room, where they were very cordially received. The note of introduction opened the way for a familiar conversation concerning the child, after which she sang something out of an opera composed by Winter. The astonished listener burst into tears as he listened. He had never heard the like before in richness of voice and tender pathos.

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"I must take her at once to Count Puke, the head of the Royal Theatre, and tell him what a treasure I have found," he said.

The mother gladly consented, now anxious to see the outcome of the interview. Soon they stood in the presence of Count Puke, to whom Croelius told the story of the child.

"How old is she?" was the first inquiry he made.

"Nine years old."

"Nine!" repeated the count. "But this is not a *crèche;* it is the King's theatre."

It was not a place for children. Such a child could not be received there. He would scarcely look at her, and did not even ask her to sing. She was small of her age, and not at all prepossessing, and this fact evidently helped the count to his decision. Croelius was sadly disappointed, and remarked, with considerable feeling, —

"Well, if the count will not hear her, then I will teach her myself gratuitously, and she will one day astonish you."

This sharp retort brought the count to terms, and he began to view the matter reasonably. He said finally that he would be glad to hear her sing, and she sang until the count was bathed in tears. Now she was transformed into a prodigy. Her age was no objection, neither was her size. He accepted her as a pupil with a glad heart.

Jenny's mother was not prepared to place her daughter in the Royal Theatre. True, a fine school was connected therewith, in which she would be trained in all the branches of a higher education, as well as specifically in music; but her hostility to the stage, on which Jenny must appear, according to the

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rules of the institution, delayed her decision. But Croelius and the count disposed of her objections, one after another, until she consented. Her poverty was a stronger plea with her than the overtures of Croelius and the count. If her daughter would ever have the opportunity required, it must come through the interest and generosity of others. And if ever she was to begin her musical education, now was the time; the sooner the better. Here was the overpowering appeal to her — necessity.

"They made an immediate offer to relieve the mother of all direct responsibility for the child's maintenance and education; they proposed to adopt her into the School of Pupils which was attached to the Royal Theatre, looking to repay the expenses, which they risked, through the after success which they anticipated. It was a generous proposal; it came at a moment of pressure when it was almost impossible to refuse the opportunity of relief; and the mother yielded. To her it still seemed an act by which, in her own words, used afterwards to the directors of the theatre, she was 'sacrificing her own child to the stage.' But circumstances were unfortunate, and she could not but agree. So Jenny passed over from the Widows' Home, to become a little nursling of the Drama."[1]

Some of the pupils boarded in families near the Royal Theatre. Jenny's mother had taken apartments in Stockholm when she made the contract with Croelius and Count Puke; and she boarded several of the scholars, including her own Jenny, for which she was well paid.

Jenny was introduced in a play called "The Polish

[1] Memoir, vol. i., p. 19.

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Mine," in less than a year after she became a member of the School of Pupils. Her part was that of Angela, and she played so well that observers said, "She is as good an actress as she is a singer." Hitherto she sang and acted just as nature prompted her, perfectly natural, though neither graceful nor elegant. This characteristic, too, remained with her to the end; her critical training did not interfere with her natural endowments. And she came to realize that here was a source of discipline of which she stood in great need. Her biographer speaks of it thus: —

"The completeness of her more professional instruction is well worth notice. Elocution, dancing, the piano, — all are necessary to perfect the dramatic singing. The memory of this completeness in her early theatrical education left an indelible impression on Jenny Lind. She felt that she owed to it so much that contributed to and enriched the full effect of her musical gift; and especially she valued her trained skill in expressive and beautiful motion, gained in the dancing school at the Theatre Royal. She moved exquisitely. Her perfect walk, her dignity of pose, her striking uprightness of attitude, were characteristic of her to the very last; and no one can fail to recall how she stood, before and while she sang. Her grace, her lightness of movement, were all the more noticeable from the rather angular thinness of her natural figure; and there can be no doubt that they threw into her acting a charm which was positively entrancing. She knew the value and the necessity of this completeness of training; she felt its lack in those who had entered on the operatic stage by accident, as it were, taking it

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up only when fully grown, simply on account of possessing a beautiful voice. She missed in them the full finish of the perfect art; no beauty in the singing could quite atone for the ignorance of dramatic methods, and of all that constitutes the peculiar environment of the stage."[1]

Here let the reader tarry to observe that it is patient, critical, untiring labor that makes things happen, instead of genius. The idea is common that genius will succeed without much effort — that its triumph is easy, no matter what the environment may be. Jenny Lind was a musical genius if there ever was one; but she needed training of the most careful and elaborate kind. Genius needs culture. If left to itself it becomes a failure. Talents must be cultivated to make them widely influential. Ten talents require discipline as really as one to make the most of them possible. One talent well trained will outstrip ten that are undisciplined. But for the long and critical training of Jenny Lind, she would not have been known all the world over as the "Swedish nightingale."

Eleven years she was drilled at the Theatre Royal in voice and motion, and then spent a year in France for further culture, in "that art of singing, of whose mysteries she knew so little, and longed to know so much."

That the foregoing is a correct statement in regard to her early training, is confirmed by a letter that she wrote when she was forty-five years old. She was asked to furnish an account of her early training for a cyclopædia; and she sent the following: —

[1] Memoir, vol. i., p. 28.

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"HONORED SIR AND DOCTOR, — Pardon me for not having been able, immediately, to answer your kind letter; but when it arrived, I was just starting on a journey, and have ever since been on the move, so that my head has not been cool enough to answer clearly the important questions about my humble person.

"I am afraid the old Count de la Gardie has said more than, in his position, he has quite the right to say! — for, to my knowledge, His Excellency had nothing in the least to do in bringing me on in this vain world; for until I had achieved my so-called great success (*succès!*) on the boards, I never either heard or saw anything of that old man, with his stately figure and dignified appearance.

"For me mankind, in general, has done very little. I never was in want of anything, and asked help of no one. My mother provided for me by her own exertions and talents. She, like myself, had the greatest horror of all that was connected with the stage. My beloved, revered grandmother, in virtue of her being the widow of a citizen, had rooms in the Widows' Home provided by the town (Stockholm). There I often visited her; and as I sang with every step I took and with every jump of my childish feet, so I am sure to have sung during my visits to her.

"The person whom alone I have to thank for the first discernment of my gift of song, was the court secretary, Croelius, who then was the singing-master at the Royal Theatre. He told me all that in later years came to pass with me, and it was he who, when Count Puke (the then director of the theatre) would not even look at me, — being at the time a

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small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, *gauche*, altogether undergrown girl, — then said: 'Well, if M. le Comte will not hear her, then I will teach her gratuitously, and she will one day astonish you.' Count Puke heard me instantly, and asked my mother at once to consent to my being enrolled as a scholar of the school in connection with the Royal Theatre. Consequently it is Count Puke and Croelius to whom I am indebted for the discernment of my gifts — and I know of no others.

"In the year 1841 (when I had the great pleasure of making your acquaintance, honored Herr Doctor), my visit to His Excellency was not one elicited by gratitude, but simply followed by kind invitation.

"Jenny Lind was always my name — I was never called Johanna. I was born in 1820, went to Paris in 1841, and returned after having studied there one year.

"As to the greater part of what I can do in my art, I have myself acquired it by incredible work, and in spite of astonishing difficulties; it is from Garcia alone that I learned some few important things. To such a degree had God written within me what I had to study. My ideal was (and is) so high, that no mortal was to be found who in the least degree could satisfy my demands; therefore I sing after no one's *méthode* — only after that of the birds (as far as I am able); for their Teacher was the only one who responded to my requirements for truth, clearness, and expression. . . .

"If now your son, Herr Doctor, can see his way to drawing from these lines something like common sense, then please let him do so, to use in such way as seems good to him, provided, however, that

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no individual living or departed would thereby be wounded.

"My very best thanks for the kind greetings I occasionally have received through countrywomen of mine; it is a great pleasure to hear something — if even only now and then — from my honored Herr Doctor.

"Asking you warmly to include me in your prayers, I remain, with the deepest respect,

"Yours, Herr Doctor, humbly and affectionately,

"JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT."

This communication not only confirms what has been said of her long and thorough drill, but also discloses her self-reliance, close application, resolute spirit, and determination to reach her ideal, without which her career would have been widely different. "I have myself acquired it by incredible work." It required a large amount of patience as well as great perseverance to perform that "incredible work." Her genius could not achieve this without constant and persistent labor, "in spite of astonishing difficulties." Her courage never forsook her. Difficulties aroused her to more heroic exertions. She used them as stepping-stones to something higher. She won in that way, and in that way only.

Miss Lind did not lose her repugnance to the stage by her connection with the theatre, where she appeared as a superior actress. Her naturalness was the soul of her acting. No one could teach and improve her on that line. Her biographer says: —

"For her advancement in dramatic art she trusted to herself alone. No one could teach her to act, and she sought no teacher; for her method was part of

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herself, based upon her own natural impulses, idealized by the deep and noble romance which, in all that appertained to the stage, was her never-failing guide, an inward light, by aid of which she was enabled to identify herself with every character she cared to impersonate, and even to 'create' anew many famous parts, which she interpreted in a manner peculiarly her own. She needed no help for this."

We must not dwell upon this part of her story. She left the drama for song when she closed her connection with the Royal Theatre, really having no better opinion of the stage when she left it than she had when she entered upon it. Her Christian character was not in the least injured by her familiarity with the drama. She did it for art, and not to minister to worldly pleasure, so that she was safe. Both mother and grandmother had great anxiety for her moral and spiritual welfare during those years of her stage life; but she came out of the ordeal without the least abatement of conscientious regard for duty, or the least modification of her noble moral purpose. She ascribed her fixed religious principles to the timely and faithful teachings of her grandmother, moulding her childhood by turning her tender heart to God. No better example of the permanency and power of early religious training than this can be found on record. That pure and beautiful character, which was the glory of her womanhood, proved that good home lessons were the secret of her moral strength.

Now her public life as a singer-artist began. Before Miss Lind went to Paris, she gave concerts in her own country, in order to obtain the wherewithal to pay her expenses. In this she overworked and

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strained her voice, so that, on reaching Paris, she had well nigh lost the use of it. The counsel of the best physician and artist was sought, and she was advised to take absolute rest, not singing at all, and conversing sparingly, until her voice should come back with its old-time sweetness and power. It was a sore trial to her to adopt such advice, and she grew somewhat despondent over her experience. But she was too sensible to be long disheartened, and she soon threw off all depression, and awaited in faith the restoration of her vocal powers. In less than two months her voice returned with even increased force and charm, and she became the centre of attraction in Paris.

On her return to Stockholm, she planned a visit to friends in Copenhagen, not for the purpose of singing, but as a matter of friendship. But a noted composer of music resided there, who was familiar with Miss Lind's power as a singer, having heard her two or three years before — A. A. Boumonville. He insisted upon her appearing in public, and he enlisted Hans Andersen, the renowned writer of Fairy Tales, to gain her consent. That Miss Lind had not planned to sing in public, outside of her native Sweden, at that time, is quite evident from her reply to Andersen: —

"Except in Sweden, I have never appeared in public. In my own country all are so kind and gentle towards me; and if I should appear in Copenhagen, and be hissed! I cannot risk it!"

She was the same modest, unassuming girl that she was before the praises of her countrymen had been lavished upon her, and she was exceedingly self-distrustful. In Sweden she always had more

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fear of a failure before the public than her friends did. She underrated her gifts, and thought that her partial friends overrated them. But Boumonville and Andersen obtained her consent, and she appeared before an audience in Copenhagen that even surpassed those in her native land for enthusiasm and adoration. Boumonville said, "Her name soon became of European fame; gold and praise were showered upon her; princes and nations vied with one another in their offerings to her; poets sang of her; in the midst of winter she never wanted flowers."

Hans Andersen said of her effort, "It was like a new revelation in the domain of art. The fresh young voice went direct to the hearts of all. Here were truth and nature. Everything had clearness and meaning. In her concerts Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs. There was a peculiar and seductive charm about them; all recollection of the concert-room vanished. The popular melodies exerted their spell, sung as they were by a pure voice with the immortal accent of genius. All Copenhagen was in raptures."

This touching incident was recorded of her in Copenhagen. When she sang in public there the first time, there was a sick young man of character and his noble young wife who could not hear her. The young husband had been away down to death's door, but was recovering at the time of the Lind concert. He was fond of art in all its phases, and so was his beautiful bride; and the regret of both over the failure to hear the Swedish songster reached the ears of Miss Lind. Her heart was touched by the story as it came to her from the chamber of sickness, and she said, "I will go to the sick-room, and

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sing to them if they desire;" and it was so arranged. The sick man, and his beloved companion, who had been told so much of the wonderful singer, enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of hearing her in their own dwelling; "and the tears of gratitude which flowed from the eyes of Mozart and Mathilde Waage Petersen were the waters in which they christened her with the name of 'Angel.'"

Here came the first revelation to her that she could give concerts successfully outside of her native Sweden. In her simplicity, and modest estimate of her gifts, she had never planned to sing only in her native land. But here in Copenhagen the best critics lavished the most profuse praises upon her, as they did thereafter in every country that she visited. The author of a popular "History of Danish Art," Th. Overskow, said: —

"In her, everything is combined to make the perfect dramatic singer: a clear, full, sonorous voice of large compass; an easy and charming method of singing, which she never overburdens with inappropriate ornament; a style in the highest degree expressive and enchanting; and an extraordinary dramatic talent. Added to this, there lies diffused throughout the whole personality of this admirable artist a peculiar charm, a naturalism rare on the stage, which makes an appeal to the good-will of the audience. And, after all, this eulogy, however detailed and true, can only give but an imperfect account of the gifts by which, without dazzling through beauty, she fascinates all by her appearance, her singing, and her speech, for her power derives its origin and its life from a loveliness altogether characteristic and individual, such as it is impossible to describe, and

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which banishes all disturbing influences, and collects all her rare and precious advantages, so as to create an irresistible impression of *grace and purity of soul.*"

We have quoted the foregoing paragraph for an object. It brings to the front an element of Miss Lind's success that must not be overlooked — her personal worth, character. It gave charm to her voice. Every listener received the impression that unusual "purity of soul" had much to do with the charm that held him spellbound. Her expression, movements, pathos, indicated that her pure soul had as much to do with the effect as her pure voice; that her personal worth imparted the highest drawing quality to her gift as an artist. This fact is of great moment in our estimate of what a woman can make happen. It is entirely overlooked by many writers. But there is a general agreement of critics in regard to it as a real factor of Miss Lind's power over an audience.

From the time of her triumph in Copenhagen, her fame spread throughout the world. She was invited to Germany, Italy, France, England, and America, much to her surprise. She appears to have wondered over such an issue, never dreaming that she possessed talents worthy of so much praise. It was to her the voice of Providence, and her heart went out in gratitude to God for so eminent a gift. She obeyed the call, and went forth on her mission from land to land, meeting with equally enthusiastic receptions everywhere. An account of her success in one place is a fair presentation of her success in all; so that we are under no necessity of following her from one country to another, except to record some striking incidents

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and some opinions that heighten her fame as an artist and a woman.

She was invited to Berlin, the centre of art and culture, and thither she desired to go. The critics of Berlin were familiar with the performances of such artists as Mesdames Malibran and Pasta, Mara and Sontag, Schroeder-Devrient, the famous Madame Catalani, Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, and other brilliant stars, whether Miss Lind knew it or not. Perhaps, if she knew all this, she was satisfied because she was going to Berlin under the auspices of the celebrated Meyerbeer, than whom no more competent critic was known. It was through him that she was introduced to the royal family, "the members of which, and especially Queen Elizabeth, received her with grace and courtesy which did much to render her visit more than ordinarily agreeable." She was given a reception by the Princess of Prussia, and sang in the presence of the Court, maintaining her usual simplicity and dignity surprisingly well. She wrote about it to her guardian, Judge Munthe, of Stockholm, thus: —

"I have sung at Court, and been so very fortunate as to please greatly. This may sound somewhat conceited, but I do not mean it so. The Countess Rossi (Sontag) was present, and my modesty prevents me from telling you what she is reported to have said. I am meeting with extraordinary success everywhere. I go out much into fashionable society, because this gives the first entrance into the world of art; and do you know? — I am already known by all in Berlin, and people talk of me with an interest so lively, and so flattering to me, that I begin to think I must be in Stockholm!" And then follows what is illu-

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minated by her true character. "Forgive me, dear M. Munthe, for thus openly speaking of things as they occur. I promise not to become proud or conceited; only glad and happy when things go well."

Lady Westmorland, of Berlin, was one of the most accomplished critics of her time, and she had been in the habit of listening to the best music known. The opinion of such a critic about Miss Lind is of great value; and the following is what she wrote, in part: —

"It was in 1844 that Meyerbeer brought Jenny Lind to Berlin, to come out at the new opera house there in the part he had written for her in his opera of 'Ein Feldlager in Schlesien.'

"He had told all his friends (amongst whom were my parents) about this wonderful voice, and predicted that she would be the greatest singer-artist the century had produced.

"Before she appeared on the stage he was asked to bring her to sing at a small musical party at the Princess of Prussia's (the late Dowager Empress Augusta), arranged for the purpose. For some reason, my father was prevented from going; my mother went alone. She went in, full of curiosity, and saw sitting by the piano a thin, shy, plain-featured girl, looking awkward and nervous, and like a very shy country school-girl. She could not believe her eyes, and said that she and her neighbors — among whom was Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag), whose fame as a singer and a beauty was then still recent — began to speculate whether Meyerbeer was playing a practical joke on them, and when he came up to speak to them my mother asked him if he was really serious in meaning to bring that fright-

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ened child out in his opera. His only answer was, '*Attendez, miladi.*'

"When the time came for her song — I do not know what it was — my mother used to say it was the most extraordinary experience she ever remembered. The wonderful notes came ringing out, but over and above that was the wonderful TRANSFIGURATION — no other word could apply — which came over her entire face and figure, lightening them up with the whole fire and dignity of her genius. The effect on the whole audience was simply marvellous, and to the last day of her life my mother used to recall it vividly, and its effect upon her. When she reached home, my father asked her: —

"'Well, what do you think of Meyerbeer's wonder?'

"'She is simply an angel,' my mother answered.

"'Is she so very handsome?'

"'I saw a plain girl when I went in, but when she began to sing her face simply and literally "shone like that of an angel." I never *saw* anything or *heard* anything the least like it.'"

Here again is a tribute to the power of personal character. The TRANSFIGURATION is explained when Lady Westmorland says, "I suppose it was the intense purity of her nature that made her very acting religious. I cannot exactly express it, but I very distinctly recollect, as a child, associating her name with a sort of mysterious reverence. And even now the same childish feeling seems to come back to me mixed with the remembrance of my mother's enthusiastic love for her." During her public entertainments, for years, she devoted the receipts of many of them to objects of charity. She recognized her personal obliga-

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tions to God for her noble gift of song, and her gratitude for it was expressed in public benefactions. In Sweden she founded an institution in which the humblest of her sex could get an education, including especially "art and virtue." She never lost sight of the latter blessing — "virtue" — of more value to the individual and the public than all things else, in her estimation, and so she made this condition prominent in all her benefactions. In every country she visited, she remembered charitable institutions and worthy, dependent classes. In England she devoted a whole year of her entertainments to charity, and tens of thousands of dollars were placed where they are yielding a large income of blessing to-day, though she has long been sleeping in an honored grave. The English people could scarcely find language to express their admiration of her character. Disraeli was in his glory then as a public leader, and he delivered a glowing eulogy upon her life and character, an idea of which may be gleaned from the following extract: —

"Her generosity can only be characterized as marvellous. It comes upon us, as it were, in a heavenly burst of music that charms every sense, and touches every heart — a sweet carol of charity that fills the popular ear with bewilderment, sympathy, and rapture. I look upon the conduct of this lady as one of the most remarkable features of the age we live in. I know nothing in classic story, or in those feudal epochs when we are taught that the individual was more influential, when character was more forcible, — I know nothing to be compared with the career of this admirable woman. Why, gentlemen, it almost reaches the high ideal of human nature when we por-

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tray to ourselves a youthful maiden, innocent and benignant, in the possession of an unparalleled and omnipotent charm, alternately entrancing the heart of nations, and then kneeling at the tomb of suffering, of calamity, and of care.

"To me there is something most beautiful in this life of music and charity — a life passed amid divine sounds and diviner deeds. . . . I honor the purity of the artist. I think there is something not only unprecedented but transcendental in one living in the affluence of fame, never for a moment the victim of vanity, but when the riches of the world are poured at her feet, and the plaudits of millions ring in her ears, turning aside directly to feel the common sympathies of our common humanity, and of all her treasure instantly appropriating, as it were, her tithes to human nature. And I honor Jenny Lind above all things, because she has shown that she comprehends her position, and that a great artist, sustained by virtue, upheld by self-respect, and full of the magnificence of her mission, ranks in the highest class of human beings and human benefactors."

From kings and queens, and the great leaders of thought and enterprise in different nations, as well as from the managers of literary and charitable institutions, she received costly tokens of their appreciation, in the form of gold medals, medallions, silver service, jewels, diamonds, necklaces, with other gifts of countless value, as the expression of public gratitude and esteem.

Miss Lind decided to quit the stage before she left Europe for America. That her religious sentiments were always out of harmony with theatrical entertainments there can be no doubt. Not that she

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regarded the opera, as then conducted, as altogether wrong, but her religious feelings and aspirations were not assisted by this sort of life. Her biographer says: —

"She passed through her second brilliant London season with the firm conviction that it was to be her last. And happy as that season was, there can be little doubt that, deep within her, the religious convictions, which her English surroundings fostered and developed, were steadily increasing their hold upon her; and, as their pressure grew, her repugnance to a theatrical mode of life, to the fever and restlessness of the dramatic career, grew also, and bred in her a yet deeper longing for the spiritual peace of privacy and home."

An English friend once "found her sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine, on the sands, with a Lutheran Bible open on her knee, and looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. The lady inquired, "Why did you abandon the stage at the very height of your success?" She replied, "When every day made me think less of *this* (laying a finger on the Bible), and nothing at all of *that* (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do?" This was her whole answer, disclosing a religious feeling that she expressed to a friend by letter at another time: —

"My Bible was never more necessary to me than now — never more truly my stay. I drink therein rest, self-knowledge, faith, hope, love, carefulness, and the fear of God; so that I look at life and the world in quite another fashion to what I did before. Would that all men could come to this knowledge, and that we all daily feasted on this Divine Book;

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and would that my own Gusti would take all her trouble to this book! Then first should we all know how to taste the true life!"

On her departure from Liverpool to New York, there was a spontaneous outburst of esteem such as had rarely ever been witnessed in the past. There was no method or planning about it. The police expected a wonderful demonstration, but were not altogether prepared for so great a display of public enthusiasm. *The Illustrated London News* said, "Fancy what must be the interest exercised by Jenny Lind, when the police thought it necessary to notify Mr. Barnum's agent, that if the lady took her departure from the quay at the hour generally expected, they could not ensure the safety of life and limb. We doubt much whether any sovereign was compelled to change the programme of his movements for such a reason.... Instead of leaving at nine or ten o'clock, as had been arranged, Miss Lind was obliged to slip out privately at a quarter before eight, and go down all manner of back streets to be able to get to the pier unperceived. In this she was successful; and while the intending sightseers were disposing of their muffins and coffee, the little woman whom they were all going out to see had quietly gone on board the *Atlantic* in a river steamer."

A warm reception awaited her in America. Her fame had created unbounded enthusiasm from one end of the land to the other, so that she was welcomed with as much public excitement as could have been awakened by the coming of one of the crowned heads of Europe.

Her concerts opened in New York city. Before she landed, tickets were sold at auction at enormous

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prices, — ten, twenty, thirty, and even fifty dollars. Her presence increased their value. No price was too high. Miss Lind was quite overcome by this extraordinary interest in her, and she said, "I will devote the receipts of my first two concerts to charitable objects." She wrote to her parents about it, "I devoted the first two concerts in New York to charities, because they had raised such enormous prices (by auction) that I considered this to be a plain duty. Mr. Barnum has shown, and is still showing, himself extremely generous and reasonable; and seems to have made it his first object to see me satisfied. He rarely makes less than $10,000 at a concert. Hitherto the receipts have varied between $12,000, $14,000, and $16,000! And thus my share for six concerts is about $30,000."

Soon after, she wrote to her guardian in Sweden, "It is indeed a great joy, and a gift from God, to be allowed to earn so much money and afterwards to help one's fellow-men with it. This is the highest joy I wish for in this life; everything else has disappeared from the many-colored course of my path on earth. Few know, though, what a beautiful and quiet inner life I am living. Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendor have been able to turn my mind giddy."

It was this spirit within, giving tone and character to her womanly life, that endeared her to the Americans, as it had done to the Europeans. We have not space to follow her from city to city in her American tour. Everywhere there was the same enthusiasm over the unequalled artist, and respect and love for the true woman. Rulers and ruled vied with each other in their attentions, and when she returned

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to her native land, the great, honest heart of America went with her.

On the fifth day of February, 1852, Miss Lind was married to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, with whom she had long been on terms of friendship in Europe. The nuptials were consummated in Boston, by Bishop Wainwright of New York, according to the service of the Episcopal Church. This union proved to be a happy one, and occurred soon after she had received the news of her mother's death. "In the very letter that records her pang at the loss of the mother who bore her, we read of her thankfulness for the new strength that has been brought to her by that 'chosen companion of her life' to whom she had been united in marriage."

In order to expose the error that genius needs neither practice nor drill, we spoke of the many years which Miss Lind devoted to close study and practice. Another fact emphasizes this point decidedly: no matter how familiar she was with pieces to be sung, she always devoted much time to rehearsing them before going upon the stage. She preferred to go direct from the rehearsal to the platform, because she executed with greater ease and pleasure. So we repeat what we said in the early part of this paper, that even great talents cannot succeed without hard work. After all possible concessions are made to natural ability, it still remains true that work alone assures achievement.

For thirty years after leaving America, Mrs. Goldschmidt continued her concerts in the kingdoms of Europe; not as constantly and laboriously as before, perhaps, but as successfully and pleasurably. She purchased a home at Malvern Hills, England, where

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she delighted to spend her weeks and months of recreation. In that quiet home she found her sweetest comfort, in caring for her children and enjoying the society of her beloved companion. Here she welcomed many of her choicest friends again and again, and here lived over, in delightful memory, many of the public scenes of which she had been a conspicuous part. Her interest in contributing to the unfortunate and suffering classes never abated in the least. Her last concert on earth was given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund at the Spa, Malvern Hills, July 23, 1883. The following three years she gave such attention and support as her health would permit to the improvement of her School of Singing in the Royal College of Music. She had made heavy drafts upon her constitution, from time to time, and, after threescore years, the fact was more and more realized. Her health became much impaired, and, after months of more or less bodily suffering, she died in the triumphs of faith, at her cottage on the Malvern Hills, November 2, 1887, loved and lamented by all who ever knew her or heard of her.

Her biographer very justly says: "There are few careers which have a more fascinating tale to tell of rapid and brilliant passage out of darkness into triumph, out of poverty and harshness into a blaze of glory. But there is no career which can leave a deeper impression of the entire supremacy, over all the world can bring, of the spiritual motive. She is given everything; and yet all is as nothing, if it does not leave her free to sit alone by the sea-shore, and to look at the sunset, and at the old Lutheran Bible, with the pure eyes that can see God."

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LOUISA MAY ALCOTT — STORY-TELLER.

THE writer who can charm, instruct, and inspire the young by tact and elegance in story-telling is a public benefactor. Few are they who excel in this great gift, and they are known the world over. On the whole, it is a more difficult task to perform this work successfully for the young than it is for adults. Many a writer and speaker will entertain and bless the latter, when his efforts for the former are failures. Perhaps no writer for the young was ever more successful than Louisa May Alcott, who, with consummate tact, as well as with bewitching grace, beauty, and simplicity, tells a story. The oldest people are but children when they bend over her charming books.

Miss Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832, second child of Amos Bronson Alcott, subsequently known as an eminent educator. That he was a man of unusually sharp observation, or else the subject of fanciful illusions, appears from the following letter that he wrote on the day Louisa was born: —

"GERMANTOWN, Nov. 29, 1832.

"DEAR SIR, — It is with great pleasure that I announce to you *the birth of a second daughter.* She was born at half-past twelve this morning, on my birthday (33), and is a very fine healthful child, much

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more so than Anna was at birth, — has a fine foundation for health and energy of character. Abba is very comfortable, and will soon be restored to the discharge of those domestic and maternal duties in which she takes so much delight, and in the performance of which she furnishes so excellent a model for imitation. Those only who have seen her in those relations, much as there is in her character to admire and esteem, can form a true estimate of her personal worth and uncommon devotion of heart. She was formed for domestic sentiment rather than the gaze and heartlessness of what is falsely called 'society.' Abba inclines to call the babe *Louisa May*, — a name to her full of every association connected with amiable benevolence and exalted worth. I hope *its present possessor* may rise to equal attainment and deserve a place in the estimation of society.

"With Abba's and Anna's and Louisa's regards, allow me to assure you of the sincerity with which I am Yours,

"A. BRONSON ALCOTT."

This letter alone is sufficient to show that Mr. Alcott, her father, was a man of decided intellect and character. "His ancestors on both sides had been substantial people of respectable position in England, and were connected with the founders and governors of the chief New England colonies. At the time of Mr. Alcott's birth they had become simple farmers, reaping a scanty living from their small farms in Connecticut."

His letter confirms whatever was known and said of Louisa's mother, who was the daughter of Colonel Joseph May, of Boston, and sister of Rev. Samuel

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J. May, who was one of the distinguished anti-slavery leaders fifty years ago. Mrs. Alcott was intellectual in her tastes, and from childhood enjoyed the society of cultured and honored people. Although domestic in her habits, she indulged her taste in writing both poetry and prose, in which her native wit and humor sparkled. With generous impulses, and prompt response to the misfortunes and trials of others, she endeared herself to a wide circle of friends.

The high, noble qualities of both the Alcott and May families met in Louisa, and developed with her growth. She was intellectual, full of life, and sunny in both play and work. When she was too young to speak plainly, a visitor reports that she suddenly broke the silence at the breakfast table by exclaiming, "I lub everybody in *dis* whole world." Much of her real character as a child is discovered in this exclamation. It was made after her father had removed to Boston in 1834, when she was about two years of age. The earliest incident of her life that she could recall was connected with the family's removal to Boston at that time. They went in a steamer from Philadelphia, with which method of travel the child was delighted. The steamer was a strange, wonderful affair to her, and she thoroughly investigated it. A few hours after she went on board, she was missed, and a search found her in the engine-room unconscious of soiling her clothes with dirt in her admiration of the machine.

Mr. Alcott was a school-master in Germantown, and it was there that he conceived the idea of opening a private school in Boston, to be conducted on the Socratic principle. Hence his removal to that

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city. At that time, little was said about physical culture by educators; but Mr. Alcott believed it to be a fundamental part of education. Without good health, intellectual progress was impossible as a rule, he maintained, and therefore his pupils soon learned that it was as really a duty to take care of their bodies as it was to take care of their souls. His letter which we have just quoted shows that the first thing he looked for in the new-born babe was health: "is a very fine healthful child — a fine foundation for health and energy of character."

At seven years of age, by the direction of her father, who was her sole instructor up to womanhood, she commenced a daily journal, — a fact that tells much about the child. Her conversation was watched and guarded, that she might use choice language, and express her thoughts clearly and properly. This introduced her at a very early age to the daily journal, and made the exercise easy for her. She was encouraged to write down her thoughts, in order that she might acquire a command of language. There can be no doubt that here is discovered the true secret of her graceful, charming pages when she entered into authorship. She was precocious, but this never would have taken on the substance and direction it did without the wise and careful training mentioned.

We spoke of Mr. Alcott's regard for health. He was a vegetarian, and fully believed that a vegetable diet would contribute largely to the physical well-being of his children, and in this he had the full sympathy of his wife. "They ate plain-boiled rice without sugar, and brown bread and mush without butter or molasses. Sometimes they wearied of the diet, but

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they thrived physically and mentally upon it, especially Louisa, who loved to be out of doors." A relative in Providence, where she was visiting, wrote to her mother: "Louisa loves to play out of doors, and sometimes she is not inclined to stay in when it is unpleasant." Her father approved of an outdoor life, and was perfectly willing that she should be a "tomboy" for the sake of the treasure of physical strength she might lay up for use in womanhood. In her "My Boys," she makes pleasant reference to those days of childhood, and paints some of the scenes of which she was a part, and pictures some of her companions, who were kind, selfish, or mischievous. Her books abound in episodes of her child-life; and here is found one of the strong attractions of her stories, so true to nature, so full of actual human life. The reader will recall a description of one of her early plays in "Little Men" — the play of "Make Believe," in which "their minds were little round rooms where the soul lived, and in which good or bad things were preserved." Her conception of the play was as beautiful as her delightful way of presenting it.

Play was a discipline in the Alcott family. It was objected to only when it became excessive or tended to improprieties. "Children are great imitators," said Mr. Alcott; "give them what is right and proper for them to imitate." So Louisa was ingenious and prolific in play. Her doll was as much of a reality as her sister. She treated it as a live thing. She dressed it and undressed it, and put it to bed at night, and awoke it and dressed it in the morning. She made dresses for it, and hats and caps; and tended it when sick, and punished it when naughty. She was its nurse, doctor, and minister, playing each one

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of these parts as sincerely, gladly, and naturally as any mother of a family ever cared for her babe.

Louisa loved animals, and the family cat was her pet. It was the pet of every member of the household. Children were not allowed to torment or abuse her, but they could play "baby" with her and rock her to sleep; and they could play that she was sick, and doctor her; and that she was dead, and attend her funeral. This was imitation, and therefore had its place in the discipline of the family. The books which Miss Alcott wrote in her mature life are proof that the plays of her childhood left an ineradicable impression upon her mind and heart.

In 1840, when Louisa was eight years old, Mr. Alcott abandoned his school in Boston, and removed to Concord, Massachusetts, where our little heroine enjoyed herself like a bird let out of a cage. The fields and forests, hills and valleys, walls and fences, meadows and brooks, beasts and birds, charmed her vastly more than the fine dwellings, stores, and turnouts of the city. She revelled in nature to such a degree that the poetry of her soul began to bubble forth a spontaneous, natural outflow of herself, that caused her parents infinite pleasure. It was then that she wrote the lines addressed to the first robin she saw: —

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, 'Sweet Spring is near.'

"Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay;
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best."

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It was quite evident to Mr. Alcott that he had not mistaken the promise of his daughter from her babyhood, and that so far her discipline had been substantially correct. She was now only eight years old, but the way to conduct her future training was as plain as day to him. He had no doubts upon the subject, and he dared not commit her to the schools of Concord, or of any other town. His own views upon education may have been somewhat erratic, but they were nearer to the standard of to-day than the prevailing views of that day. So he assumed the instruction of his daughter, so that she never attended a public or private school in her life, except at two very brief periods.

One method of instructing and guiding their children was by writing letters to them, which they would keep, and read over at different times. They believed that this method would leave deeper and more permanent impressions upon their hearts than mere verbal counsel. In this they were correct, no doubt. For example, Mr. Alcott wrote a letter to Louisa about Conscience, which appeared to accomplish the work designed, for her whole life. Sometimes Mrs. Alcott would write a note to Louisa, or one of the other girls, about some fault or impropriety that seemed to her to be growing. The note attached so much importance to the matter that a child could not forget it, as was often the case with verbal correction. On birthdays, and when presents were given to the children, these letters were frequently written. Here is one which was written to Louisa on her birthday, and the letter was accompanied by the present of a doll: —

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"BEACH STREET, Boston, 1889.

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, — Will you accept this doll from me on your seventh birthday? She will be a quiet playmate for my active Louisa for seven years more. Be a kind mamma, and love her for my sake.

"YOUR MOTHER."

Again she wrote: —

"DEAR DAUGHTER, — Your tenth birthday has arrived. May it be a happy one, and on each returning birthday may you feel new strength and resolution to be gentle with sisters, obedient to parents, loving to every one, and happy in yourself. I give you the pencil-case I promised, for I have observed that you are fond of writing, and wish to encourage the habit. Go on trying, dear, and each day it will be easier to be and do good. You must help yourself, for the cause of your little troubles is in yourself; and patience and courage only will make you what mother prays to see you, — her good and happy girl."

On her eleventh birthday, her mother presented her with a picture, accompanied by a loving note, similar to the foregoing, and Louisa responded by writing the following poetry, "To Mother: " —

"I hope that soon, dear mother,
You and I may be
In the quiet room my fancy
Has so often made for thee, —

"The pleasant sunny chamber,
The cushioned easy-chair,
The book laid for your reading,
The vase of flowers fair;

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"The desk beside the window
Where the sun shines warm and bright;
And there in ease and quiet
The promised book you write;

"While I sit close behind you,
Content at last to see
That you can rest, dear mother,
And I can cherish thee."

These letters to Louisa abound in counsels like the following: —

"Your note gave me so much delight that I cannot close my eyes without first thanking you, dear, for making me so happy, and blessing God who gave you this tender love for your mother."

"I was grieved at your selfish behavior this morning, but also greatly pleased that you bore so meekly father's reproof for it. That is the way, dear, if you find you are wrong; take the discipline sweetly, and do so no more."

"I am glad you put your heart in the right place; for I am sure all true strength comes from above. Continue to feel that God is near you, dear child, and He never will forsake you in a weak moment."

"I am sure you have lived very near to God today, you have been so good and happy. Let each day be like this, and life will become a sweet song for you, and all who love you."

We have quoted these sentiments, because writing letters to children, as a part of studied family discipline, is novel as well as moulding. The method was adopted as an essential element of good family government, and the outcome of Louisa's career was the best proof of its wisdom. There was labor in it, and it consumed time; but the Alcott parents con-

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sidered time well spent that was devoted to the mental and moral improvement of their children.

For the same reason the diary was adopted even in childhood. Its purpose was mental and moral results. In one of her letters to Louisa, Mrs. Alcott wrote, "Remember, dear girl, that a diary should be an epitome of your life. May it be a record of pure thought and good actions; then indeed you will be the precious child of your loving mother." Improvement in penmanship, readiness to express thoughts, and future facility in writing composition, were also objects to be attained. For Louisa it became a source of much pleasure as well as of rapid advancement. Her diary abounds in paragraphs that illustrate the great value of this method of intellectual and moral improvement in the family.

"*Wednesday.* I wrote in my imagination book to-day, and enjoyed it very much. Life is pleasanter than it used to be, and I don't care about dying any more. Had a splendid run, and got a box of cones to burn. Sat and heard the pines sing a long time. Read Mrs. Bremer's 'Home' in the eve. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy."

"*Friday.* Did my lessons and in the P.M. mother read 'Kenilworth' to us while we sewed. It is splendid! I made a piece of poetry about winter:—

> 'The stormy winter's come at last,
> With snow and rain and bitter blast;
> Ponds and brooks are frozen o'er,
> We cannot sail there any more.'"

[Three other verses follow.]

"*Thursday.* Read the 'Heart of Midlothian,' and had a very happy day. Miss Ford gave us a botany

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lesson in the woods; in the evening she told us about the bones in our bodies, and how they get out of order. I must be careful of mine, I climb and jump and run so much."

"*Saturday.* I got angry, and called Anna mean. Father told me to look up the word in the dictionary, and it means 'base,' 'contemptible.' I was so ashamed to have called my dear sister that, and I cried over my bad tongue and temper."

"*Tuesday.* I had an early run in the woods before the dew was off the grass. The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of yellow and red leaves I sang for joy, my heart was so bright and the world so beautiful. I stopped at the end of the walk, and saw the sun shine out over the wide 'Virginia Meadows.' It seemed like going through a dark life or grave into heaven beyond. A very strange and solemn feeling came over me as I stood there, and no sound but the rustle of the pines, no one near me, and the sun so glorious, as for me alone. It seemed as if I *felt* God as I never did before, and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life."

She was thirteen years old when the last extract from her diary was penned; and two days later she wrote the following poem on "Despondency;" and it is genuine poetry, as the reader will very cheerfully allow: —

"Silent and sad,
When all are glad,
And the earth is dressed in flowers;
When the gay birds sing
Till the forests ring,
And they rest in woodland bowers.

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"Oh, why these tears,
And these idle fears
For what may come to-morrow?
The birds find food
From God so good,
And the flowers know no sorrow.

"If He clothes these,
And the leafy trees,
Will He not cherish thee?
Why doubt His care?
It is everywhere,
Though the way we may not see.

"Then why be sad
When all are glad,
And the world is full of flowers?
With the gay birds sing,
Make life all Spring,
And smile through the darkest hours."

Many of her early poems were first written in her diary, the topics suggested by some experience or observation she would put on record. One of her most popular poems — "My Kingdom" — first appeared in her diary, composed when she was fourteen. The first two verses are: —

"A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadows casts
On all my words and deeds.

"How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?

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How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?"

We have now quoted enough from the letters and diary to show that their influence upon Louisa must have been uplifting and decisive. She grew naturally into womanhood, and these two agencies acted an important part in bringing this about. More entertaining and unique than almost anything that could be introduced into family government, a mind like hers was captivated and lifted by the plan; and her heart was touched, also. The older she grew the more gratefully she recalled this method of discipline in her early home. She left on record enthusiastic testimony to its direct and powerful influence in making her the eminent woman of letters she became. In regard to the happy results of the Alcott home training in general, we may quote a paragraph from her writings.

"When cautious friends asked mother how she dared to have such outcasts[1] among her girls, she always answered, with an expression of confidence which did much to keep us safe, 'I can trust my daughters, and this is the best way to teach them how to shun these sins and comfort these sorrows. They cannot escape the knowledge of them; better gain this under their father's roof and their mother's care, and so be protected by these experiences when their time comes to face the world and its temptations.' Once we carried our breakfast to a starving family; once lent our whole dinner to a neighbor suddenly taken unprepared by distinguished guests.

[1] Wayward girls whom she took into her family to save.

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Another time,—one snowy Saturday night, when our wood was very low,—a poor child came to beg a little, as the baby was sick and the father on a spree with all his wages. My mother hesitated at first, as we also had a baby. Very cold weather was upon us, and a Sunday to be got through before more wood could be had. My father said, 'Give half our stock, and trust in Providence — the weather will moderate, or wood will come.' Mother laughed, and answered in a cheery way, 'Well, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out we can go to bed and tell stories.' So a generous half went to the poor neighbor, and a little later in the eve, while the storm still raged and we were about to cover our fire to keep it, a knock came, and a farmer who usually supplied us appeared, saying anxiously, 'I started for Boston with a load of wood, but it drifts so I want to go home. Wouldn't you like to have me drop the wood here? it would accommodate me, and you needn't hurry about paying for it.' 'Yes,' father said; and as the man went off he turned to mother with a look that much impressed us children with his gifts as a seer, and added, 'Didn't I tell you wood would come if the weather did not moderate?' Mother's motto was, 'Hope and keep busy;' and one of her sayings, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered.'"

This spirit of kindness pervaded the discipline in the Alcott family, and strengthened every part of it. It was all the more potent because Mr. Alcott was poor. Often his family actually suffered for want of the necessaries of life. His salary was small when he taught, and his income still smaller when he wrote for the press. Authors were poorly paid, so that their

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rations were pretty short if their whole dependence was upon their works.

Here, too, was another of Mr. Alcott's aids to successful family government — poverty. He regarded wealth as an absolute hindrance to the good management of children, because it conceals the necessity of industry and self-reliance, without which a human life is commonplace, if not a failure. Louisa's diary and letters make frequent mention of this trial: —

"Don't laugh at my plans. I'll carry them out, if I go to service to do it. Seeing so much money flying about, I long to honestly get a little, and make our dear family more comfortable. I feel weak-minded when I think of all they need and the little I can do."

"In the street I try not to covet fine things. My quick tongue is always getting me into trouble, and my moodiness makes it hard to be cheerful when I think how poor we are, how much worry it is to live, and how many things I long to do I never can. So every day is a battle, and I'm so tired I don't want to live; only it's cowardly to die till you have done something."

"Father came to see me on his way home; little money; had had a good time, and was asked to come again. Why don't rich people who enjoy his talk pay for it? Philosophers are always poor, and too modest to pass round their own hats."

"I am grubbing away, trying to get money enough to buy mother a nice warm shawl. I have eleven dollars all my own earnings, — five for a story, and six for the pile of sewing I did for the ladies of Dr. Gray's society, to give him as a present."

Mr. Alcott went to Pennsylvania on a lecturing tour. Louisa records his return in her diary thus: —

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"A dramatic scene when he arrived in the night. We were waked by hearing the bell. Mother flew downstairs crying, 'My husband!' We rushed after, and five white figures embraced the half-frozen wanderer, who came in hungry, tired, cold, and disappointed, but smiling bravely, and as serene as ever. We fed and warmed and brooded over him, longing to ask if he had made any money; but no one did, till little May said, after he had told all the pleasant things, 'Well, did people pay you?' Then, with a queer look, he opened his pocket-book and showed one dollar, saying, with a smile that made our eyes fill with tears, 'Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and travelling is costly; but I have opened the way — another year shall do better.'

"I shall never forget how beautifully mother answered him, though the dear, hopeful soul built much on his success; but with a beaming face she kissed him, saying, 'I call that doing *very well*. Since you are safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more.' Anna and I choked down our tears, and took a little lesson in real love which we never forgot, nor the look that the tired man and tender woman gave one another."

The direct influence of this poverty was, learning to work early. Each child must do something for the family. Louisa was quite a housekeeper at eight, and a nice, rapid sewer also. Her tact and judgment improved daily under her mother's guidance. Her diary and letters disclose her struggles for a livelihood.

"*March* —. Got $10 for 'Genevieve.' Prices go up, as people like the tales and ask who wrote

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them. Finished 'Twelve Rubbles.' Sewed a great deal, and got very tired; one job for Mr. G. of a dozen pillow-cases, one dozen sheets, six fine cambric neck-ties, and two dozen handkerchiefs, at which I had to work all one night to get them done, as they were a gift to him. I got only $4."

"*October* —. Made plans to go to Boston for the winter, as there is nothing to do here, and there I can support myself and help the family."

"*May* —. Home on the 10th, passing Sunday at the Emersons'. I have done what I planned, — supported myself, written eight stories, taught four months, earned a hundred dollars, and sent money home."

"*December* —. Got $5 for a story, and $12 for sewing."

"*March* —. Began another story, but found little time to work on it, with school, sewing, and house-work. My winter's earnings are: School, one quarter, $50; sewing, $50; stories, $20; if I am ever paid."

Writing stories was less profitable than teaching school or sewing, and Louisa could do one about as nicely as she could the others. Her stories were very popular, and so were her sewing and teaching. She was now twenty-two years of age, and had been doing this work four or five years, every moment employed — no busier life than hers. If the hand of poverty had not lain heavily upon the household, her brain-work might have been fully as great, but her handiwork might have been nothing at all. No doubt it was better for her head and heart, and we may add body, to teach, sew, do housework, and write stories together. Her father's ideas of female education could scarcely have been realized on any other plan. It was certainly a great success in Louisa's case, and

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brought her into full sympathy with the needy class. For we read in her diary: "*Mar. 6th.* In the eve went to teach at Warren Street Chapel Charity School. I'll help as I am helped, if I can. Mother says no one is so poor that he can't do a little for some one poorer yet." Precisely this spirit her parents expected to develop by their family culture.

Louisa was ready for almost any kind of work to assist the family. She even served as a domestic in the kitchen of a Boston family when she was nineteen, quite well known as an author. At the time, her mother was earning something as an agent for the Overseers of the Poor in the city, by keeping an Intelligence Office. A gentleman called one day to find a companion for his aged father and sister, and wanted an agreeable lady, who would be expected to do only light work, and be treated with respect and kindness. Mrs. Alcott could not think of a person who would answer, whereupon Louisa interrupted, saying, "Why couldn't I go, mother?" The result was that she went and stayed two months, although she was treated with as little consideration as any Irish girl ever was in that family. She worked in the kitchen and did all the drudgery for the household while she was there, without entering a protest. But she returned from that service to write one of her best stories, which had a great run: "How I went out to Service."

The incident is important as showing the nobleness, true womanliness, and charming simplicity of a daughter trained up by the Alcott method. Like her parents, she was not ashamed to do any necessary and honorable work, and eschewed all those conventionalities that minister to vanity or pride. Her royal

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prestige of intellect did not overrule her humble spirit.

Miss Alcott did not enter upon authorship really until after she was twenty-one years of age. She had been writing more or less from her tenth year, as we have seen, and from fourteen her compositions had frequently appeared in print; but she laid no plans, and does not appear to have had a definite purpose to be an author until after the age mentioned. She had even won quite a reputation by composing dramas, with her companions acting them upon the stage for their own pleasure and that of her friends. Her biographer says: —

"It was at this period of her life that she was violently attacked by a mania for the stage, and the greater part of her leisure time was given to writing and enacting dramas. Her older sister, Anna, had the same taste, and assisted her in carrying out all her plans. A family of great talent with whom they were intimate joined with them, and their mother always allowed them to have all the private theatricals they wished to perform.

"Some of these early plays are preserved in manuscripts as she wrote them. They are written in a stilted, melodramatic style, full of high-strung sentiments of loyalty, honor, and devotion, with the most improbable incidents and violent devices, and without a touch of common life or the slightest flavor of humor. The idea of self-sacrifice always comes into them; but they are thoroughly girlish.

"Of course Louisa was eager to go upon the stage herself. She had, indeed, extraordinary dramatic power, and could at any time quickly transform herself into Hamlet, and recite a scene with tragic effect.

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But the careful mother knew better than the girl the trials and dangers of the profession, and dissuaded her from it."

But she was in training for that difficult work of an elegant and fascinating story-teller, as appears in her "Little Women." Much of her own beautiful early life, and that of loved companions, is woven into this famous volume, that has found readers in every part of the civilized world. But for that very unusual, and really unmeant, culture of girlhood, she never would have occupied the enviable distinction which she did as a writer for the young. She was led in a way she knew not, that her womanhood might become rich in results otherwise impossible.

At twenty-five she was receiving but five, six, and ten dollars each for her stories, not sufficient to support herself and have anything left for the family. So she continued to teach and sew as she had done for a dozen years. But a change was at hand. Her tales had become so popular that the proprietors of newspapers and magazines sought them at much better remuneration. Thirty, forty, and even fifty dollars each were paid for them, so that she could feel somewhat independent, and enjoy, what was a genuine luxury to her, assisting her parents and sisters.

Her "Hospital Sketches" were the fruit of her brief experience as a hospital nurse at Washington; and they had a very wide circulation after they were put into book form, and contributed vastly to her fame. She was patriotic, and full of sympathy for sick and wounded soldiers, and was also a good nurse because of much experience in her own family; so, in December 1862, she went to Washington, the hospitals being then crowded with patients from

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the battlefields of the Civil War. The first record in her journal reads: —

"A solemn time, but I am glad to be in it, and am sure it will do me good whether I come out alive or dead.

"All went well, and I got to Georgetown one evening very tired. Was kindly welcomed, slept in my narrow bed with two other room-mates, and on the morrow began my new life by seeing a poor man die at dawn, and sitting all day between a boy with pneumonia and a man shot through the lungs. A strange day, but I did my best; and when I put my mother's little black shawl round the boy while he sat up panting for breath, he smiled and said, 'You are real motherly, ma'am.' I felt as if I was getting on. The man only lay and stared with his big black eyes, and made me very nervous. But all were well behaved; and I sat looking at the twenty strong faces as they looked back at me, — the only new thing they had to amuse them, — hoping that I looked 'motherly' to them; for my thirty years made me feel old, and the suffering round me made me long to comfort every one."

She records the events of a day thus: —

"Up at six, dress by gaslight, run through my ward and throw up the windows, though the men grumble and shiver; but the air is bad enough to breed a pestilence, and as no notice is taken of our frequent appeals for better ventilation, I must do what I can. Poke up the fire, add blankets, joke, coax, and command; but continue to open doors and windows as if life depended on it. Mine does, and doubtless many another, for a more perfect pestilence-box than this house I never saw, — cold, damp, dirty, full of vile

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odors from wounds, kitchens, wash-rooms, and stables. . . . Then go to breakfast with what appetite I may; find the uninvitable fried beef, salt butter, husky bread, and washy coffee. . . . Till noon I trot, giving out rations, cutting up food for helpless 'boys,' washing faces, teaching my attendants how beds are made or floors are swept, dressing wounds, dusting tables, sewing bandages, keeping my tray tidy, rushing up and down after pillows, bed-linen, sponges, books, and directions, till it seems as if I would joyfully pay down all I possess for fifteen minutes' rest. At twelve the bell rings, and up comes dinner for the boys, — soup, meat, potatoes, and bread. When dinner is over, some sleep, many read, and others want letters written. This I like to do, for they put in such odd things, and express their ideas so comically, I have great fun interiorally, while as grave as possible exteriorally. A few of the men word their paragraphs well and make excellent letters. The answering of letters from friends after some one has died is the saddest and hardest duty a nurse has to do.

"Supper at five sets every one to running who can run; and when that flurry is over, all settle down for the evening amusements, which consist of newspapers, gossip, the doctor's last round, and, for such as need them, the final doses for the night. At nine the bell rings, gas is turned down, and day-nurses go to bed. Night-nurses go on duty, and sleep and death have the house to themselves."

Miss Alcott performed her beneficent labors with as much joy to herself as to others; and she was counted one of the most energetic and intelligent nurses in the service. We have quoted from her journal that the connection between her hospital

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experience and one of her most noted books — "Hospital Sketches" — may appear. But for her nurse-work, to comfort the sick and maimed heroes of the war, she would have been without the fame and money that gladdened her heart from the great sale of that book.

But her hospital work nearly cost her her life. Within a few weeks she was prostrated and threatened with pneumonia. "You must go home," said other nurses to her. "I won't," she answered. But she did not understand how sick she was. Without consulting her, a telegram was despatched to her father, and the first knowledge she had of his being summoned to her bedside was when he entered her room. She was removed to her home in Concord, where she passed through a severe sickness, for many days her life hanging upon a thread. She recovered, however, and after the lapse of several months she was able to resume literary work.

She had written a novel, entitled "Moods," but found no publisher willing to issue it. It was laid by until the large sale of her "Hospital Sketches" occurred, when several publishers were after her wares, and she brought it out from its concealment, revised and shortened it for one of the publishers. Her journal has this characteristic description of her changed condition: —

"If there was ever an astonished young woman, it is myself; for things have gone on so swimmingly of late I don't know who I am. A year ago I had no publisher, and went begging with my wares; now *three* have asked me for something, several papers are ready to print my contributions, and F. B. S. says, 'Any publisher this side of Baltimore would be glad

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to get a book.' There is a sudden hoist for a meek and lowly scribbler, who was told to 'stick to her teaching,' and never had a literary friend to lend a helping hand! Fifteen years of hard grubbing may be coming to something after all; and I may yet 'pay all the debts, fix the house, send May to Italy, and keep the old folks *cosey*,' as I have said I would so long, yet so hopelessly."

Later on, she accomplished all this, and much more. For we read of her presenting her two nephews with $1000 each, and forwarding the same amount to May, who had married and settled in Italy. Louisa paid the expenses of May in Italy, whither she went to pursue art studies. But a nice young Swiss-German, well educated, and having an honorable and profitable business, fell in love with her, and she with him, and marriage was the only way out of the mutual embarrassment.

"Moods" met with a warm reception and a rapid sale. It was published in 1864, and Louisa presented her mother with a copy on her sixty-fourth birthday, with this inscription: "To mother, my earliest patron, kindest critic, dearest reader, I gratefully and affectionately inscribe my first romance."

That Louisa made herself extremely useful about the house while she was writing "Moods," is proved by one of her letters to Anna, in which she says: "I feel very moral to-day, having done a big wash alone, baked, swept the house, picked the hops, got dinner, and written a chapter in 'Moods.'"

About this time she was offered $200 and even $500, for serials, by different editors. A friend inquired of her by letter, "What are you writing now?" She replied, "Well, two books half done,

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nine stories simmering, and stacks of fairy stories moulding on the shelf. I can't do much, as I have no time to get into a real good vortex. It unfits me for work, worries ma to see me look pale, eat nothing, and ply by night. These extinguishers keep genius from burning as I could wish."

In 1865 she had an unexpected opportunity to visit Europe, a treat she had long desired to enjoy but was hindered for the lack of money. But her services were required for an invalid woman, who wanted to visit Europe for her health and pleasure, and Louisa accepted the position. She was absent several months on this tour, and, her charge being able to travel quite comfortably, she visited many places of interest, extracting from every day's observation a large measure of pleasure and profit. Again she visited Europe in 1870, when she was abundantly able to pay her own bills. She had pursued literary work with so much industry and application that her health had become shattered, and she was sadly in need of a long rest. Her diary has this record, after her return: —

"*June*, 1872. — Home again, and begin a new task. Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent, if I could. At forty this is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health perhaps; but as I still live, *there is more* for me to do, I suppose."

We have spoken of her sister May's marriage. Louisa was never married. At twenty-five years of age she had a flattering offer of marriage, but she told her mother that she did not care much for her lover; to which her mother replied, "Then you are

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under no obligation to sacrifice yourself by marrying," and that was the conclusion of the affair. Subsequently she had more than one offer, but she was so wedded to authorship that she had no inclination to wed a man.

At different times she served as editor for juvenile papers and magazines, and for many years she was the star contributor of such publications as *Saint Nicholas*, *Our Young Folks*, and *Youth's Companion*. Her contributions brought fame and wide circulation to all the literary enterprises that floated her banner.

From this time she turned out books rapidly, and her income surprised herself. The following are some of her most popular works, in addition to those already named: "Little Men," a match volume for "Little Women;" "Jo's Boys, and How They Turned Out," which is a sequel to "Little Men;" "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Under the Lilacs," "Jack and Gill," "Work," "A Modern Mephistopheles," "Silver Pitchers," "Proverb Stories," "Spinning-Wheel Stories," "My Boys," "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag," containing "My Boys" and several stories that were among her best; "Lulu's Library," etc.

After her death her publishers collected all her literary productions, and issued them in one fine uniform edition of twenty-five volumes, grouped into different series, as follows: —

"Novels" (four volumes). — Work, Moods, A Modern Mephistopheles, Hospital Sketches.

"Little Women Series" (eight volumes). — Little Women, An Old-Fashioned Girl, Little Men, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom, Under the Lilacs, Jack and Gill, Jo's Boys.

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"Spinning-Wheel Stories Series" (four volumes). — Silver Pitchers, Proverb Stories, Spinning-Wheel Stories, A Garland for Girls.

"Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag" (six volumes). — My Bags, Shawl Straps, Cupid and Chow-Chow, My Girls, Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore, An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving.

"Lulu's Library" (three volumes).

These works have been republished in England, and translated into most of the European languages; and their sale has been phenomenal. The author received in royalties from the sale of her books about *two hundred thousand dollars.*

What Dickens was in his inimitable portrayal of life among the unfortunate sons and daughters of humanity, that was Miss Alcott in her chosen field of child-life, true to nature, and therefore simple, tender, artless, real. Mrs. Sarah J. Hall wrote: "Miss Alcott has a faculty of entering into the lives and feelings of children that is conspicuously wanting in most writers who address them; and to this cause, to the consciousness among her readers that they are hearing about the people like themselves, instead of abstract qualities labelled with names, the popularity of her books is due."

Miss Alcott's health was not regained after she returned from her second European tour. Her excessive application to authorship for more than ten years was too great a strain upon her physical being. Gradually her strength succumbed to the inroads of disease, and she ceased to write in her journal in 1886, two years before her death. Her father was feeble, also, which added to her trials. Her mother died in 1877, so that, in consequence, care of him in his great

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age, eighty-five, necessarily devolved upon his daughter. Of course, she was unable to bestow a daughter's tender care upon him personally, but she was financially able to provide him with every care and luxury that money could buy.

She rented a fine house in Louisburg Square, Boston, to which Mr. Alcott was removed, and there she resided with him until his death, with this exception, that she was in the family of Dr. Lawrence, Roxbury, for medical treatment, at the time of her own and her father's death. Two or three days before her own death, which occurred March 6, 1888, she was able to be taken to her father, who was in a dying condition, and she took cold, and the next morning was completely prostrated. Mr. Alcott died soon after his daughter left his bedside, and preparations were made for the funeral.

Miss Alcott was in a critical condition at the home of Dr. Lawrence. The doctor feared that she could survive but a short time; the trouble on the brain was rapidly increasing. "Is it not meningitis?" she inquired, still conscious of her condition. She had often said, "I don't want to live if I can't be of use," and now it was plain to all that her wish would be realized very soon. She sank into an unconscious state, in which she recognized no person and nothing that was passing in the room. From that oblivious condition she never aroused, and quietly passed away within a few hours.

The funeral of her father occurred on the day she died. The first news that was borne to the assembled mourners at the home in Louisburg Square to pay their last tribute of love to the departed father, was, "*Louisa is dead!*" Parent and daughter, so

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closely united in affection and tender ministries, received their everlasting reward almost together. The first news of his daughter's death to the ransomed father was when he met her in the city of God, so soon after their parting on earth.

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QUEEN VICTORIA — STATESWOMAN.

IT is generally supposed that the children of Royalty are reared as the children of ordinary families are not — that Royalty subjects them to rules of discipline peculiar to itself. However true this may have been with other royal children, it was not true of Victoria. Perhaps no person of distinction ever lived who carried so much of early into later life as she. Her girlhood was emphatically the mother of her womanhood. It is chiefly due to her mother's careful training and wise discipline in her childhood, that Victoria has become the greatest of all the queens of England, able, prudent, and universally honored and beloved. It was not an accident, not a mere blunder. Never was there an example of more studied and watchful endeavor to fit one for the station to be occupied in womanhood, than we find here. The good queen was made out of the good girl, according to the divine rule that obtains in all well-regulated families. Even Royalty cannot set aside the ordinary laws of developing and assuring feminine virtues. Here the child of the king and peasant occupy the same plane. Either can be made or marred at pleasure.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby-plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

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This is good poetry; but good prose also; just as true in royal as in commonplace families. And no one understood this better than Victoria's mother — the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess was a German, sister of Leopold, King of Belgium, a woman of decided practical talents, evidently reared with great care by a thoughtful and conscientious mother. Leopold married the Princess Charlotte of England, daughter of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.; and his sister, Princess Victoire Marie Louise, married the Duke of Kent, son of George III. Had Princess Charlotte lived, she would have been heir to the throne, and her fine accomplishments, strength and beauty of character, led the English people to look forward to her reign with fond anticipation. But her happy wedded life was brief, and she passed away soon after she had given birth to a son. On being told that her child was not living, she said, "I am grieved, for myself, for the English people, but, oh, above all, I feel it for my dear husband!" When her husband stepped out of the room, she said to the physician, "And must I die too?" The physician evaded the question by answering, "Pray be calm." She replied, "I know what *that* means. Tell it to my husband, — tell it with caution and tenderness, and be sure to say to him that I am still the happiest wife in England."

On the death of the Princess Charlotte the Duke of York became heir presumptive to the throne; but, having no children, the third son of George III., the Duke of Clarence, was next in the line of succession. He married the same year as his brother Edward, Duke of Kent, and, in due time, a daughter was born to him, who would have succeeded to the

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throne instead of Victoria, had she lived. But she only lived long enough to awaken the hopes of her royal parents, when God took her. In about twenty years thereafter, her cousin, Victoria, ascended the throne.

A student of Providence can scarcely note the manner in which the way to the throne was opened for Victoria without feeling that, for divine reasons, the throne was reserved for her. And especially is this thought enforced when we recall another fact, to be treated hereafter, — the death of the King, and her immediate assumption of queenhood at eighteen years of age. Connect the singular keeping of the throne for her, through mysterious vicissitudes, with her long and successful reign of nearly sixty years, — the most tender and affectionate relations between herself and subjects existing all the while, — and all mystery about the retention of the throne for her disappears. It was a plan of divine goodness toward the British realm, of which we shall see much more in the sequel.

A good mother was the greatest and best gift of God to Victoria. Of our Republic we say, "How much it owes to the mothers of Washington and Lincoln!" and the English say, "How much we owe to the mother of our Queen!" And this is right. A good mother is second to no other blessing ever conferred upon the crowned or uncrowned of mankind. For, as was said by a distinguished Frenchman, "Good professors can make good scholars, but good MOTHERS alone can make good men." And when Napoleon said to Madame Campan, "The old systems of education are worth nothing. What is wanted for the proper training of young per-

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sons in France?" she answered in a single word — "MOTHERS."

Therefore, the first factor we discover, in accounting for Victoria's character and reign, is a good mother. The Duchess of Kent was a rare woman, talented, highly educated, and refined, but her sound common sense was more important than all these accomplishments. The show of Royalty was nothing to her, and she did not mean that it should be to her daughter. It was better for England to have a modest, useful Christian queen than a dashing, brilliant, irresponsible one — nothing could break her confidence in this opinion. It required great firmness and resolution to maintain these ideas against the tremendous pressure of custom and the rules of Royalty, but the Duchess of Kent showed that she was both firm and resolute enough to oppose prejudice and conventionality.

Her views of child-training were confirmed by long and careful study and reflection. Many friends volunteered their advice about educating the "little queen," and much of it may have been good; but she had settled the method of training Victoria in her own mind, and no amount of persuasion or opposition could change her plan. She was criticised, called "opinionated," "obstinate," "extra particular;" but it made no impression upon her, and very fortunate for England that it did not. Firmness, resolution, and patience did their perfect work, and the whole British realm has enjoyed the good results.

King George IV. was much exasperated over the way his little niece was managed by her mother. He said at his birthday dinner-party, "I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young

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lady," pointing to Victoria, who was sitting near him, "has been kept from my Court. She has been repeatedly kept from my Drawing-rooms, at which she ought always to have been present, but I am resolved that this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am *King*, and am determined to make my authority respected, and for the future I shall insist and command that the Princess do, upon all occasions, appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do."

The Duchess of Kent had kept her royal daughter away from the King's Court because it was disreputable. She could not be blinded to the dangers of that Court to a girl like Victoria, and so she carefully kept her away. It shows how carefully and wisely she guarded the mind of her child, even risking a family quarrel rather than the exposure to danger. In spite of enmity and opposition from the throne itself, and trying criticisms lower down in the scale of Royalty, she continued to train her daughter as she pleased; and the result has fully justified her foresight, wisdom, and firmness. She was a rare mother.

Victoria was born in Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. When a month old, she was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. The baptism was attended with great pomp. The magnificent gold font from the Tower was used, and her sponsors were the Prince Regent and the Emperor of Russia (represented by the Duke of York), the Queen Dowager of Würtemberg (represented by the Princess Augusta), and the Duchess Dowager of Coburg (represented by the Duchess Dowager of Gloucester). The names given to her were *Alexandrina Victoria*, the first in honor of the Emperor Alexander of Russia. In childhood she was called "Little Dwina."

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The Duke of Kent died very suddenly when Victoria had not emerged from her babyhood. He contracted a sudden cold by wetting his feet, and died of inflammation of the lungs. His death was a great affliction to the Duchess in more ways than one. Besides depriving her of a dear companion and counsellor whose sympathy and co-operation she needed in training the little Queen, his death left her poor. Her husband was encumbered with debts, and she felt that she was under a sacred obligation to liquidate them as far as possible. With the education of her child for a sovereign on her hands, and these numerous debts to redeem, a very dark prospect was before her. But her brother Leopold, who hailed the birth of Victoria with great joy, came to her relief nobly. By his assistance she was able to subsist, and, also, to educate her daughter agreeably to her wishes. She did not pay the debts of her husband, but Victoria did, as soon as she became Queen. She claimed that the liquidation of her father's debts was to her a sacred duty; and here we note one of the noble traits of her noble character.

One of the secrets of Victoria's success was the poverty of her childhood. There was no money to be wasted on her young life. Simplicity instead of splendor was enforced by circumstances. There is no doubt that poverty is a better environment for children than great riches, the children of Royalty being no exception to the rule. A larger percentage of rich men's sons go to ruin than of poor men's sons. A smaller percentage of rich men's sons win honors in college than of poor men's. The tendency of great wealth is to suppress ambition, as well as to lure to vicious courses. A very large percentage of the men

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who have made our country what it is, and who contribute to its power and glory to-day, have risen from poverty to renown. We have every evidence that the same is true the world over. For this reason we say that the dependent circumstances in which the Duchess of Kent was placed by the death of her husband were particularly favorable to the training of her daughter to be queen. It was a providential experience which human wisdom would not have chosen. Divine wisdom made the arrangement.

Deprived of husband and of money for the education of her daughter, she had to rely upon herself. There was no alternative. Leopold came to her relief, as we said, but his aid was unsought; it was volunteered. She was a self-reliant, aspiring woman, prepared to make the best of circumstances, and was never conquered by them. So that, undismayed, she went to work to rear the best queen that ever held a sceptre.

The health of her child was one of the first things that absorbed her attention. She knew that there was no royal road to health for a child-queen, that that could be established and preserved in but one way — the same as the health of all other children. From the first the most systematic method was adopted in regard to sleep and food; and with this method nothing was ever allowed to interfere. As the child grew older, when children generally learn what luxuries are, her food was still of the simplest and most nourishing kind. No sweetmeats for her; dainties and cake were not included in her simple bill-of-fare.

From year to year her mother's systematic training embraced new things, such as her studies, games, and rides — all came under the order that characterized

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her home. The following daily routine was adhered to rigidly.

"Breakfast at eight o'clock in summer, the Princess Victoria having her bread and milk and fruit put on her little table by her mother's side. After breakfast the Princess Feodora studied with her governess, and the Princess Victoria went out for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve o'clock her mother instructed her, after which she could amuse herself by running through the suite of rooms which extended around two sides of the palace, and in which were many of her toys. At two o'clock a plain dinner was served, while her mother took her luncheon. Lessons again until four o'clock; then would come a visit or drive, and after that a walk or donkey ride in the gardens. At the time of her mother's dinner the Princess had her supper, still at the side of the Duchess; then after playing with her nurse (Mrs. Brock, whom she called 'dear, dear Boppy'), she would join the party at dessert, and at nine o'clock she would retire to her bed, which was placed at the side of her mother's."

While noting her bed by the side of her mother's, consider another fact, which shows the devotion and constant watch-care of that mother,—Victoria never slept away from her mother but a few times until she became Queen, and those few nights she lodged with her governess, Baroness Schzen. The fact is proof of such devotion to a child as seldom characterized another mother either in high or commonplace life. A governess and nurse were only two more persons for this faithful mother to watch. In no instance was she known to transfer the entire care of the daughter to them for any considerable time.

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That Victoria's physical training in childhood laid the foundation of her remarkably vigorous constitution in womanhood goes without saying. With the cares of a large family and the government of a mighty kingdom resting upon her, and many overwhelming sorrows meted out to her, her health has continued remarkably vigorous; now, at seventy-seven years of age, she is drawing from the deposits of physical strength made in her childhood and youth. The simplicity of her early diet, dress, and exercise she honors to-day; no sweeter simplicity is found in the home of the peasant.

Dress has a large place in Royalty; but the Duchess of Kent gave it a very small place in the education of her daughter. She guarded the child against all allurements of this kind, and taught her, far more than mothers usually do, that simplicity and modesty in apparel and appearance is a crown-jewel to womanhood. An English writer, Mrs. F. Aiken Cartright, who lived many years at Kensington, says: "In her childhood the Princess Victoria was frequently seen in a little carriage, drawn over the gravel walks of the then rural Kensington gardens, accompanied by her elder and half sister, the Princess Feodora, and attended by a single servant. Many elderly people still remember the extreme simplicity of the child's attire, and the quiet and unpretentious appearance and manners of her sister, who was one day seen to stop the carriage to indulge the fancy of an unknown little girl by allowing her to kiss her future Queen.

There was no place for laziness or shiftlessness in the family of the Duchess; the "daily routine" of work and play that we have quoted shows that.

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Every moment was occupied by study, culture, practice, and recreation. Necessary exercise in the open air was provided for liberally, but no provision was made for wasting time. Every moment was precious for something. In no family was industry ever taught with more care and emphasis. And these rules were never suspended for anything, which was an education in itself, enforcing, not only order, but punctuality and promptness — lessons as necessary for queens as for the common people. The King and Queen gave Victoria a party when she was about sixteen; but at nine o'clock in the evening she exchanged the festivities for her bed, according to the maternal rule. Here is found an explanation of what is said of Queen Victoria by her subjects: "The sun, moon, and the tides are scarcely more punctual and regular in their rounds and mighty offices, in their coming and going, than she in the daily routine of her domestic and State duties and frequent journeyings; and the laws of the Medes and Persians are as naught in inexorableness and inflexibility compared to the regulations of Windsor and Balmoral."

Neither was money wasted upon her. She had her small allowance of pin-money, never more and never less per month; and while she was supposed to spend it as she pleased, she received more good instruction than the average child of Christendom as to the wisest way of spending pocket-money; and it was usually expended according to the excellent advice given. One day, at eight or ten years of age, she saw a toy that she wanted, perhaps a doll, but she had not money enough left to pay the price. She asked the merchant if he would keep it for her

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until she received her next allowance; and he promised. Her first act, when her next allowance came, was to secure that toy. As a lesson in frugality and economy, this arrangement was invaluable. Whether a child is destined for the throne or the kitchen, it is as necessary as it is valuable. It begets a good habit, and habits stay. The Queen of England has not been charged with extravagance. The customs of Royalty require large expenses; but Victoria has the reputation of bringing them within the limits of true economy.

Self-possession was a virtue that Victoria would specially need when she should be crowned, if not before; and her mother was exceedingly careful to guard her against everything that fostered timidity. Many of the little frights over spiders, dogs, darkness, and a score of other things of the kind, so common among girls, were not tolerated in her home. Such acts were not womanly: she must rise above them. A nervous twitch or scream over the unexpected might be excusable in a common girl, but would never do for one who was to become *the* stateswoman of the British Empire. Here is the secret of that quiet, dignified, and womanly bearing for which Victoria was distinguished from a child. Her "Uncle King" — George IV. — received a visit from her at Windsor Palace when she was seven years old, and he was thoroughly fascinated with what he was pleased to call "her charming manners." N. P. Willis, an American poet, saw her at her thirteenth birthday party, given in her honor by the King and Queen, and he wrote: —

"In one of the intervals, I walked under the King's stand, and saw Her Majesty the Queen, and the young

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Princess Victoria, very distinctly. They were leaning over the railing, listening to a ballad singer, and seeming as much interested and amused as any simple country folk could be. The Queen is undoubtedly the plainest woman in her dominions, but the Princess is much better-looking than any picture of her in the shops, and for the heir to such a crown as that of England quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting."

Her appearance was always modest, without any indication that she felt the importance of her position. She put on no airs, seldom made any reference to Royalty in her conversation, and did not appear to think herself above ordinary children. In this respect, she was so womanly in childhood as to be really a marvel. And this charming adornment of female character "grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength." The parade and splendor of queenhood never concealed the priceless virtue.

She was taught to be kind to everybody,—her playmates, governess, servants, and to dumb animals also. She must treat her donkey tenderly, and love the horses and all domestic animals, to win their confidence. Sympathy for the poor and needy, the sick, suffering, and sorrowing, was enjoined. She was tender-hearted by nature, and these seeds of instruction dropped upon soil already prepared. When she was crowned, an accident occurred which illustrates her kindness of heart. Lord Rolle, the oldest and most infirm peer present, ascended the steps tremblingly to salute her with a kiss. At the top he stumbled and fell, and rolled down the steps in his costly robes; whereupon the Queen arose to help him up, her profound and tender sympathy depicted on every line of her face.

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Miss Martineau, who was present, said that a foreigner inquired of a waggish Englishman what it all meant, and the latter replied that Lord Rolle's tumble was a part of the ceremony, — he must roll because his name was Rolle. The foreigner believed, and returned to his own land to report.

The Duke of Wellington called upon her, for her signature to a court-martial sentence of death. "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this soldier?" the Queen inquired.

"Nothing; he has deserted three times."

"Oh, Your Grace, think again!"

"Well, Your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but somebody did speak of his good character. He may be a good fellow in civil life."

"Oh, thank you!" the Queen exclaimed, as she dashed off the word "*Pardoned*," on what was to her a dreadful document, and wrote her name beneath it.

This was independent, surely, for a young woman! But she was like Abraham Lincoln in her tenderness towards the soldiers. To her it was awful to kill one of them; as Lincoln said, "It could do him no good." Her generous deeds for the British soldiers in the Crimean War, enforced by her prayers and tears for them, remind Americans of the goodness of their martyr President. Even her would-be assassin — John Francis, in 1842 sentenced to death for his attempt upon her life — she saved, by commuting his sentence to transportation for life. She could not bear to have a human life taken on her own account. At the birth of the Prince of Wales she issued a proclamation of pardon to all prisoners who had maintained a given standard of conduct during their incarceration.

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With her tenderness and self-possession was allied great courage. This was the natural outcome of her nature and wise education. John Francis presented a pistol at the window of the Queen's carriage, on the day before the aforesaid attempt to assassinate her, but it missed fire. On the evening of the next day, after she escaped the assassin's bullet, she was speaking of it to a company of excited friends at the palace, among whom were Sir Robert Peel and her maid of honor Lady Bloomfield, and she said to the latter: "I dare say you were surprised at not driving with me to-day, but the fact was, that as we were returning from church yesterday a man presented a pistol at the carriage window. It flashed in the pan, and we were so taken by surprise that he had time to escape. I knew what was hanging over me to-day, and was determined not to expose any life but my own." That was courage indeed — the sort that comes from true self-possession and genuine unselfishness.

Self-help was not forgotten in her school curriculum. She was taught to be self-reliant, and to help herself, — not to be so dependent upon servants as to become incompetent for anything. She once went to a Kensington shop with her mother for a hat. After the selection was made, Victoria waited to have the hat trimmed, and then wore it home, carrying the old one in her hand. "A trifling affair," the reader may say; but there are many wealthy, fashionable parents in all our great cities who would not allow a daughter of theirs to perform an act of so undignified a character; it would be a breach of etiquette, and, with them, self-help is entitled to no consideration where etiquette rules. In this connection it

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should be told that Victoria was expected to care for her own wardrobe as soon as she reached her teens, if not before. Order, neatness, and taste were required of her in the discharge of this duty. She was expected even to make certain repairs of dresses that were necessary. More than that, she was initiated into household duties to some extent, so as to have a general practical knowledge of housekeeping, including the culinary art. She learned how to do plain cooking; and, doubtless, it was this that led her to say that her own sons and daughters should learn more about housekeeping than she did. For, at the proper time, a Swiss cottage, near the palace, was given to them for their own, furnished from cellar to attic with all the appliances for housekeeping. Here, under a proper instructor, the daughters learned how to sweep, dust, arrange, and order tastefully everything about the house; and to clean, wash, and cook as well. Outside was an ample garden, where the sons, under a competent gardener, were taught how to raise vegetables and other things. Here, too, the daughters cultivated flowers, and found delight in studying botany.

Victoria was required to study some things which were not considered exactly proper for young ladies in wealthy English families, for she was going to rule a kingdom. In addition to the usual branches taught in the best schools, she was obliged to study the English Constitution, and Law and Politics to some extent. She gave much more attention to History and Latin than was usual, because she was to be a stateswoman. She was a fine scholar, and improved her time conscientiously, making rapid progress, that pleased her teachers, who were Germans until she was twelve years of age, and English afterwards.

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A good illustration of the care which her mother used to make her preparation for life-work practical, is a visit which she once paid to a cotton-mill, to see and understand the method of making cloth. Good sense was the author of all such measures to fit the royal girl for a useful life.

A tourist, stopping at the village of Brading, relates that he paid a visit to the old churchyard there, to visit the grave of Elizabeth Walbridge, the heroine of Legh Richmond's beautiful story, "The Dairyman's Daughter." There he found a lady of commanding presence and her daughter sitting beside the mound, the latter reading in a clear, full, and musical voice the story of the Christian maiden buried there. He learned from the sexton that the lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the daughter, Princess Victoria. Evidently the mother chose this impressive method of making her daughter feel the power of a truly good life. The incident shows the practical ways adopted, and the infinite pains employed, to make the daughter a model of womanhood.

While Victoria's education was practical and solid, the ornamental branches were not overlooked. She became an excellent artist — could sing and play finely, and draw and paint with a high degree of excellence. She was almost an expert in both vocal and instrumental music. In her early queen-life, the great German artist, Mendelssohn, paid her a visit; and he wrote a letter to his mother from Windsor Palace in which he said, "Add to this the pretty and most charming Queen Victoria, who looks so youthful, and is so gently courteous and gracious, who speaks such good German, *and knows all my music so well.*"

That she was a very thoughtful child a single

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incident will satisfy the most incredulous reader. She was taking lessons in penmanship from the celebrated teacher Seward. Several other girls were in the class. A few years later, after Victoria became Queen, one of them wrote to a friend, "She always mentioned to Mr. Seward in advance the days on which she would not require a lesson, saying, 'I thought you would like to know it.' Sometimes she would say, 'We are going to Windsor to see Uncle King,' or she would name some other important engagement."

That, from a child, a vein of wit and humor lit up her character, such episodes as the following show. When about twelve years old, she was reading the story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi — how she brought out her sons and introduced them to a proud Roman lady covered with jewels, by saying, "These are my jewels." The little Queen remarked, "She should have said *Cornelians*." At one time her music-teacher required so much practice that the little Princess rather objected. Her teacher assured her that excellence could be attained only by hard work, and that she must be patient and persevering, adding, "There is no *royal road* in art." At once she closed the piano and locked it, saying, with a playful twinkle in her eye, "But you see there is a royal way of becoming mistress of the piano." Her teacher could but laugh.

One of the wise things in the way the Duchess trained her daughter for queenhood was the decision to say nothing to her about becoming Queen until she was twelve years old. No doubt the girl understood it, — she must have learned about it from other sources, — but neither mother nor governess

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opened the subject to her until then. This was the way in which it was done. The Regency Bill was enacted, providing that the Duchess of Kent should become Regent in case the King should die before Victoria attained her eighteenth birthday; and now it was thought best for the governess to broach the subject. So she placed a genealogical table in a book the girl was reading; and when Victoria found and examined it, she remarked, "Why, I never saw this before." The governess replied, "It was not thought necessary for you to see it." Examining it still more closely, she added, "I see I am nearer the throne than I supposed." Pausing and reflecting a few moments, she continued, "Many a child would boast, not knowing the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is also much responsibility." "The Princess," says the governess, "having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, now gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin was the foundation of English grammar and all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess again gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.' For a time she 'cried much' over the destiny awaiting her."

We must now pass directly to her queenhood. The King died suddenly one night, and at once the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain left Windsor Palace, and travelled as rapidly as horses could carry them to Kensington Palace, to greet Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. They arrived in the early dawn before any one was awake, and found great dif-

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ficulty in gaining admittance. At length, however, the attendant of the Princess stood before them, and said, "The Princess is in such a sweet sleep that I cannot venture to disturb her." "But the King is dead," answered the Archbishop, "and we are here on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way." Startled by this exciting news, the attendant flew back to Victoria's room, and aroused her out of a deep sleep with the overwhelming tidings. Not willing to keep the State's officials waiting, she sprang from her bed, and, without adjusting her beautiful hair, which was tumbling over her shoulders, she threw a shawl over her nightdress, jumped into a pair of slippers, and hurried into the room. "Your Majesty!" was the first salutation she heard from the Archbishop who represented the Church, and the Lord Chamberlain who represented the State, followed by both of the dignitaries kissing her hand as a pledge of fealty to the Sovereign of an empire "on which the sun never sets."

The young Queen burst into tears, and said, addressing the Archbishop, "I beg Your Grace to pray for me" — a request that was a key to her heart. The Archbishop prayed fervently and most tenderly for the girl on whom the care of the British realm had fallen so suddenly; and her flowing tears testified how sensibly she felt the burden.

The ceremony over, she returned to her room and toilet, and when arrayed in suitable apparel, she sat down and wrote a note of sympathy and condolence to her Aunt Adelaide, now the dead King's widow. She addressed that note "Her Majesty, the Queen." Some one present suggested that her aunt was now only "Queen Dowager." She replied, "I am quite

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aware of that, but I will not be the first person to remind her of it." Another illustration of her unselfish, Christian spirit!

Custom required that she should be proclaimed Queen from a certain window of St. James's Palace. So the next day, attended by a retinue of lords and ladies, and escorted by the Royal Life Guards, she was proclaimed Queen from a window of the Presence Chamber. Lord Melbourne, for whom she cherished the sincerest respect and affection, stood by her side, and presented her to the assembled people as their Sovereign. A flood of emotion appeared to roll over her spirit at the announcement, and unbidden tears came to her relief. Miss Martineau was present, and thus wrote of her: "There stood the young creature, in simplest mourning, her sweet bands of brown hair as plain as her dress. The tears ran down her cheeks, as Lord Melbourne, standing by her side, presented her to the people as their Sovereign. . . . In the upper part of her face she is really pretty, and with an ingenuous, sincere air which seems full of promise."

Sir Robert Peel said: "I was amazed at her manner and behavior; at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared to be awed, but not daunted."

Here the words of Greville are very instructive. Not many days before the death of the King, he wrote: —

"What renders speculation so easy and events so uncertain is the absolute ignorance of everybody of the character, disposition, and capacity of the Princess. She had been kept in such jealous seclusion by her mother (never having slept out of her bedroom,

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nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Schzen), that not one of her acquaintance, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, can have any idea what she is, or what she promises to be."

Directly after her accession he wrote: —

"She appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do. . . . William IV., coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation that he nearly went mad. . . . The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a propriety and decorum beyond her years."

The wise and careful home education which she received at the hand of a model mother was bearing fruit. We saw what pains maternal wisdom and love took to assure modesty, simplicity, self-possession, purity, and a deep sense of personal responsibility. Her labors and solicitude were rewarded.

Queen Victoria took possession first of Buckingham, and afterwards of Windsor Palace, with her mother; and the English people began at once to love their young Queen with all their hearts. Her popularity was phenomenal, and no occasion for a popular demonstration in her favor was allowed to pass unimproved.

In the August following her accession it was her duty to prorogue Parliament, and everybody was

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anxious to know how this modest girl would acquit herself. She was conducted in state to the Parliament House, accompanied by all the titled officials, and heralds with their flourishes of trumpets. She was clad in a superb white satin robe, her shoulder decorated with the ribbon of the Garter, a beautiful tiara of diamonds on her head, and a necklace and stomacher of the costliest brilliants. When she ascended the throne, the royal mantle of crimson velvet was placed on her shoulders by the lords in waiting. All eyes were turned to her as she proceeded to read her speech in a voice so clear and strong as to be heard throughout the great chamber. The effect was surprisingly inspiring. Charles Sumner, an American statesman, was present, and he wrote home: "I was astonished and delighted. Her voice is sweet and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word distinctly, and with a just regard to its meaning. I think I never heard anything better read in my life than her speech, and I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, 'How beautifully she performs!'"

Here, again, appeared the fruit of her early training. Her mother valued highly the old-fashioned exercise of reading, and spared no pains to make her a model reader!

Her coronation did not occur until June 28, 1838 —a month after her nineteenth birthday. It was a grand occasion, of course, attended with unusual pomp and display. The enthusiasm of the whole realm over the young Queen was such that the people would only be satisfied by making her Coronation the occasion of a magnificent spectacle. When some one

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suggested that the "infant Queen" be deposed, and the Duke of Cumberland installed in her place, the Irish patriot O'Connell wrote: "If necessary, I can get five hundred thousand brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honor, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled." Such was her popularity even in Ireland.

The ceremony of the Coronation was very ancient; it had scarcely been modified at all with the lapse of generations. The Queen did not wish to be singular or exacting, but her independence led her to make some changes; only two, however, were embraced in her proclamation. If she had modified the ceremony to suit her own taste, there would have been numerous changes, but she insisted only upon the omission of two parts of the ceremony, and she carried out her wish by proclamation. The first was the rule under which, not only bishops and archbishops, but all the peers, young and old, handsome and homely, six hundred of them all, were privileged, after kneeling before her, as she sat on the throne, as an act of allegiance, to rise and imprint a kiss upon her left cheek. The young Queen abrogated the custom, and confined the privilege to two dignitaries only, and they were of her own kith and kin, and had performed the act many times, — the royal Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.

The other omission was the antiquated custom of having a knight in his shining armor appear as Royal Champion, after the Coronation, and challenge all the enemies of the new Sovereign to mortal combat. Queen Victoria considered this a senseless and useless part of the ceremony, and so abolished it. Perhaps the general impression of people everywhere

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has been, that a young queen has no mind or voice in public affairs, that her Ministry attend to all national business. But these facts contradict that view. Victoria had her own mind and way. And here is another fact of the same sort. Lord Melbourne's Ministry represented the Whig party, to which the Queen herself was attached, and it was in some trouble at the time of her accession, and soon after they resigned. Then the Duke of Wellington, for whom she cherished the most sincere respect, advised her to invite Sir Robert Peel, who was a Conservative, to form a new Ministry. She consented, but told the "Iron Duke" frankly that her own judgment and preference favored Lord Melbourne. Matters were not harmonious with the new Ministry; and finally, for some reason, Peel advised her to dismiss the "Ladies of the Bedchamber," and this she promptly refused to do. He seems to have been as obstinate as she; for he resigned because he could not have his own way; and then she recalled Lord Melbourne, who served as Prime Minister for many years. The Queen's independence was thoroughly endorsed by the best part of English people, because she defeated what they called the "wicked Bedchamber Plot." They rejoiced that their young Queen had a mind of her own.

The Coronation ceremony was gorgeous. Church and State representatives, foreign princes and ambassadors, in their official costumes, dazzled beholders; and the long, brilliant procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey was grand beyond description. The Queen, of course, rode in the magnificent State carriage, drawn by eight cream-colored horses of surpassing beauty, and which, in their

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royal regalia, seemed to have been born and reared for this particular occasion. As the old crown worn by George and William was too large and heavy for her feminine head, it was reconstructed and reduced in size, so as to become her youthful brow. Its value was $563,800, and that, too, before the great Koh-i-noor was added. On entering the Abbey, the Queen was conducted to the altar, where she knelt reverently, and, placing one hand on the great Bible, said, in loud, clear tones, so as to be heard distinctly: "The things which I have herebefore promised I will perform and keep. So help me God!" Then she kissed the book, when the choir sang the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," the Queen kneeling all the while. Then she was seated in St. Edward's chair, and there followed a series of ceremonies, prayers, anointing, singing, and the presentation of various badges and symbols, until she was invested with the imperial robe, given the coronation ring and sceptre, and finally crowned. At the moment the Archbishop placed the crown upon her head, all the peers and peeresses shouted, "God save the Queen!" whereupon all the peeresses donned their glittering coronets in concert, the trumpets pealed forth their joy, drums beat, and the guns of the Tower and Park thundered their approval, creating a scene of festive delight such as fiction never attempted to portray.

An anthem, benediction, and several pompous forms followed, when, with her sceptre in hand and sparkling crown on her head, the Queen was conducted to the Chair of Homage, to await the next long and tedious forms of kneeling and kissing. The two Dukes only kissed her upon the left cheek; all

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other officials kissed her hand. More anthems, trumpets pealing, drums beating, shoutings, and then the Sacrament was administered, the Queen removing her crown and kneeling to receive the elements, after which she was re-enthroned and recrowned. More anthems and the final benediction followed, five hours having been consumed by the service of Coronation. The Queen passed into King Edward's Chapel, and exchanged the imperial for the royal robe of purple velvet, still wearing her crown, and bearing her sceptre in her right hand and the orb in her left. Thus arrayed, she passed out, stepped into her carriage, and was driven to her palace through a dense crowd of cheering, delighted subjects extending the whole distance. She was now a Sovereign, with an annual income of $1,925,000.

Now her confiding subjects wanted her to have a royal husband. Already Leopold was trying to make a match with a young German Prince, who was her own cousin, three months younger than herself; but the plan did not meet with her approval. Prince Albert wrote to her, after her coronation, conveying his sincere congratulations; a very sensible letter, as the reader may know from the following brief extract: "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you, and strengthen you with its strength in the high but difficult task." The Queen fully appreciated the mental and moral character of the Prince of eighteen who could write so fine a letter, but she had no thought of becoming his wife. More than two years elapsed, in which time he developed into the "handsomest Prince in Europe," — a noble, aspiring, Christian young man,

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— when he and his brother paid her a cousinly visit. The Queen was surprised by the change in Albert; she did not wonder that her Uncle Leopold called him "Prince Charming." Besides, he was the best-educated Prince in Europe. That her heart was completely won by the young man from Coburg is evident from a letter she wrote to Baron Stockmar, a close mutual friend of the two families: "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. I feel certain he will make me happy. I wish I could feel as certain of making him happy, but I will do my best." Honest, frank, confiding, artless, true, just as her mother taught her to be! And now she finds good use for that self-possession in which she was trained; for, according to English law, she must announce in her Court and Parliament that she has fallen in love with the good German Prince and is going to marry him. What courage and self-possession it must require! The Queen of England did it splendidly — no tremor in her voice — no trembling of her nerves — she did it as if it were a privilege, instead of a legal duty. The credit belongs to her mother!

Prince Albert and the Queen were married February 10, 1840, — six months before the Prince was of age, and three months before the Queen was twenty-one! A happier marriage never took place in Great Britain. The people of the realm came to honor and love the Prince-Consort as they did their Queen. And when he died, December 14, 1861, after nearly twenty-two years of wedded life, the whole land went into mourning for "Albert the Good." The Queen's mother — Duchess of Kent — died the same year — a sorrow to the Queen only

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less bitter than that inflicted by the death of her husband. All of her nine children were living at that time.

That Queen Victoria has reigned with exceptional success all these years is the tribute, not only of her own subjects, but of all nations. Ruling over a larger kingdom than any other European sovereign, with the most difficult political problems to solve at times, and terrible wars laying waste parts of her measureless domain again and again, and domestic sorrows and public difficulties multiplied from decade to decade, she has preserved the honor and dignity of her high office before the world, and endeared herself, through these almost threescore years, to her own people and to all mankind.

And now, in her serene old age, she sits in the evening shadows of life, enjoying the love and homage of grateful subjects, and waiting — waiting till the summons shall reunite her to the dear consort and children who have passed on, and the earthly shall be exchanged for the heavenly crown.

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MARY SOMERVILLE — ASTRONOMER.

A WOMAN can scarcely be placed in circumstances more unfavorable to intellectual pursuits than when she enters into wedlock and assumes the care of a home and the rearing of children. Her time appears to be wholly absorbed. Add to this the opposition of husband and other relatives to literary studies by a wife and mother, and the embarrassments are largely multiplied. Still further, let her environment be at a time when and a place where public opinion discountenances female education, and decrees that feminine endeavors shall be limited to the home, and the outlook to a woman of literary tastes is discouraging indeed. When both friends and the public declare that she shall make nothing happen except for her home, her prospects for intellectual triumphs are very slim. And yet these were exactly the circumstances in which Mary Somerville found herself at thirty years of age.

She was born at Burntisland, Scotland, December 26, 1780. Her parents belonged to families of distinction, her mother being the daughter of Samuel Charters, Solicitor for the Customs of Scotland, and his wife a relative of the Earl of Minto. Her father was "Admiral Sir William Fairfax, a gallant gentleman who distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Camperdown." This ancestry meant a good deal in that day, in Scotland.

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Mary's father was not an educated man. He was sent to sea as midshipman when he was ten years old, and followed a seafaring life to the end. Yet he was a man of decided native talents, to whom the world was a school, never interrupted by vacations or miserable teachers. In her autobiography Mrs. Somerville tells the following story about her father, which is quite a well-fitting key to his character: —

"One night, when his little vessel had taken refuge with many others from an intensely violent gale and drifting snow in Yarmouth Roads, they saw lights disappear, as vessel after vessel foundered. My father, after having done all that was possible for the safety of the ship, went to bed. His cabin door did not shut closely, from the rolling of the ship, and the man who was sentry that night told my mother years afterwards, that when he saw my father on his knees praying, he thought it would soon be all over with them; then, seeing him go to bed and fall to sleep, he felt no more fear. In the morning the coast was strewed with wrecks. There were no life-boats in those days; now the lives of hundreds are annually saved by the noble self-devotion of British sailors."

Mary's mother was quite a talented woman, and possessed the highest maternal qualities. She loved children, and understood them because she studied them. Her patience was phenomenal, and she cheerfully sacrificed herself for her children. Her father, being absent in the navy most of the time, the whole planning and serving for the family depended upon her mother. She was very unlike her own mother, Mary's grandmother, who was wont to boast of her lineage. Mary said of her, "My grandmother was exceedingly proud and stately. She made her children stand in

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her presence." And then she adds, "My mother, on the contrary, was indulgent and kind, so that her children were perfectly at ease with her. She seldom read anything but the Bible, sermons, and the newspaper. She was very sincere and devout in her religion, and was remarkable for good sense and great strength of expression in writing and conversation. Though by no means pretty, she was exceedingly distinguished and lady-like both in appearance and manners."

The home of her childhood was on the coast of Fife, directly opposite to Edinburgh. The manners and customs of the people were very primitive, and yet, one of the first and most important lessons that Mary received was that of kindness. Her mother was very kind and attentive to the sick and afflicted, and so were the people generally. There was a cripple in the neighborhood, and he was as poor as he was infirm, so that he depended upon charity for support. His relations would put him into a wheelbarrow, and convey him to the nearest neighbor, and leave him there. This neighbor would supply him with food, and perhaps, sometimes, with articles of apparel, and then wheel him to the next neighbor. And so on he was taken from house to house, and thus obtained a livelihood. Such was the custom among the people, and it was an impressive and profitable object lesson to the young. Mary's heart was early touched by the privations and trials of the unfortunate.

Of course Mary received a religious education from so good a mother. She was early taught to read the Bible daily, and to pray morning and evening, with as much regularity and fidelity as she would

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eat her meals. As early as possible she learned the catechism of the Church of Scotland, and attended the public examinations in the church. "These meetings, which began with prayer, were attended by all the children of the town, with their mothers, and a great many old women, who came to be edified. They were an acute race, and could quote chapter and verse of Scripture as accurately as the minister himself. I remember he said to one of them, 'What lightened the world before the sun was made?' After thinking for a minute, she said, 'Deed, sir, the question is more curious than edifying.'"

In addition, the minister made an annual visit to each family in his parish, and it was strictly a religious visit. Parents, children, and servants all assembled in the best room, and there knelt together with their pastor, who offered prayer. Then he examined both children and servants, just enough to satisfy him that they knew the Catechism. In this way he went through his parish once a year. To Mary, and probably to most of the children, these methods were impressive as well as instructive.

Free public schools were not known to the people. Nor did they care much about schools for girls. Boys must be instructed, because in manhood they would have in charge the industries of life, and fill the learned professions. But girls did not need an education, for they would be "only wives and mothers." If they could read and write, that was quite sufficient for girls who would have husbands to do their thinking, trading, figuring, and buying and selling. Evidently Mary's mother entertained such ideas, for at eight or nine years of age she could not write, although she could read passably, and read the Script-

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ures daily. She had read, also, the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Pilgrim's Progress," over and over, completely fascinated by these tales. But further than that she was mentally uncultivated. Her mother had required her to assist about the house and in the garden. She looked after the cow, fed the hens and chickens, gathered fruit for preserving, picked and shelled peas and beans, washed dishes, and swept the rooms. Her brother, who was several years her senior, was sent away to school, because public sentiment demanded the education of boys, and so Mary had this work to do. Nor was it a mistake. She learned much that was available in womanhood, but should have received more mental training.

When Mary was about nine years of age, her father came home from sea after an absence of several years. He was greatly disappointed to find that Mary could not write. He thought she was backward in reading also, and that, for a girl, she was rough and rude. He found that she was quick to learn, and, in the garden, would learn the names and characteristics of flowers readily. Her father was quite a florist, and had brought home many valuable bulbs and plants from Holland, and Mary learned all about them in a very short time. He could not see why she should not learn to write and cipher as readily as to understand the flowers. He did not believe in educating girls as thoroughly as boys, but they should know more than Mary did at her age.

He was so much exercised upon the subject that he went to Musselburgh, where there was a boarding-school, and made arrangements for Mary to enter it. She was about ten when she became a member of the school, and was wretched enough under its restraints.

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Her schoolmates belonged to titled families, and were born on famous estates, where costly establishments were supported. For this reason they wondered from what condition the new-comer arose. She was the youngest of all, most of the pupils ranging from twelve to sixteen. They swarmed about her, and asked what was her father's title, and the name of the family estate, and whether her father kept a carriage or not. These inquiries did not lessen the trials of Mary at all. And when the principal "enclosed her in stiff stays with a steel busk in front," she thought she would die. Above her frock, bands were arranged to draw back the shoulders "till the shoulder-blades met." To cap the climax, "a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin was clasped to the steel busk in the stays." In this condition the robust, hitherto unrestrained Mary was obliged to sit and study. And everything about the school was after this manner.

Mary remained in this school one year, when she returned home, "like a wild animal escaped out of a cage," she said. She had learned little or nothing. She pretended to write, but ingenuity alone could make out her words. Her spelling was no better than when she went to Musselburgh. She wrote a letter to her brother in Edinburgh, and enclosed what she called a bank *knot* (note) "to buy something for her." On the whole, her parents considered the expensive year at the boarding-school a complete waste of money.

But she was at home now, — eleven years old, more inclined to range the fields than ever, and less inclined to read or work. However, her mother compelled her to do more or less work about the home,

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and she was required "to work the alphabet from A to Z, as well as the ten numbers, on canvas." This occupied much of her time, so that she had less to give to idleness. She could read as much of the time as she wished, without any rebuke from her mother, but Aunt Janet, who lived with them, was concerned about the effect of reading on a girl. "I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading; she never sews more than if she were a man," she would say to Mary's mother.

Mary was reading more at that time, because she had discovered a copy of Shakespeare among her father's books, in which she became deeply interested; also a copy of "Letters to Young Women," equally attractive to her. These two books appear to have changed the current of her life. Evidently here was the turning-point of her career. Perhaps they were the last books her parents would have selected for her, showing how little they understood their daughter. They concluded that she had no desire for knowledge, and never learned their mistake until the reading of Shakespeare and "Letters to Young Women" inspired her soul. From that time she aspired to be a learner, and she pressed forward toward a high mark.

A love for mathematics and astronomy was developed now in the miss of twelve, and the village school-master was employed to teach her in the evenings. With this teacher, and two globes of her father's, she speedily became a good scholar, with industry and perseverance enough to surprise her parents. From utter dislike of study she became an enthusiastic searcher after knowledge, just because her being had been touched at its vital point.

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In the winter of 1793 Mary's mother took rooms in Edinburgh, that her daughter might receive the most thorough drilling in penmanship. She was thirteen years old, and very anxious to perfect herself in the graceful art, in which her progress that winter was all that her mother could desire. While in Edinburgh her uncle, William Henry Charters, presented her with a piano, to her great delight. Immediately she began to take lessons of an old music teacher in the city, proving within a few weeks that she possessed decided musical ability. Now her hands were full of profitable work, — penmanship, music, reading, and frequent hours by herself in the study of mathematics and astronomy. About this time she began to inquire within herself why it was that people objected to the education of girls. She could not see why God should give a thirst for knowledge to girls, unless He meant that it should be gratified. That her brother should be college educated, and she limited to primary studies, was to her unjust. She did not believe that God had anything to do with such an arrangement. It was man-like and not God-like. At any rate, she was resolved to get all the education possible, and work for it with all her might. That resolve lasted through her long life.

Returning to Burntisland in the spring, she practised from four to five hours daily on the piano, taught herself Latin sufficiently to read Cæsar's "Commentaries," and did much in reading, and in studying mathematics. And yet, while making so commendable progress, not a friend altogether approved of her plans for higher knowledge. It was not until she paid her aunt at Jedburgh a visit the next summer that she found a hearty sympathizer

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with her new aspirations. There she met her uncle, Dr. Somerville, who encouraged her to the utmost in gratifying her thirst for knowledge. His approval was both solace and inspiration to her heart. Read what she said about it: —

"During long walks with him in the early mornings, he was so kind, that I had the courage to tell him that I had been trying to learn Latin, but I feared it was in vain, for my brother and other boys, superior to me in talents, and with every assistance, spent years in learning it. He assured me, on the contrary, that in ancient time many women — some of them of the highest rank in England — had been very elegant scholars, and that he would read Vergil with me if I would come to his study for an hour or two every morning before breakfast; which I gladly did."

Here was another uplifting she received; and thousands of youths, just ready to step over the line into a higher life, fail to take the decisive step for the want of the inspiring word. Happy is the girl or boy to whom a kind Providence sends the helpful messenger in the nick of time!

Mary devoted herself to study with unwearied efforts until she was married, at about twenty-five years of age. She boarded with her uncle, William Charters of Edinburgh, for some time, when she was fifteen or sixteen, where she attended a school in which penmanship and arithmetic were specialties. She desired to perfect herself in these branches, and pass on to higher ones, although she was giving considerable attention then to some of the higher studies, as she found time. The manner in which she was introduced to algebra is very interesting, as related

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by herself. She had Robertson's "Navigation," and desired to master it, but she could not understand the signs and letters, and no one of her friends had any knowledge of science or natural history, so they could not help. But she persevered in studying it for some time and learned many things that aided her in her future success. If friends had understood the work so as to help her, she declared, in womanhood, that she should not have dared to ask their assistance, because they would have laughed at her. For a girl to study Robertson's "Navigation" at that time subjected her to derision.

But she found what she thought was a mathematical problem in a magazine which a Miss Ogilvie gave her. "On turning the page," she says, "I was surprised to see strange-looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly *x*'s and *y*'s, and asked, 'What is that?' 'Oh,' answered Miss Ogilvie, 'it is a kind of arithmetic; they call it algebra, but I can tell you nothing about it.' On going home I examined our books to see if any of them would tell me what algebra was." It was a fruitless search, however; she could find nothing, and she did not dare to ask any one for fear of being laughed at. Still, she had faith to believe that she should yet find what she wanted.

One Nasmyth was a fine landscape painter, and opened an academy for ladies in Edinburgh, and Mary attended. One day Nasmyth, who was quite a scholar as well as artist, said to his pupils, as he was lecturing about perspective, "You should study Euclid's 'Elements of Geometry,' the foundation, not only of perspective, but of astronomy and all mechanical science." This remark was a revelation to Mary. She says, "Here, in the most unexpected manner, I

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got the information I wanted, for I at once saw that it would help me to understand some parts of Robertson's 'Navigation;' but as to going to a bookseller, and asking for Euclid, the thing was impossible. Besides, I did not know anything definite about algebra, so no more could be done at that time; *but I never lost sight of an object which had interested me from the first.*" Mark this closing sentence; consider this element of her success.

Within a short time a Mr. Craw came into the family as tutor to her young brother, Henry. One day she ventured to inquire of him about algebra and geometry, and asked him to purchase for her, the first time he went to Edinburgh, elementary works on these subjects; and he soon brought her Euclid and Bonnycastle's "Algebra." A glad day for her! How she revelled in Euclid! With housework, five hours' practice daily on the piano, and other studies, she had no time for Euclid except at night when the family were in bed, and she was there too. But she kept her light burning far into the night, week after week, until the servants said to her mother, "No wonder the stock of candles is nearly exhausted, for Miss Mary sits up reading till a late hour." At once the maternal edict went forth, "Take away her candle as soon as she is in bed." Candles were worth more to her mother than Euclid. But Mary had thoroughly mastered the first six books of Euclid, so that she could memorize them without a candle, and so "I began with the first book," she says, "and demonstrated in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could go through the whole." She was in earnest now; and there is scarcely a limit to what a soul in earnest will do.

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She mastered both Euclid and algebra. Just before that she had attacked Greek, being her own instructor, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to read Xenophon and part of Herodotus, which was somewhat remarkable for a girl who, five years previous, was thought to be proof against study. Her industry was prodigious; in no other way could she perform her daily tasks. At home, she was expected to bear her share of housekeeping, including cooking, as her mother regarded this the most important part of a girl's education. At one time, she was sent daily to a pastry cook to perfect herself in the art of cookery.

We alluded to her lessons in painting. She made such progress in this art that her teacher said, some years afterwards, "The cleverest young lady I ever taught was Miss Mary Fairfax." Dr. Blair, Professor of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres* in the University of Edinburgh, heard of her skill in painting, and he sought an opportunity to examine her specimens. Then he wrote to her a letter, from which we extract the following: "I am persuaded that your taste and powers of execution in that art are uncommonly great, and that if you go on you must excel highly, and may go to what length you please." She was equally skilful in music, exceeding the highest hopes of her parents by her proficiency, — all the consequence of always doing things well. She could not be satisfied with superficial work.

In the midst of her multiplied and exhaustive studies her father came home from sea, and was highly pleased with the refined appearance of his daughter. But when he had been at home long enough to learn of her great industry, amounting to

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what he thought was infatuation, he said to his wife, "We must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait jacket one of these days. There was A., who went raving mad about the longitude!" But Mary continued to work heroically, as the reader may know from what she wrote to a friend after the foregoing warning: "So I painted, played the usual number of hours on the piano, worked and conversed with my mother in the evening; and as we kept early hours, I rose at daybreak, and after dressing, I wrapped myself in a blanket from my bed on account of the excessive cold, having no fire at that hour, and read algebra or the classics till breakfast time." Her perseverance knew no bounds.

At the time of her marriage Mary Fairfax was one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies in Scotland. Her daughter says, in her "Recollections" of her mother: "All those who knew her speak of her rare and delicate beauty, both of face and figure. They called her the 'Rose of Jedwood.' She kept her beauty to the last day of her life, and was a beautiful old woman, as she had been a lovely young one. She always looked considerably younger than her age; even at ninety, she looked younger than some who were her juniors by several years. This was owing, no doubt, principally to her being small and delicate in face and figure, but also, I think, to the extreme usefulness and freshness of both her heart and mind, neither of which ever grew old."

She married a cousin, Samuel Greig, Commissioner of the Russian Navy, and Russian Consul for Britain, a gentleman of high standing of course, and of good character. He knew little about the studies in which his wife was so deeply interested, but he

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had no objection to her studious habits. He took her to London to reside, where she had an excellent opportunity to pursue her scientific investigations. She mingled with the best people of that great metropolis, whose literary and scholarly careers inspired her, if possible, with more determination to excel than ever. She took lessons in French, and learned to speak the language, continued Latin and Greek, mathematics and astronomy, and pursued a course of reading in both prose and poetry that was of marked value to her years afterwards.

At the end of three years, Mrs. Greig was left a widow, with two little boys; and she returned to her mother's home in Burntisland (her father had died). The youngest of her children died soon after her husband's decease, inflicting such a weight of sorrow that her health was impaired thereby. For some time her greatest care was for her health; and, as soon as it was restored, she resumed her studies, taking up conic sections, Fergusson's "Astronomy," and "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," also Newton's "Principia."

At this time Mrs. Greig's reputation as a scholar was quite widespread, and she was moving in the highest literary circles. A prize was offered for the solution of a "diophantine problem," and she won it, and was awarded a silver medal. Professor Wallace of the University of Edinburgh was a helpful friend, and when she expressed the desire to pursue a thorough course of mathematical and astronomical science he supplied her with a list of the requisite books, as follows: Francœur's "Mathematics" and his "Elements of Mechanics," La Croix's "Algebra" and his "Differential and Integral Calculus," to-

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gether with his work on "Finite Differences and Series," Biot's "Analytical Geometry and Astronomy," Poisson's "Treatise on Mechanics," La Grange's "Theory of Analytical Functions," Euler's "Algebra," Euler's "Isoperimetrical Problems" (in Latin), Clairault's "Figure of the Earth," Monge's "Application of Analysis to Geometry," Callet's "Logarithms," La Place's "Mécanique Céleste," and his "Analytical Theory of Probabilities," together with fifteen or twenty other text-books of equal importance, showing the grand scale upon which she had based her self-education. And she purchased this mathematical and astronomical library at once, congratulating herself upon securing such a treasure. Looking back to the time when she first met with the mysterious word "algebra," she said, "*It taught me never to despair.*" From this time her progress to widespread distinction was marvellous. "Never to despair" caused her to make a multitude of things happen.

She was now thirty-two years of age, and had just married her cousin, William Somerville, son of Dr. Somerville, who was the only one of all her friends to encourage her to strive for higher education, as we saw on a former page. He was a man of literary tastes, and fully sympathized with her in all her studies; and he often pursued certain studies with her, as mineralogy, botany, and Latin. Among the noted men of science and learning whose acquaintance she enjoyed at this time and later on were Professor Playfair, Sir William Herschel, Rev. Sydney Smith, Thomas Moore, Macaulay, Campbell the poet, Lord Melbourne, Sir James Mackintosh, Miss Opie, Maria Edgeworth, La Place, Lord Brougham, Canova and Thorwaldsen, Sir Roderick Murchison, Walter

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Scott, Sir David Brewster, Count Rumford, Cuvier, Marcet, and many others. Her talents and scientific investigations were recognized by all of them. La Place said, "Mrs. Somerville is the only lady who understands my works." Miss Edgeworth wrote of her, "She draws beautifully, and while her head is among the stars, her feet are firm upon the earth."

Mr. Somerville, second husband of Mary, the subject of this sketch, "was an excellent classical scholar. He had a lively interest in all branches of natural history, was a good botanist and mineralogist, and his style in writing was singularly true and correct, and he was very fastidious on this topic — a severe critic, whether in correcting the children's lessons or in reading over the last proof-sheets of his wife's works previous to their publication." He was at the head of the Army Medical Department in Scotland, and their home was in Edinburgh. His secretary was Donald Finlayson, "a young man of great learning and merit," who became tutor to Mrs. Somerville's son by her first husband. Mrs. Somerville also perfected herself in the Greek language, under his instruction, by "reading Homer one hour every morning before breakfast."

There was considerable excitement over Count Rumford's "steam kitchen by which food could be cooked at very small expense of fuel." It had been adopted by Naldi, the opera singer, who invited many scientific people to see it in operation, among them Mrs. Somerville. While he was explaining the apparatus to them, it exploded and killed him instantly. The principle on which the apparatus was built interested Mrs. Somerville fully as much as it did others. She enjoyed seeing how man could utilize the forces of nature in doing practical work.

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In all her scientific researches there was no line of progress that interested her more than this.

She had the pecuniary means now to extend the field of her knowledge and investigations, and she travelled much in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and other countries, principally visiting the seats of learning and conferring with distinguished scientists. She was received everywhere with demonstrations of respect and honor, for her fame had preceded her. She possessed a marvellous ability of appropriating knowledge, wherever she found it, to her own use. This may have arisen, in part at least, from her power of application. She was able to concentrate her thoughts upon a subject so absorbingly as to become oblivious to all that was going on about her. Her daughter says of her at this point: "When occupied by some difficult problem, or even a train of thought which deeply interested her, she lost all consciousness of what went on around her, and became so entirely absorbed that any amount of talking, or even practising scales and *solfeggio*, went on without in the least disturbing her." This was one strong element of her success — a power that can control the faculties, and hold them to their work.

Her religious sentiments at this time are expressed in a letter to her father, after the death of her eldest daughter — a child of unusual precocity and promise.

"My Dear Father, — I never was so long of writing to you, but when the heart is breaking it is impossible to find words adequate to its relief. We are in deep affliction, for though the first violence of grief has subsided, there has succeeded a calm sorrow not less painful, a feeling of hopelessness in this world which

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only finds comfort in the prospect of another, which longs for the consummation of all things, that we may join those who have gone before. To return to the duties of life is irksome, even to those duties which were a delight when the candle of the Lord shone upon us. I do not arraign the decrees of Providence, but even in the bitterness of my soul I acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of God, and am resigned to His will. It is ungrateful not to remember the many happy years we have enjoyed, but that very remembrance renders our present state more desolate and dreary, presenting a sad contrast. The great source of consolation is in the mercy of God and the virtues of those we lament; the full assurance that no good disposition can be lost, but must be brought to perfection in a better world. Our business is to render ourselves fit for that blessed inheritance that we may again be united to those we mourn."

The religious instruction of her childhood was bearing fruit in the meridian of her womanhood. Such counsels are seldom lost. They may lie dormant, through the conventionalities and demands of domestic and social life, but the years draw nigh when the more serious experiences of maturity bring them to the front. The early discipline of Mary Somerville was no exception to this rule. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Mrs. Somerville's pen was now busily employed for the press, and in the preparation of literary and scientific works. No one was more prominent among scientists than she, when great questions were discussed. The return of Halley's comet, in 1835, was

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a memorable astronomical event. Mrs. Somerville was urged by astronomers to prepare an article on the subject for *The Quarterly Review*, which she did. Like all of her productions, it was an exhaustive and critical paper, which received the praise of scientific men.

A few years later, Lord Brougham selected her from many scientists to discuss a subject that was attracting the attention of the scientific world at that time. The following extract from his letter to Dr. Somerville, her father-in-law, will show his exalted opinion of Mrs. Somerville's abilities: —

"There will be sent to you a prospectus, rules, and a preliminary treatise of our Society for Diffusing Knowledge, and I assure you I speak without any flattery when I say that of the two subjects which I find it most difficult to see the chance of executing, there is one which, unless Mrs. Somerville will undertake it, none else can, and it must be left undone, though about the most interesting of the whole. I mean an account of the 'Mécanique Céleste;' the other is an account of the 'Principia,' which I have some hopes of at Cambridge. The kind of thing wanted is such a description of that divine work as will both explain to the unlearned the sort of thing it is — the plan, the vast merit, the wonderful truths unfolded or methodized — and the calculus by which all this is accomplished, and will also give a somewhat deeper insight to the uninitiated. Two treatises would do this. No one without trying it can conceive how far we may carry ignorant readers into an understanding of the depth of science, and our treatises have about 100 to 800 pages of space each, so that one might give the more popular view, and another the analytical ab-

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stracts and illustrations. In England there are now not twenty people who know this great work, except by name; and not a hundred who know it even by name. My firm belief is that Mrs. Somerville could add two ciphers to each of those figures. Will you be my counsel in this suit? Of course our names are concealed, and no one of our council but myself needs to know it. — Yours ever most truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

Mrs. Somerville was surprised beyond measure when the contents of this letter were made known to her, and she said, "Lord Brougham is mistaken with regard to my acquirements. My self-acquired knowledge is so far inferior to that of the men who have been educated in our universities that it would be the height of folly for me to attempt to write on such a subject, or indeed on any other." Real merit is modest, and Mrs. Somerville's answer, in the circumstances, was proof of her fitness for the work.

Within a few days, Lord Brougham came in person to persuade her to undertake the task. Her reply to him is worthy, not only of the great woman but of the greatest *man* who ever lived. Her answer was: —

"Lord Brougham, you must be aware that the work in question never can be popularized, since the student must at least know something of the differential and integral calculi, and as a preliminary step I should have to prove various problems in physical mechanics and astronomy. Besides, La Place never gives diagrams or figures, because they are not necessary to persons versed in the calculus, but they would be indispensable in a work such as you wish me to

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write. I am afraid I am incapable of such a task; but as you both wish it so much, I shall do my very best, upon condition of secrecy, and that if I fail the manuscript shall be put into the fire."

Lord Brougham was more convinced than ever that she was the one above all others he knew to undertake the work, and he left her perfectly satisfied with the results of his visit.

Mrs. Somerville proceeded to her task at once, arranging for such assistance in the management of her family and children as would enable her to command most of her time for the preparation of the treatise. She was engaged many months in preparing it, and when it was completed she sent the manuscript to Lord Brougham, bearing the title, "Mechanism of the Heavens," with this reminder, that the place for the manuscript, if not satisfactory, was in the "fire." To her exceeding joy, Lord Brougham was delighted with the manuscript. The book far exceeded his expectations, and it drew forth his unstinted praise.

When it was published, the commendations of the press and men of science were flattering in the highest degree. Letters of congratulation and eulogy came to her from the great men and women of the times. Sir John Herschel wrote:—

"I have read your 'Mechanism of the Heavens' with the greatest pleasure, and will not hesitate to add (because I am sure you will believe it sincere), with the highest admiration. Go on thus, and you will leave a memorial of no common mind to posterity; and, what you will value far more than fame, you will have accomplished a most useful work."

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Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, wrote: —

"I look upon this book as one of the most remarkable which our age has produced. . . . When Mrs. Somerville shows herself in the field in which we mathematicians have been laboring all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other ground, and betake ourselves to poetry." And then he adds a poetical eulogy of his own composition.

Professor Peacock wrote: "I consider it to be a work of the greatest value and importance. Dr. Whewell and myself have already taken steps to introduce it into the course of our studies at Cambridge."

Pages of such extracts might be cited, but it is not necessary. Mrs. Somerville was the most surprised person of all. She said: "I was surprised and pleased beyond measure to find that my book should be so much approved of by Dr. Whewell, one of the most eminent men of the age for science and literature; and by Professor Peacock, a profound mathematician, who, with Herschel and Babbage, had, a few years before, first introduced the calculus as an essential branch of science into the University of Cambridge."

The Royal Astronomical Society elected her an honorary member, and ordered that a copy of the *Greenwich Observations* be sent to her regularly. The Royal Society of London voted unanimously that her bust should be placed in their great hall, and Chantrey was chosen the sculptor. She was elected honorary member of the Royal Academy of Dublin, also, and of the Briston Philosophical Institution, and of the Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle of Geneva. On the top of these honors came a letter from Sir Robert Peel informing her

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that he had advised the king to grant her a pension of a thousand dollars.

An incident that illustrates the permanency of early training occurred when she was nearly seventy years of age. She was a guest at a dinner-party where wild game was prominent in the *menu*, among it the *robin*. When the latter was passed to her, she declined it, saying, "I should as soon think of eating a child." In her girlhood she was very fond of pets, especially birds. These abounded on her father's estate, and the robin was her favorite. Nearly all kinds of birds seemed to be on peaceful terms with her, and would collect about her when she put in her appearance. This was in consequence of her feeding them in winter-time when food was scarce. She tamed several robins, and they became as much at home about the house and grounds as any member of the family. They were very dear to Mary, — almost like blood relations, — dear as little children. In womanhood she cherished the same feeling toward the robin, wherever she saw it, — a kind of motherly affection; so that when she was offered robin, served in an elaborate *menu*, she said, "I would as soon think of eating a child." It was as honest and natural a remark as she ever made.

In age, Mrs. Somerville numbered many distinguished Americans among her friends. Her fame reached this country before she attained middle life, and it increased from year to year. Her books had a good sale here. Literary and scientific men and women valued them highly. When they visited the mother-country, Mrs. Somerville was one of the distinguished scholars they wished to see. Such men as Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Admiral

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Wilkes, Longfellow, Professor Silliman, Dr. Tuckerman, Bancroft, and many others, made her acquaintance. She was elected honorary member of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York and of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia for Promoting Useful Knowledge. Perhaps there was no other woman in Great Britain ranked so high in America, as a scientist, as Mrs. Somerville the last twenty years of her life.

Her "Physical Sciences" was a work of great ability, and was accepted everywhere as authority. The second edition was dedicated to Sir John Herschel. It passed through nine editions, and was translated into German, Italian, and other languages. It went through several editions in the United States, where it added much to her reputation. Her "Connection of the Physical Sciences" was dedicated to Queen Adelaide, and it was one of her most elaborate and valued works.

She spent much time, during the last twenty years of her life, in Paris and Florence, where she continued her studies, and her daughters enjoyed exceptional opportunities to acquire modern languages. She was residing in Paris when her mother died at the age of ninety. Her own health was much impaired at the time, although she wrote on her "Connection of the Physical Sciences" in bed. Her invincible resolution enabled her to study when others would have given up in despair. We have seen that the time came when she learned "never to despair."

When Mrs. Somerville was eighty years of age her husband died very suddenly, being sick only three days. This was severing a union which had been fruitful of unbroken and well-nigh unalloyed happi-

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ness. They were residing in Florence at the time, and the unexpected bereavement nearly overwhelmed her. But she rallied through the power of Christian faith, and, soon after, began to prepare her "Molecular and Microscopic Science," which was published in London. It was an unusual undertaking for a woman of her age; but her intellectual faculties were as vigorous as ever, and her work showed no abatement of mental power. She was able to pursue her reading and studies to the day of her death. She wrote: —

"I have lately entered my eighty-ninth year, grateful to God for the innumerable blessings He has bestowed on me and my children, at peace with all on earth, and I trust that I may be at peace with my Maker when my last hour comes, which cannot now be far distant. The short time I have to live naturally occupies my thoughts. In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved children, and those who were and are dear to me on earth, I think of death with composure and perfect confidence in the mercy of God."

She lived nearly three years longer, with unclouded intellect, and died within a month of her ninety-second birthday. She died at Florence, November 29, 1872, and was buried in the English *Campo Santo* of Naples. A short time before her decease she wrote: —

"I am still able to drive out for several hours. I am extremely deaf, and my memory of ordinary events, and especially of the names of people, is failing, but not for mathematical and scientific subjects. I am still able to read books on the higher algebra for four or five hours in the morning, and even to solve the problems. Sometimes I find them difficult, but my old obstinacy remains, for if I do not succeed

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to-day, I attack them again on the morrow. I also enjoy reading about all the new discoveries and theories in the scientific world, and on all branches of science."

Her ruling passion seems to have asserted itself almost in the presence of death; for she wrote the following vigorous paragraph when death was only a few days distant: —

"I regret that I shall not live to know the result of the expedition to determine the currents of the ocean, the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transits of Venus, and the source of the most renowned rivers, the discovery of which will immortalize the name of Dr. Livingstone. But I regret most of all that I shall not see the suppression of the most atrocious system of slavery that ever disgraced humanity — that made known to the world by Dr. Livingstone and by Mr. Stanley, and which Sir Bartle Frere has gone to suppress by order of the British Government."

Self-improvement can find no higher illustration than that which the life of Mrs. Somerville furnishes. She made herself; and the world knows that she was well made. How it was done is plain as day to the reader who has followed this narrative. Women of her type always win; no others can expect success.

We close with the following tribute by her daughter: "Often she told how grateful she was to the Almighty Father who had allowed her to retain her faculties to so great an age. God was indeed loving and merciful to her; not only did He spare her this calamity, but also the weary trial of long-continued illness. In health of body and vigor of mind, having lived far beyond the span of human life, He called

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her to Himself. For her, death lost all its terrors. Her pure spirit passed away so gently that those around her scarcely perceived when she left them. It was the beautiful and painless close of a noble and happy life."

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LUCY STONE BLACKWELL — WOMAN'S CHAMPION.

THERE was an episode in the life of Elizabeth Fry like this. She was engaged in her reformatory work in Newgate Prison, and her fame had spread to other countries. Visitors from foreign climes frequently called upon her, and among them came the Prince and Princess of Denmark. The prince, being desirous of seeing her management of the prison, appointed a time to meet her there. Mrs. Fry informed the prisoners that they would be visited by a king at a certain time, but she assured them that he was less deserving than the King of kings, whom they ought to love and serve. The king appeared at the appointed time, and Mrs. Fry proceeded to the service of the hour. She read the twelfth chapter of Romans, also a psalm, and then she addressed her audience amidst profound silence and attention, chiefly upon the equality of all men in the sight of God. She said that, by vice and crime, men and women might degrade themselves beyond measure; but through the Lord Jesus Christ they might become His disciples, and be one with Him, — even the lowest and most degraded prisoner before her might become, through divine grace, equal to the sovereign who was sitting at her side. Then she knelt in prayer, the king kneeling beside her, and poured forth one of her most importunate entreaties

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for God's blessing upon the poor prisoners, and also for the sanctification of the king by the Holy Spirit. Even the wretched women before her had rights which even the king was bound to respect. If, through divine grace, they should be made whole, their equality even with the royal family would appear. Such were her views, many years before the British people took the first step towards emancipating women from the slavery of unjust and cruel legislation.

The same was true in America when Lucy Stone was born in Massachusetts, on a farm near West Brookfield, August 13, 1818. The laws were very hard upon women, granting them scarcely any of the rights enjoyed by men. Women were in no sense treated as the equals of men — not even in the family, where their relations of wife and mother ought to have challenged thoughtful consideration. They had domestic *existence*, and that was about all. They had no political existence, were not recognized as citizens under the law. Masculine scamps had a place in the civil immunities of the day, but feminine angels had not. When the national or State constitution said, "All men are by nature free and independent," it was construed to mean men only. Men were not women. And when the same instrument said, "All political power is inherent in the people," it was held, even by some courts, that the term "people" did not include women. Women were not "people," they were nonentities; they had no political existence; as near nothing as they could be and keep house. Anything which was of masculine gender, from a royal coxcomb down to a shiftless spendthrift and drunkard, black or white, red or yellow,

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was a citizen under the law, and belonged to the dear "people" of whom constitutions take note. The direct tendency of such a state of affairs was to subject woman to disrespect and cruelty, and thereby multiply her wrongs; and such was actually her condition. If government derives its just powers "from the consent of the governed," woman ought to have been included first of all; for she was the most governed individual of the races — governed by government, governed by her husband, governed by the customs of society, and governed by almost everything but herself; she was not conceded the right to assert her rights.

Lucy Stone was born into such an inconsistent, contradictory, and oppressive state of affairs, and she turned out to be the first woman in the United States who would not submit to the outrage. She was a bright girl, a good scholar, and, more than most girls of her age, took note of what was going on around her. She was the eighth of nine children in the family of Francis Stone, and evidently inherited the courage, loyalty, and love of right characteristic of the New England stock from which she descended. Her daughter writes of her: "Her great-grandfather fought in the French and Indian Wars; her grandfather was an officer in the War of the Revolution, and afterwards captain of four hundred men in Shay's Rebellion. Her father was a prosperous farmer, much respected by his neighbors, but fully imbued with the idea of the right of husbands to rule over their wives, as were most men of his generation. Her mother was an excellent Christian woman who submitted conscientiously."

Lucy's opportunities for schooling were such as the

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"district schools" of that day afforded — very meagre as compared with the chances of our day; but she made the most of them possible, so that she got a good start out of them; and a good start usually foreshadows a successful close. That her father was a friend of education, and therefore a man of intelligence and good judgment, is manifest from the fact that he wanted his son to go to college. He was willing to make sacrifices and economize in order to accomplish this desirable object. But he entertained the prevailing opinion about girls of that day — waste of time and money to educate them. So when Lucy began to express her desire for a higher education, he said, "Is the girl crazy?" He knew that she was smart, and must have believed that she would make a fine scholar, but he could not rise above the popular sentiment of the times — that girls need not be educated. She could be as active and useful about the house and farm as she pleased; she might beat her brother in these departments of work, but she must not be given the chance to beat him in the higher education.

Lucy did not like this — of course not; no enterprising, bright girl would. She was willing to work indoors and out of doors, and do her part of the labor for the family, as women and children were wont to do at that time. Her mother milked eight cows the night before Lucy was born; and, although the newcomer did not milk one cow the night after she was born, she did begin to milk when she was a mere child; and drove the cows to and from the pasture. She did this, too, before the sun was up in the morning, when her body ought to have been accumulating surplus strength for the work of woman-

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hood. Sometimes the mornings were cold, with heavy dew on the grass, so that her bare feet, as she drove the cattle to pasture, were so cold that "she would stop on a flat stone and curl one small bare foot up against the other leg to warm it." Fathers did not seem to think that such experience was hardship; it was something that must be done, and that settled the matter.

When Lucy was born, and her mother was told that it was a girl, she responded, "Oh dear! I am sorry it is a girl. A woman's life is so hard!" Her exclamation was a fearful satire on the opinions and customs of that day. No doubt some of these things were inevitable, so that even the wisdom of the present age could not have changed them. But ignorance was the chief cause of the hardships in question, and greater knowledge would have modified many hard experiences. Lucy's girlhood was on the same line as her mother's experience. It looked very much as if she were doomed to milk eight cows herself by-and-by, on the eve of motherhood. Had it not been for the achieving qualities that she cultivated by dint of perseverance, as we shall learn from this sketch, not only she, but millions of her sex, would have been forced to milk more cows to this date than are now giving milk in all America.

Lucy began to reflect upon the lot of women when she was quite young. She loved her mother with all her heart, and she saw that she had a hard time, and that the same was true of other women. They were nearly all in the same boat on a rough sea. Her father was as thoughtful and tender as the average husband and father; but the false and contemptible opinions about woman that prevailed led natu-

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rally to harsh treatment. Lucy did not like it; she grew indignant over the cruel wrong. That boys should fare so much better than girls was incomprehensible to her, and she could not tolerate the evil. Evidently she was pretty well stirred up over the matter by the time she was fifteen years of age, and began to ask herself what could be done about it. She was wont to read the Bible, and one day she read the passage, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." She thought it meant that the husband should rule his wife as her father did, and her confidence in the Word of God was almost broken. But finally she appears to have come to the conclusion that God did not mean what people thought He did in that text. For she resolved that some day she would know how to read the Bible in Greek and Hebrew, and learn for herself. She would prefer death, before she was any older, if her future experience was to be like that of her mother and other women whom she knew.

She began to lay up money for an education. How long it would take her she scarcely inquired; but the first thing she wanted was a chance at college, and the last thing she would ever want was a husband, unless there should be a thorough reformation in that department of human life. She cast about for ways of earning money, and lost no time in setting about it. She picked berries and sold them. She gathered chestnuts and sold them. She did anything whereby she could earn a little money for future use. As soon as possible she qualified herself to teach school, and served for small pay. She possessed the qualities of a good teacher, and was successful from the beginning. Then, females taught only "the sum-

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mer school," when the large boys and girls did not attend. In winter, male teachers were demanded, because it was supposed that large boys and girls, some of them twenty-one years of age, could be managed only by men. It was a grave error, as people have learned since that day, but the error was then universal. Lucy became a popular teacher, and governed her school well; not after the manner of husbands governing their wives, as she had seen, but in love and kindness. First of all she won the hearts of pupils, and then she was sure of their good behavior and studious habits.

But there came a time when her services were required for a "winter school." The big boys had thrown the male teacher out of the window into a snow-bank, and thus closed the term. The "committee-man" had good sense enough to see that another male teacher would fare no better, and he concluded to try a woman. He knew that Lucy Stone had a knack of managing a school successfully, and he went to see her. He found her ready to undertake the task, notwithstanding the bad reputation of the school. Doubtless she thought that some of those big fellows would become husbands ere long, and she would like to try the art of making better ones. Be that as it may, she went to that school with the same faith and purpose which she had from the start, and experienced no trouble whatever. Some of the citizens thought the "committee-man" was crazy when they learned that he was to install a woman over the school as teacher. If pupils would throw a man out of the window, what might they not do to a woman? So they thought and reasoned and prophesied, until Lucy's triumph converted them from the error of

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their ways. They were forced to acknowledge that Lucy Stone had the most orderly and profitable school ever kept in the district. Every scholar respected her, and therefore tried to please. The older pupils were as obedient and well-behaved as the youngest. To most of the parents it was a revelation that a woman could manage a school like that. They began to think that she might do some other things which they had considered impossible. The fact set them to thinking in the right direction. From that time the rights of women began to challenge respect.

One feature of this winter-school arrangement impressed Lucy most of all. It was the small pay: she received less than half the amount paid to her unsuccessful predecessor. That a successful teacher should be paid so much less than was paid to the man who made a failure appeared to her unjust, and it was. She set it down with the wrongs inflicted upon females of that time, and resolved in her heart to consecrate herself to the work of delivering her sex from this kind of thraldom. The wages of female teachers were so low that Lucy Stone was twenty-five years of age before she had laid by enough money to pay the expense of reaching and entering Oberlin College. That was the only college in America open to females at that time, and the expenses were small. In order to make her money hold out, she denied herself a state-room on the steamer from Buffalo to Cleveland, "but slept on a pile of grain-sacks, among horses and freight, with a few other women, who, like herself, could only pay for a deck passage." To pay her way through college, she taught in the preparatory department of the

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institution, and did housework in the Ladies' Boarding Hall at three cents an hour. The charge for board was only one dollar a week, but she could not afford to pay even that amount, and so boarded herself, doing her cooking in her own room, at a cost of less than fifty cents per week. She had but one dress during her college course, and that was a cheap calico print. Nor could she afford to go home once during the four years. Such was her poverty and such her invincible spirit.

Mark this young woman at the time she entered college. What sacrifices and trials to get there! How heroic to decide for an education with such an outlook to dishearten! No money to pay her way, and no friends to give her a word of cheer! Even the public crying out in remonstrance against the liberal education of girls. But she had formed a definite purpose to emancipate women from the slavery of law and custom. That purpose once formed, the best attributes of her being rallied to its support, — self-reliance, industry, self-denial, and mighty perseverance. The wrongs of women had burned into her soul. She could not live and look upon them with complacency. She must fight or die. Her indomitable will put on its crown, and took the throne. From that moment her career was royal. She reigned. Nothing ruled her but her purpose. She ruled her own spirit, and self-control became second nature. It was the only possible way to her goal, straight as an arrow, and just wide enough for her to walk in.

Those were the days of slavery, and all Oberlin was its foe. Lucy Stone regarded it as the "sum of all villanies." This was just the town to harbor fugitive slaves. In fleeing from bondage, they naturally

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sought their nearest friends. Oberlin was convenient for them, and there they were safe. The citizens did not allow them to be taken back into slavery. The fugitive who reached that town found good quarters. Hence so many congregated there that it was thought best to establish a school in which to instruct them, and Miss Stone was invited to take charge of it. She gladly accepted the trust; but friends were somewhat astounded when they found that even negroes just out of bondage objected to being taught by a woman. It was both ludicrous and dramatic. But they thought if she could be introduced to the school, and the members behold her with their own eyes, their opposition would cease. So, without informing her of the feelings of the fugitives, she was conducted into the room and introduced as their teacher. There was a flurry of excitement and dissatisfaction among them at once, and soon a tall fellow, black as the ace of spades, arose and said that, while he had nothing personally against Miss Stone, he must confess that he had serious objections to being taught by a woman. The reader can imagine the thoughts and feelings of Miss Stone at this juncture: the white race against woman; and now the black race affirming their hostility in the frankest manner! If the job she had undertaken in her own heart seemed so great when she knew only of the opposition of the whites, how much larger proportions must it have assumed when the other part of the American population declared itself against women!

But Miss Stone was not thrown off her balance by this unexpected and cool reception. She addressed them in language that seemed doubly tender on account of her sweet voice, and she told them that,

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coming out of the ignorance and darkness of slavery, they ought to be willing to accept for instructor any one who would teach them to read. Her persuasive and gentle manner soon overcame their objections, and the school proceeded with its work. It was not long before every dusky pupil was strongly attached to her. They received her word as law, and followed her counsels with willing hearts. At one time the boarding-house took fire, and the first thing these fugitives thought of was Miss Stone's trunk. She was out of town at the time, and they all ran to save her effects from the flames. Any one of them would have risked his life for her trunk. It was a very touching exhibition of love for a faithful teacher.

About this time a laughable incident occurred — laughable because it was in radical Oberlin. The colored population proposed to celebrate West Indian Emancipation by a public meeting; and they invited Miss Stone to speak, together with the president and two or three professors of the college. Miss Stone had never spoken in public before, and she was rather glad of the opportunity to express some thoughts that were in her mind. She prepared herself quite carefully for this first public address, and acquitted herself very acceptably to that portion of her audience who were not opposed to women speaking in public. She was considerably disturbed, however, on the following day, by hearing it said that she had violated the proprieties of life. She was summoned before the Ladies' Board, where she was told that it was both unscriptural and unwomanly for a woman to speak in public. Of course she was astounded by this unexpected disclosure of facts; for if there were any place where she thought the citizens were right on the

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woman question, it was Oberlin. The revelation magnified the job she had undertaken: it was altogether larger than she had supposed. If a woman could not speak on the public platform in Oberlin, where in the world could she speak? She must have thought tenderly of the dove that went out from the ark after the great storm, and found no place to rest.

She sat upon the platform with President Mahan, several professors, and the officers of the day, and never dreamed that she was committing a breach of feminine decorum. But the wife of President Mahan asked her, "Did you not feel yourself very much out of place up there on the platform with all those men? Were you not embarrassed and frightened?" "Why no, Mrs. Mahan," Miss Stone answered; "those men were President Mahan and my professors, whom I meet every day in the class-room. I was not afraid of them at all." A womanly admonition was administered to her, when she was allowed to go. Poor girl! there was no solid ground yet on which she could stand in behalf of woman; all about her the ground seemed to be crumbling away. But her purpose was unshaken.

Miss Stone was an excellent student, and graduated with honors. She was appointed to prepare an essay for Commencement, but was told that one of the professors would read it, as it would not be proper for a female student to read her own essay in public. The inconsistency of this position by an institution which opened its doors to females fairly shocked her. She could scarcely credit her ears when this announcement was made, it was so absurd. However, she concluded to hold on upon one right of

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woman — the right of declining to write the essay. She informed the faculty that, unless she could read her essay, she would not write it; and she did not. Nearly forty years afterwards occurred the semi-centennial of the college, and Lucy Stone was invited to be one of the speakers. Pretty good evidence that the government of the college had come round, in the progress of humanity, to her platform! She made no boasts, but modestly accepted and bore the honors of that day; but as she was as really human as any man, her inward exultation must have been as much as she could bear. In that forty years she had made great commotion in woman's world, and in man's too, simply by sticking to and pressing her purpose.

She graduated in 1847, and was prepared for public service. Her great work was to ameliorate the condition of woman, and gain her rights. But the anti-slavery conflict was raging, and negro slavery was so much like the white slavery of woman which she wanted to abolish, that she accepted an appointment as lecturer for the Anti-Slavery Society. She had spoken in behalf of women once, in her brother's pulpit at Gardner, Massachusetts, and possibly in several other places; but now she became an earnest, honest pleader for the anti-slavery cause. However, it would scarcely be expected that a public speaker, on whose heart the cause of woman lay so heavily, could speak long about enslaving black women in the South without dropping an occasional hint about enslaving *white* ones in the North. This was the case with Miss Stone; and it made trouble. She was complained of for mixing woman's rights with the rights of negroes. The agent of the Anti-Slavery Society was the Rev.

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Samuel May, one of the most famous of anti-slavery speakers in his day; and he told Miss Stone that it would not do for her to talk so much about the rights of women on the anti-slavery platform. Her answer was Stone-like: "I know it, Mr. May; but I could not help it. I was a woman before I was an Abolitionist, and I must speak for the women." It was useless for a woman who had formed such a purpose as she had ten years before to undertake to speak continuously for any other cause. So she resigned her position as anti-slavery lecturer, and henceforth devoted herself to the cause of woman.

But she learned much from her brief connection with the Anti-Slavery Society. It showed her that the most radical anti-slavery people are not prepared to apply their principles to all sorts of slavery. She was more convinced than ever that she had enlisted in a warfare against fearful odds, and she cleaned her armor and prepared for battle. We forgot to say that numbers of the Anti-Slavery Society did not want to lose her, because she was one of the most eloquent and effective speakers on the platform. They only desired to stop her pleas for woman's rights. In these circumstances, Miss Stone, finding that she could not make engagements in behalf of women on Saturday and Sunday evenings, arranged with them to speak for the anti-slavery cause on those evenings. This arrangement was continued for several months, and then dropped, Miss Stone devoting herself wholly to her favorite theme from that time.

Her example just here stands almost alone in history. She had no society behind her, and scarcely one man or woman for a backer. She started out to

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revolutionize the world on a given line absolutely single-handed and alone. Very few people had any sympathy with her, simply because they had given no thought to the subject. It was a new cause, and few citizens knew how unreasonable and unjust many laws were, nor appreciated the wrongs of which Miss Stone had complained, having given no thought whatever to them. In their ignorance men charged her with seeking place and power for women, when that was no part of her mission. *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, which was by no means friendly to her cause, put the matter as it really was, after her death, in the following graceful tribute to her memory: —

"Her work for women extended far beyond the demand for political enfranchisement. Much as she toiled to gain the ballot, that was more as a means than as an end. She was a pioneer in liberal female education. She strove to open for her sex new avenues of industry, and to secure on woman's behalf equal wages with men for equal work. Her eloquent voice was lifted continually against those wicked remnants of feudal laws which deprived wives of a just share in the earnings that came through the mutual toil of married partners; which gave husbands absolute control over their wives' dowries; which made it possible for wives to be left destitute by the willing away of estates in which common justice should have secured to them a fair portion; which deprived mothers of all legal claim upon their own children; and which, in various other respects, degraded and dishonored women in the married state by virtually consigning them to slavery. If anybody imagines this description is overdrawn, it is because he is ignorant of facts as

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they existed on the statute books of nearly all the States of this free and glorious Union when Lucy Stone entered upon her career."

It was because the people, old and young, did not understand the woman or her mission, that they treated her with neglect or abuse. Often she found no helpers in the different localities, and was obliged to put up posters with her own hands. Sometimes the boys would follow her through the streets, hooting and insulting her, and tearing down her placards when she had passed along. But at last, in her quiet, pleasant way, she would gather them about her, explain to them her work, and secure their promise not to pull down her posters, always winning them over to her side. Older, irresponsible citizens resorted to different methods to break up her meetings. A brigade of shameless fellows would scatter themselves through the audience, and spend their time in throwing paper balls across the hall, or interrupt by making noises. Pepper was sometimes burned to disturb the assembly. Once, in winter-time, a pane of glass was removed from the window behind the speaker's desk, through which a hose was thrust, at a given signal, and she was soaked with ice-cold water. She threw her shawl over her shoulders and continued her lecture without even making the least reference to the scapegraces outside.

Generally, however, she beat her tormentors in the end. They expected to see a masculine, boisterous, scolding woman on the platform, and were surprised to find a modest, gentle little bit of humanity, with a sweet face and sweeter voice, more eloquent and winning than any male speaker they had ever heard. Most of them had never heard a woman speak in public

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before; and she told them so many things about the wrongs inflicted upon their mothers, wives, and sisters which they never knew before, and she did it so lovingly and charmingly, that they were disarmed of prejudice and malice. She went before the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature of Rhode Island, and she told them of so many wrongs inflicted upon the women of their own State by its laws, which they never knew before, that they were really mortified. The late Judge Green was chairman, a barrister of ability and wide reputation, and he said to Miss Stone, "You put me to shame by the discovery that all these wrongs exist under cover of Rhode Island law. It is perfectly true; you have not made a single mistake. And yet I, the chairman of this Judiciary Committee for years, have done nothing to remove them." From that time Judge Green was a warm friend of her cause.

Mobs were ready in those days to break up anti-slavery and woman's rights meetings. But there were so much simplicity, sincerity, earnestness, and true eloquence in Lucy Stone's efforts, that they would listen to her when they would stamp and yell if any one else attempted to speak. At a meeting in New York a gang of these disturbers howled and threatened when several speakers, both male and female, came forward to address the assembly. Bedlam reigned, until Lucy Stone lifted her musical voice so as to be heard in every part of the hall, when the audience became perfectly quiet, and listened in the most respectful manner to the close of her address. The meeting closed, and the speakers went into the dressing-room for their hats and wraps. The mob pressed in after them, when Miss Stone reproached

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them for their conduct; to which one of the number replied, "Come, now, *you* needn't say anything; **we** kept still for you!"

At one time Miss Stone attended an anti-slavery meeting on Cape Cod, in a grove. A large assembly gathered, evidently with evil designs, and the prospect was not cheering. Quite a number of speakers occupied the platform which had been erected, none of them satisfied with the appearance of the audience. Speeches began, and so did the uproar. It was plain that the speakers were confronted by a mob. One by one they slipped down from the platform, until no one was left to face the mob except Lucy Stone and Stephen Foster. "You had better run, Stephen," Miss Stone said, "they are coming;" and she said it with the utmost coolness, as if there were no danger to herself. "But who will take care of you?" answered Mr. Foster. At that moment the mob made a rush for the platform, and a big man sprang upon it, holding a club. Quick as thought Miss Stone said, "This gentleman will take care of me;" and he declared that he would. He tucked her under one arm, and holding his club with the other, marched her out through the crowd, who were roughly handling Mr. Foster and such of the other speakers as they had been able to catch. Her representations finally so prevailed upon him that he mounted her upon a stump, and stood by her with a club while she addressed the mob. They were so moved by her speech that they not only desisted from further violence, but took up a collection of twenty dollars to pay Stephen Foster for his coat, which they had torn in two from top to bottom. No man we ever read of, however self-possessed or persuasive in his

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speech, ever made such a thing happen in similar circumstances.

When she commenced her lecturing career she charged no admission fee. It seemed to her unscriptural to put a price upon the gospel, and she was preaching the gospel. She depended upon the voluntary contributions of her hearers, which were generally ridiculously small. It was quite impossible for her to meet all her expenses with the proceeds. She was forced to institute the most rigid economy both in board and clothes. When stopping in Boston, she paid but twelve and a half cents a meal for board and six and a quarter cents for lodging, to a boarding-house keeper on Hanover Street, "on condition that she would sleep in the attic with the daughters, three in a bed." A woman had a perfect right to practise such economy for woman's rights, and there was nothing that she enjoyed better than being right; so she was happy and hopeful in these straitened circumstances. As for clothes, she could add nothing to her wardrobe, which she might have tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. There was only one favorable thing about her apparel — it required little time for care or mending. She was in pressing need of a cloak, for cold weather had come, but how the need was to be met was a puzzle. But Providence provided the cloak in an unexpected way. She had an engagement to lecture in Salem. On going to that city she found that the Hutchinson family were to give a concert there on the same evening. A consultation with them resulted in uniting the entertainments and dividing the proceeds. The outcome was favorable for Miss Stone; her share was ample for the purchase of a cloak. The result also

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modified her views in regard to admission fees. She was seriously in need of other clothing, but there was no prospect of obtaining money to pay for it. In these circumstances, after much urging by friends, and concluding, no doubt, that she would not lose her future crown of glory if she did make men pay for hearing her lectures, she decided to charge an admission fee; and it worked well, so well that she continued the practice, increased her wardrobe, and never more was obliged to sit down one day and ponder what she would have to eat, drink, and wear the next.

But a new experience awaited her. She appeared before a Legislative Committee at the State House in Massachusetts in behalf of woman suffrage. Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker were there as speakers at the same time. Among the listeners, too, was a hardware merchant from Cincinnati, a bright, handsome, enterprising man, who was in favor of the abolition of slavery in the South and the emancipation of women in the North. He was a deeply interested spectator, and was captivated by the eloquence and arguments of Phillips and Parker, but he was both charmed and conquered by the simplicity, sweetness, and witchery of Miss Stone. He was an unmarried man, and there, on the spot, he resolved to enter into wedlock with that noble woman, at the earliest opportunity, if she would agree to it. He did not know, of course, that she had resolved never to marry, as she had, because it would interfere with the life-work she had planned in behalf of woman. Besides, the masculine portion of humanity had been so hard upon her sex, that her admiration for the male sex was not exalted. She would rather die

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than find herself confronting the hardships and cruelties that her mother and other married women experienced when she was a child. That in these circumstances she was taken by surprise when Henry B. Blackwell made his offer of marriage, we need scarcely say. She did not think much of it at first. In all her plans she had never counted in a husband, and now she could not think of doing it if the new relation would interfere with her mission for woman. But he assured her that he was in complete sympathy with her work, and would relinquish his business and join her in the labors of her life, at the same time convincing her that two could accomplish more for the cause than one — that two heads were better than one, though one was a man's. They were married in 1855, at the house of her parents in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, by Rev. T. W. Higginson of Worcester. That "the match was made in heaven," no one familiar with their home thereafter ever questioned. Rev. William J. Barrows said, at her funeral: —

"She took the sweetness that she had in the crowd, and carried it with her into the domestic relation. It was my joy to know her in her home, to become somewhat, as it seemed to me, one of her sons, brought into this relation of reverence and affection to her, and I always felt the same affection for her there that I had felt everywhere else. And what a beautiful fruition has come to her out of that union; the joy in her later life that she had some one who could wear her mantle! There is a beautiful picture in Homer, of Ajax in the midst of the battle, when the clouds had come over the contending hosts, and all seemed to be obscured, praying fervently that if

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he was to die he might die in the light. Athena heard the prayer, and the cloud lifted. So it seems to me that this prayer was granted to her: born in the darkness but dying in the light, and not putting away her armor to rust, but finding one who would bear her name and who has the heritage of her life, and the heart to go on with the cause, and we who are younger to go on with her, she sank away beautifully and patiently. The eternal God was her refuge, and underneath her were the everlasting arms."

Miss Stone was in the lecture-field constantly for ten years, performing an amount of labor that would have prostrated most of her sex. In 1850, she called a National Woman's Rights Convention at Worcester, Massachusetts, the first convention of the kind ever held. She called another in 1851 at the same place, and repeated them annually for many years. She wrote reports of these meetings, and published and circulated them at her own expense. They were instrumental in awakening an interest in the cause in England, and Mrs. John Stuart Mill was moved to write an article on the enfranchisement of women, for *The Westminster Review*. This article aroused English thinkers to canvass the subject, and a movement was inaugurated which culminated in the establishment of municipal woman suffrage in 1869. It was an outgrowth of Lucy Stone's labors in the United States.

It was not until 1869, however, that the American Woman Suffrage Association was organized at a meeting in Cleveland, Ohio. This was accomplished by the indefatigable labors of our heroine. Then it seemed absolutely necessary for the cause to have an organ, and *The Woman's Journal* was established

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by her in 1870. She obtained the necessary subscriptions for the enterprise by personal solicitation, secured Mrs. Mary A. Livermore as managing editor, with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Colonel T. M. Higginson, and William Lloyd Garrison for contributors. She herself was one of the editors, and wrote much for the columns of the paper.

She was in the field much of the time, travelling from Maine to Colorado to plead with legislative committees, address public assemblies, organize auxiliary societies, confer with friends of her cause, and oversee campaigns for woman's rights, not only in New England, but also in the far-away States of Michigan, Nebraska, and Colorado, not to mention other localities. *The Woman's Journal* published a summary of her immense labors, and spoke of "her active part in the preparation of the annual meetings of the American Woman Suffrage Association for nearly twenty years; her contributions to the newspapers; her editorial writing for *The Woman's Journal*, which continued to within a month of her death; her work in the New England Suffrage Association, of which she was for years the president, and in the Massachusetts Suffrage Association, where she always took the laboring oar; a correspondence which extended over the whole country and taxed her strength to the utmost; and the public speaking before all sorts of gatherings, which continued till within a few months of her death. Few realized how much speaking she did. She was in receipt of continual calls to present her special subject before women's clubs and other bodies; and, even up to the last year of her life, few of the younger women in her State spoke so often on the woman question. Until her last illness, she

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hardly knew a day of uninterrupted leisure. In addition to all this work, she was the best of housekeepers, mothers, and wives — the presiding genius of a hospitable home, which her death has left desolate."

Her singleness of purpose, with her perseverance, enabled her to accomplish so much. *This one thing I do*, was her motto, and nothing could divert her from that purpose. Mrs. Livermore said of her, "When her mind was made up, all the world and the Almighty on top of it couldn't have made her budge an inch. But then, the Almighty was always on her side. She had a passion for justice." Once convinced that her cause was right, and she went straight to the mark, without even a doubt. Mr. Higginson said, "It's something to have known, in this varied and perplexing life, one perfectly single-minded human being. In the complications and excitements of life, during successive seething reforms, she was our Una, like Una in the 'Faerie Queene,' with her milk-white lamb always beside her."

She died October 17, 1893, and her obsequies were attended a few days later, when several speakers eulogized her life and character. We can close this sketch in no more fitting words than by some selections from the remarks on that tearful occasion.

Rev. Charles G. Ames said: "She was incarnate conscience. Her mind went straight to the justice of every question, and could never get away from it. Calm as a statue, and with the smile and voice of an angel, she yet stood strongly to affirm that justice is the law of the world, and that the reign of right is the reign of God. . . .

"Such a life looks well in the retrospect. She cared little for praise or blame; she heard and

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heeded another voice. What to her were political customs, social traditions, current prejudices, and popular noises; what to her was the pain in her own heart, if so she might keep the trust she felt was committed to her from Heaven? Surely she might have said, as she left us, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the trust: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous umpire, will give me in his own good time.'"

Mr. Higginson said: "We knew that wherever she went she was the same, and carried herself, her integrity, her sweetness, her cheerfulness, her courage. Wherever she went, we knew that no misstatement would be made, that there would be nothing to take back, nothing for which to apologize, nothing to weaken in the smallest degree the great object she urged. . . . There was nothing in her to conceal, nothing to be abated, nothing over which we could have an 'if' or a possible suggestion to complete the singular perfection and unity of her life's work. She showed this in her college career. She showed it as an Abolitionist. She showed it as a dress-reformer. She showed it as a woman suffragist reformer. She showed it in everything. It is this singular completeness and soundness of life, this pearl-like symmetry of character, which those who knew her will longest remember in her."

Mrs. Livermore said: "People sometimes said that she was narrow. Yes, she was. She had the narrowness of St. Paul, who said, 'This one thing I do!' and the one great work she imposed on herself she adhered to straight to the end. If a thing was to be done that was right, all the world united could

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not induce her to turn aside from it. Do it she would, let come what might come. That was her right and her privilege. When you are travelling westward and get into Nebraska, you meet a river; and if it is a wet season, it is a wide river that has no banks, but flows along the prairies. You mark its course by the stunted, straggling, distorted cottonwood trees which spring up here and there along its way. If it is a dry season, the river shrinks to a sluggish stream. It is mostly a nuisance to the farmers. It does nothing; it cannot be relied on for any work or power. But you go on still further west, and come to a river of a very different character, which comes down from the north. It is a broad river, wide but not so very deep, till it gets a conviction of the work it has to do, and then it narrows itself and deepens its stream, and increases its momentum, and charges its waters with sand, and the mighty Colorado forces its way through lofty mountains, leaving on either side inaccessible precipices that tower up from three to five thousand feet. That was the narrowness of Lucy Stone. . . .

"We who have travelled long in the heat of the day, over dusty roads and flinty paths, and are now very near the narrow gateway through which we shall pass ere long, can sometimes catch the beckoning of a distant hand, sometimes see the outlines of a vanished face, sometimes hear the tones of voices that long since died on the ears of the world. It is not fantasy. I will not believe it. 'Do not grieve,' was one of her last messages, — 'do not grieve for me. It is part of the Eternal Order that I shall go. I am going where it is better yet than here.'"

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FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD— REFORMER.

AN English writer, Hannah Whitall Smith, tells the following out of her own experience: —

"From the first hour of my acquaintance with her, she has been to me the embodiment of all that is lovely, and good, and womanly, and strong, and noble, and tender in human nature. She has been my queen among women, and I have felt it to be one of the greatest privileges of my life to call her my friend. I have been inspired by her genius, I have been cheered by her sympathy, I have been taught by her wisdom, I have been led onward and upward by her enthusiastic faith. We have met on almost every point of human interest, and have been together in joy and in sorrow, in success and in apparent failure; she has been a member of my household for weeks together, and I have seen her tried by prosperity and flattery, by misunderstanding and evil report; and always and everywhere she has been the same simple-hearted, fair-minded, Christian woman, whose one sole aim has been to do the will of God as far as she knew it, and to bear whatever of apparent ill He may have permitted to come upon her, with cheerful submission, as being His loving discipline for the purpose of making her what, above all, she longs to be, a partaker of His holiness."

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This eulogistic language was spoken of the subject of this sketch, Frances Elizabeth Willard, who was born September 28, 1839, in Churchville, New York. A son and daughter had preceded her, but the daughter was taken to its heavenly home one year before Frances was born. The son was old enough to realize what a dreadful visitor Death was, if he had a heart to take away a precious little sister like his. So he was constantly anxious to know whether the new-born baby was alive. Every morning he would run into his mother's room to inquire, "Ma, is the baby dead?" Sometimes he would vary the inquiry, "Ma, is the baby well?"

The mother of Frances was a talented, good woman, whose literary tastes assured a wholesome influence in the home. The Bible, and the best poets and prose writers, occupied any leisure time which she could give to reading. A remark which she once made to Frances furnishes a pretty good clew to her character in this day when so many parents accept children as "troublesome comforts." "Frank," she said, "above all things else thank Heaven that you were a *welcome child*, for I had prayed so often that another little girl might come into our home for us to love." She thought, too, that such a baby would be an angel from God to her brother, who was five years old when Frank was born.

That Mrs. Willard was a model of amiability and cheerfulness is evident from a remark of Frances, when she was writing about an illness of her brother. "Mother was the most famous nurse in all the region round about, so firm and gentle, with resources for every emergency, and such a heart, full of courage and good cheer, that I often said, 'I have yet to hear

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my mother utter the first downcast word.'" The reason was that religion dominated her life. Its spirit must pervade her home. Less exacting and more tender than her husband, her strict religious opinions were illuminated thereby, making her home sunshiny and even merry.

Miss Willard gives a pretty good idea of her father in her account of their home-life in Wisconsin later on. She says: —

"What to do on Sunday with these restless spirits was a serious question, for father and mother had the old Puritan training. It was in their birth and bone, that the Sabbath was a holy day unto the Son. This feeling was even stronger in my father, perhaps, because his father was the son of Elder Elijah Willard, of Dublin, New Hampshire, for forty years pastor in that parish, a good man and a righteous, who trained his children strictly in faith and practice. Perhaps, also, the lawyer-like character of his mind had something to do with his greater severity in holding us to the white line of what he deemed our duty. For himself he would not shave or black his boots, he would not read or write a letter, he would not so much as look in the dictionary for a word, upon the Sabbath day. He said, 'The children must have habits.' This was the most frequent phrase he used about their training. He never said 'good habits,' so that I grew up with the idea that there are no habits except good ones! He said, 'You must draw your lines and set your stakes, for if you don't you will be just nobody.' So he decided that no calls or visits should be received on Sunday, which was easy enough to observe, as there was nobody to come but the birds, and nowhere to go except to the fields and pasture. [This

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was after their removal to the wilderness of Wisconsin.] He also said that no books or papers should be read except those of a strictly religious nature. Mother did not interfere with all this by any word, but we felt a difference, and had a sense of greater elbow-room with her. A little incident illustrates her tact. In the early years of our farm-life, one New Year's eve came on Saturday and our small presents were given and put away without waiting for morning, because father thought it wouldn't be right to have them on Sunday. One can hardly imagine the bottled up condition of children in such a case. Fortunately for Oliver, he had a Sunday book, 'Austin's Voice To Youth,' and little Mary had a child's edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' so they could get at work on their presents. But, alas for poor me! My prayer and dream had been for months, 'some pictures to look at on Sunday,' and I had a slate, instead. To be sure I had devoutly desired a slate, for I had imagined any amount of things that could be written and drawn upon it, but the rule of the house did not permit such a week-day article to come into use upon the Sabbath. At last I hit upon a plan, and going to mother, — I did not dare suggest even this to the revered 'Squire,' as the farmers called my father, — I said, in a pleading voice, 'May I have my new slate if I'll promise not to draw anything but *meetin' houses?*' (That is what they called churches in those days.) Mother laughed in spite of herself at this bit of childish ingenuity, and said, 'Yes, you may, my little girl, and mamma will make you a pattern to go by.' So there was peace and quiet, while mother, who had much skill with her pencil, made a meeting house, and I was the envy of

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my brother and sister, who had before thought themselves the favored ones."

From the foregoing the reader will know what sort of a home Frances had, what rigid discipline. Sometimes this kind of a home proves injurious to children — reaction follows, and they bound to the opposite extreme. But the sequel will show that it was a good home for her. She did not believe in all its methods, and never has; yet, in womanhood, she has never had a heart to discredit her home. She was a lively, romping, irrepressible girl, and needed the restraint of an old-time Puritan home. There was a positive and direct connection between that home and Miss Willard's life and character to-day.

Frances was but two years old when her father removed to Oberlin, Ohio, to pursue a course of study in the college, through which he would be fitted for a wider and more congenial field of labor. Here she began to develop into a precocious, book-loving, and aspiring girl. She learned to read, and made the most of the attainment by becoming a voracious reader. She was a *thinking* girl, too. Her questions, that were multitudinous, indicated an active, uncommonly developed brain. Her observation was sharp, so that she was constantly learning through this faculty. She was a great imitator, also, and converted many things that she witnessed into play. Her mother said this of her: —

"She used to see the students rehearsing their speeches, and would get up an amusing imitation of them when but three years old. Many a time I have seen her standing on the well curb or on top of the gate post, imitating the gestures of some bright young sophomore who stood there laying it off for

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her amusement. She was very fond of playing out of doors, indoor amusements seeming irksome to her always. Her brother was her favorite comrade, and his sturdy little playmates among the boys would sometimes call her 'tomboy,' which she resented very much, and I did for her."

At the end of four years' study, Mr. Willard's health was very much impaired. It was quite evident that he could not continue a literary career. His life was in peril. In the circumstances he resolved to purchase a piece of government land in Wisconsin, where the soil was said to be wonderfully fertile, and give himself to farm labor, at least for several years. It seemed to be the most reasonable and practical way of regaining his health. Here, in what Frances called their "Forest Home," Mr. Willard built a house that was both convenient and comfortable for a pioneer life. He possessed the means to stock and equip his farm, so that agriculture could be pursued on quite a large scale. He was obliged to do that in order to make farming pay in that part of the country. After a few years he owned a flock of a thousand sheep, and other domestic animals in like proportion, and hundreds of acres of waving grain brought money into the household treasury.

There was no school there for Frances to attend; her home was her school, and her parents her teachers. Here the benefits of careful reading became manifest. Mr. Willard's library was quite an ample one, and his children were taught how to use it. In that sparsely populated region, remote from neighbors, and, of course, having no social life to occupy the time, the children would have been lonely and discontented without books. They had a piano also, and

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were fond of drawing and painting. As it was, they enjoyed this isolated life, and preferred it even to life in Oberlin. Frances was in love with the out-door part. She could run and race to her heart's content. She always wanted plenty of "elbow room," and here she had it. Recently Frances wrote of that time, "Mother did not talk to us as girls, but simply as human beings, and it never occurred to me that I ought to 'know housework' and do it. Mary took to it kindly by nature. I did not, and each one had her way. Mother never said, 'You must cook, you must sweep, you must sew,' but she studied what we liked to do and kept us at it with no trying at all. There never was a busier girl than I, and what I did was mostly useful. I knew all the carpenter's tools and handled them; made carts and sleds, cross guns, and whip handles. Indeed, all the toys that were ever used at Forest Home we children manufactured. But a needle and dishcloth I could not abide; chiefly, perhaps, because I was bound to live out of doors."

Yet Frances was learning all the while. Her parents, being educated people, knew how to use the English language with propriety. Grammar and rhetoric were both taught orally, day by day, so that while Frances played like a child she talked like a cultured adult. Not only language, but other important lessons the children were learning from their parents. Oliver, the eldest, qualified for college, and entered Beloit, where he did himself great credit by his industry and progress, and graduated the second scholar in his class. He was a decided help to his sisters before he went, and entered into all their plans for pleasure and improvement. They had an Art Club, and Oliver did much to make it a success.

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They reduced Indian history to a tragedy, and enacted it, with the aid of father and mother, Oliver being always the leader. Frances competed for a prize offered by the Illinois Agricultural Society for the best essay on the "Embellishment of a Country Home," and Oliver encouraged her in the enterprise, praising the essay highly when it was completed. As for that matter, the whole family declared that it was worthy of an older head. The essay was forwarded to the proper authorities, and what followed we learn from her autobiography: —

"A few months after a small box came through the post-office, addressed to me. I had never before received anything in Uncle Sam's care that looked so ominous. Strings were cut, tissue papers removed, and behold! there was a handsome silver medal with my name, and the words, 'First prize for essay,' and a lovely cup, besides, while under all was a note from 'S. Francis, Secretary Illinois Agricultural Society,' congratulating 'a lady so young on an achievement so creditable.' I was of an enthusiastic nature, that was evident from the way I went with a hop, skip, and jump, through every room in the house, singing out 'Hurrah!' until Bridget in the kitchen, Mike in the garden, and rollicking old Carlo took up the strain, and the whole family laughed and shouted and rejoiced in my joy."

Evidently the culture of Frances was accomplishing much. Native ability, no doubt, was asserting itself, but it would not have done that unless the environment had been favorable. There was something in that pioneer home that awakened literary enthusiasm, and it is not difficult to tell what it was. We have learned enough already to determine that.

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Frances was an original thinker; she did not pin her faith on any one's sleeve. When, at family devotions, her mother spoke of the Bible as "God's word," she asked, "How do you know that?" She was continually demanding proof of statements. In respect to the Bible and religious matters she raised so many doubts that her mother called her "my little infidel." As the outcome was all that her mother's heart could desire, we conclude that these inquiries arose from her propensity to think for herself. Another incident shows what independence of character she cultivated. On her eighteenth birthday, which the family called her "freedom day," she was sitting in her mother's rocking-chair, reading Scott's "Ivanhoe." Her father came up, and learning what book it was, he said: —

"I thought I told you not to read novels, Frances."

"So you did, father, and in the main I've kept faith with you in this; but you forget what day it is."

"What day, indeed! I should like to know if the day has anything to do with the deed!"

"Indeed it has — I am eighteen — I am of age — I am now to do what *I* think right, and to read this fine historical story is, in my opinion, a right thing for me to do."

At first her father was disposed to resent her independent air; he was evidently surprised. But finally, thinking, no doubt, that discretion is the better part of valor, he laughed outright, and Oliver did the same as his father remarked, "A chip of the old block!"

When Frances was twelve years old, a family from the vicinity of Albany, New York, removed into that region — a well-to-do, well-educated family, in which

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there was an accomplished daughter eighteen years old. Mr. Willard proposed to secure her, if possible, to teach his daughters, suggesting that Mr. Inman, a neighbor, might send his two daughters, making a school of four. This plan was put into execution, Miss Burdick engaged to teach, and a room fitted up in the house for the purpose. For two seasons Miss Burdick continued to instruct the Willard and Inman girls, proving herself to be a good instructor as well as a most lovely and worthy young lady.

Then enough settlers could be counted in that region to encourage the erection of a school-house. Mr. Willard and Mr. Inman were the leading spirits in the enterprise, which proved a success, and a great blessing to the pioneer families. Of this school Miss Willard says: "I was about fourteen when the new school-house was built, and I regarded it as the great event of my life that I was now, at least, to become really 'a scholar,' go outside my own home and be 'thrown upon my own resources,' as father wisely called it. Miss Burdick's had been a sort of 'play school' after all, for she was so young herself and made such a companion of me that the teacher had been lost in the friend."

A Mr. Hodge was her first teacher. He had been tutor in Oberlin College, and so the patrons of the school called him Professor Hodge. He had a large family of children, all of whom became pupils in this pioneer university. He did not continue more than four months in charge of the school; but they were four months of good work, in which Frances developed rapidly, acquiring great facility in composition and a knowledge of general literature. Later on, a few months after Mr. Hodge left,

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the school was taught by a sister of Mrs. Hodge, Mrs. Amelia Hovey, a lady of rare qualities, and a teacher of tact and energy. Miss Willard says of her, "This teacher was a delight to us. Her bright face, sparkling blue eyes, voice full of rising inflections, and her pride and pleasure in her pupils, made school just like a play-day."

We should have said, that all along during these years, Frances and her sister had taken occasional lessons in music at the Illinois Institution for the Blind, which was situated one mile away. Also, when Frances was sixteen, she enjoyed the instructions of Mrs. Whitman from Georgia, who, with her husband, had a ladies' school at home. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman came to Janesville for their health, and Mr. Willard invited them to spend some time at his "Forest Home." She was a superior pianist, and, under her direction, Mr. Willard purchased a fine piano that "her masterly musical gifts and teaching might be enjoyed by his daughters." Then the two sisters spent a month with Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, at their boarding-house, six miles distant, in close application to musical studies. Here Frances read, for the first time, such novels as "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Vilette." She was not half through the latter when her father called unexpectedly, and, finding her reading that novel, he turned to the lady of the house, and said, "Never let my daughter see that book again, if you please, madam;" and Miss Willard says, "To this day I have never finished reading 'Vilette.'"

The winter following the close of Mrs. Hovey's school, Mr. Willard boarded, with his family, in Janesville, that his daughters might attend Mrs.

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Fonda's "Select School," where "I especially," says Miss Willard, "doted on Cutler's 'Physiology' and proudly took turns at editing the school paper, while Mary drew maps so well as to astonish the natives, and painted in water-colors after school."

Before attending Professor Hodge's school, Frances declared that she would write a book, to be called "Rupert Mellville and his Comrades: A Story of Adventure." Both she and Mary had tried for a prize in the "Children's Column" of *The Prairie Farmer*, but had failed to get it. Undaunted, Frances continued to write, and carry her essays to Mrs. Hodge for correction; for "I made up my mind that write I would, and *could*, and *should*," she said. This was illustrative of her force of character and perseverance, that made a way for her when she failed to find one. Nothing can withstand such resolution.

So she would write a book. Her father and Oliver might make as much fun over it as they pleased, she would write, at least, one page a day until it was completed. Her explanation confirms the view which the author upholds in this volume; that the same causes produce the same effects in girlhood as in boyhood, and that the same elements of character will make a girl an achiever as will a boy. She explained why she resolved to write this book thus: —

"Perhaps father's fitting us out with shooting implements during mother's absence in the East, had something to do with the writing of this story. It is more likely, however, that the irrepressible spirit of his two daughters drove him to allowing them to hunt, for we seemed to have developed a passion in that direction stronger than ever about these days. Especially was this true of me. I had got hold of

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a story book, 'The Prairie Bird,' another called 'Wild Western Scenes,' and a third, 'The Green Mountain Boys,' and secretly devoured all three without leave or license. They had produced upon my imagination the same effect that they would upon a boy's. Above all things in earth or sky I wanted to be, and meant to be, a mighty hunter."

Here is a startling fact of Miss Willard's girlhood — just that spirit of adventure roused in her that "dime novels," or their equivalent, have sometimes awakened in boys, to send them adrift from home on hunting or plundering expeditions. Had not counter-currents of influence come in at the right time, there is no telling what the girl would have become — probably the very opposite of what her womanhood is.

About the time Frances began to write the book mentioned, she and her sister started a paper, called *The Fort City Tribune*, to which all the members of the family contributed; an enterprise that created the deepest interest, and stimulated Frances' mind to greater endeavors. Perhaps the more benefit was derived from this journalistic scheme, because Mrs. Willard's youngest sister was spending a few months in the family. She was a famous teacher, educated at Oberlin, and successively principal of Riga Academy, New York, and Columbia Female College, Tennessee. Through those memorable months she put her nieces through a literary drill which they never forgot. It was so thorough mental training, that when "Aunt Sarah" left, in the spring of 1852, to become Professor of History in the Milwaukee Female College (founded by Catharine Beecher), Mr. and Mrs. Willard decided to send their daughters there for a

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term — a fortunate decision for the daughters. Miss Willard says:—

"As an intellectual guide, Aunt Sarah was my greatest inspiration: and other pupils felt no less enthusiastic over this 'born teacher' and devoted Christian."

The reader can judge of the enthusiasm of Frances over the curriculum of this school, from what she says now of the "examination day" just preceding Commencement. "Our middle class was seated on the high platform of the great study hall. My aunt went to the opposite end, and in her clear voice called out the topics by number. We had to speak loud enough to be heard throughout the room, or she would not allow us to proceed. Mother was present, and this was a day of joy to her, for she could see how hard her girls had worked. I had an essay on 'Originality of Thought and Action,' also a little poem, 'Lighting the Lamps,' written on a sweet evening as I watched, from my window, that city sight to me so novel."

The girls strongly desired to return to this institution; but their father had set his heart upon the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, under the management of Professor Wm. P. Jones, a graduate of Alleghany College, and his wife, a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Accordingly Frances and her sister entered this college before the former had reached her eighteenth birthday. Being shy and bashful with new acquaintances, Frances was misunderstood at first. The students thought she was proud and haughty; but her splendid recitations impressed them. "My! can't she recite," remarked one. "Kate must look out for her laurels now," said

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another. "The new girl beats us all," remarked a third. Her scholarship, and soon her geniality, drew them closely to her. They found her sociable and "full of fun," as ready as any one of the crowd for a good time, with this limitation, that no pastime should interfere with her studies. She stood at the head of her class from the start, and she meant to keep there. She was really one of the "wild girls" in the institution, but her desire and determination to excel in her studies hindered her from frantic escapades. As in a multitude of cases, her love of learning was more than her love of worldly pleasure, and so saved her from a life of pleasure-seeking.

She carried her doubts about the Bible and practical religion with her to the college. Nor was she at all bashful to express them. For this reason she was counted as a sceptic by the students and some of the faculty. But the President was not willing to give up so brilliant a scholar to scepticism. He studied her case with the interest and enthusiasm of a Christian philosopher. He believed that so clear-headed and gifted a young lady must see and receive the truth. With these views he labored for her enlightenment and conversion; and his efforts were rewarded. Some time during the last year of her college course she became a Christian, and joined the Methodist Church in Evanston.

Frances maintained her resolution to lead her class in every study through the four years. She never faltered, nor wearied during all the time. It was easy for her to lead and to make a brilliant record. The President wrote of her as follows: —

"From the day she entered, she made friends rapidly. Among the students she was an emotional and

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intellectual loadstone. They loved to cluster around her and hear her talk. She would set them to discoursing on subjects quite out of the ordinary range of college girls' conversations, interspersing her own wise, quaint and witty speeches, to the great delight of her listeners. Possessed of a worthy ambition to live for a purpose, she inspired the same feeling in many of her schoolmates. Her lively imagination drew plans for the future, not only for herself, but for those around her, into which they entered with a spirit that showed itself in all their work. If they built castles in Spain, they, nevertheless, laid foundations for character and achievement in real life which endured long after their airy visions passed away, as their lives since have well attested."

There was no difficulty in deciding who should deliver the valedictory address of her class. Frances settled that question for herself, as we have seen, in the early part of her collegiate life. Every student in the college knew to whom the honor belonged. About a year before she graduated she had a short illness. An entry in her journal at that time reads:—

"When I recover, when I possess once more 'a sound mind in a sound body,' I will earn my own living; 'pay my own way,' and try to be of use in the world. It will — it shall — be better that I did not die." Such an invincible purpose makes heroines of young women, as it does of young men. It converts young workers into prophets and prophetesses. Frances told her own fortune. She foretold precisely what she became. She fulfilled her own prophecy. The record she is making to-day is substantially the record she declared she would make when she was twenty years old.

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Her health was somewhat impaired at the close of her college course, so that she sought rest and recuperation in her Forest Home in Wisconsin. But resting, reading, writing, without any definite purpose, month after month, caused her to become dissatisfied with herself, so that she determined to make teaching her profession, although her parents discouraged the plan. Her father was well off, and perfectly willing to support his daughters, and wanted their society at home. Hence his unwillingness to let Frances teach. But she viewed her future from a Christian standpoint. She could not be idle and useless. She was qualified to help others into a higher and nobler life, and she must do it; it was the claim of DUTY. She would not live for herself: she could not, and be happy. She was right; and her father yielded. She accepted the very first offer that she received, in so humble a situation that her father wondered at her decision. It was a small school on the outskirts of Chicago, composed mostly of children of foreign birth — a locality without the least attraction, and the pay small enough to make economy a necessity. But she went to her work with as much energy and determination to succeed as she would have manifested in the High School of Chicago, had her lot been cast there. She won the confidence of every pupil and every parent, and she did every pupil good.

Miss Willard says of her career as a teacher: "Between 1858 and 1874, when I forever ceased to be a pedagogue, I had thirteen separate seasons of teaching, in eleven separate institutions, and six separate towns; my pupils in all numbering about two thousand. In my summer vacation at Forest Home,

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1858, I taught our district school; in my own home-town of Evanston I taught the public school one term, in Harlem, two terms; in Kankakee Academy, one term; in my Alma Mater, the Northwestern Female College, two; in Pittsburgh Female College, three; in the Grove School, Evanston, one year; in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, New York, three terms; the Evanston College for Ladies, two years; the Woman's College, one year, and I was a professor in the Northwestern University one. Nor did I ever relinquish any of these situations save of my own free will, and in every case but one I had from the authorities a warm invitation to return. This I say very gratefully and thankfully."

A young lady of so much scholarship, energy, tact, and with so strong a desire to be useful, could not fail in teaching, or any other occupation. Besides, she was magnetic in her intercourse with pupils, and could inspire them to do their best, as few teachers can. Therefore she early ranked with the most successful of teachers.

During all this time she wrote much for the press. Magazines and papers, for both old and young, received her contributions. Her style was racy and spirited, never dull or commonplace. Sparkling thoughts, expressed in fine language, abound in all her work. Composing was never drudgery to her, but always a pleasure, natural and easy. When her sister died in 1864, at nineteen years of age, she wrote a delightful sketch of her life, which the Harpers of New York published, entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years." It was republished in England, where it had a considerable sale, and in both countries it was regarded as a very fine literary production.

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In 1871 Miss Willard was elected president of Evanston College for Ladies. This was a rare compliment to her as a scholar and teacher. Here she had an opportunity to introduce her self-government method of discipline, establishing no rules except as experience suggested occasionally, to teachers and pupil, one in which all acquiesced. On the first Sunday after the college opened, one of the pupils went to Miss Willard and said, "We can't bear to go in a procession over to the church. They say it has always been the custom, but if you will trust us to go independently, I feel sure you would never have occasion to regret it, for we would all be loyal to you and the school."

This was just what Miss Willard wanted, because it tallied with her plan of self-government. Of course there was no procession to the house of worship on that morning. Every scholar thought of the Roll of Honor, and it proved a grand success. Miss Willard's thorough education, combined with her noble qualities of decision, promptitude, observation, sympathy, and sound judgment, fitted her admirably to preside over an institution like the Evanston Female College. Her success was assured from the beginning. In the providence of God she had dropped into the niche she was ordained to fill, and her satisfaction was complete. And yet a higher sphere and wider field awaited her. The Evanston College was only a stepping-stone to something even more congenial to her than directing the education of young ladies. A wealthy lady friend desired to spend some months abroad, and she invited Miss Willard to accompany her, promising to pay all her expenses. She resigned her position at the college to accept the

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invitation of Miss Jackson. She spent two years abroad, writing occasional letters to the *Republican* of Chicago, that were highly appreciated for their instructive and racy character. They won fame for her as a letter-writer and newspaper correspondent. On her return she became contributor to various journals and magazines — all seeking her bright and interesting articles for their columns. She wrote for the several papers of her own denomination, *Harper's Magazine*, *New York Independent*, *The Christian Union*, *The Lakeside Monthly*, *The Forum*, *Sunday School Times*, and others. The sphere of her influence widened rapidly.

From her girlhood she was a reformer; her heart went out to sufferers of every class. She ascribes this leading characteristic of her life to early training. A bound volume of "The Slave's Friend," an anti-slavery paper, was given to her by Mary Thorne, daughter of the well-known Oberlin professor, and it proved an education to her. She said, a few years ago: "Early impressions are made on a memory that is 'wax to receive and marble to retain,' so I may justly say that I owe to journalism, in the shape of that little anti-slavery paper, my earliest impulse to philanthropy, and much of the fearlessness as a reformer that has surprised me no less than my friends. I liked nothing so well as to go away alone and read this little book. I often vexed my playmates because I preferred it to doll, doll dishes, or doll clothes." Her mother, also, read it to her, and enlarged upon the wickedness of human slavery. The evil of strong drink was incidentally exposed, too, while all the examples and lessons of her home impressed her tender heart with the magnitude of these and kindred evils.

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As she advanced to womanhood she naturally and gracefully drifted into the reforms of the day.

How she became a public speaker she relates in her autobiography. It was after her return from Europe, when she was seeking repose in her father's house at Evanston, whither he had removed from Wisconsin. A gray-haired gentleman called at the house to see her one day, and said: —

"I have been present at several of the meetings of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society before which you have been speaking the last few weeks concerning your observations in Egypt and the Holy Land. It seems to me you have the art of putting things, the self-possession, and many other of the necessary requisites of a good speaker. And I said to myself, 'I will go and see that lady; she is a good Methodist, as I am, and I will invite her to lecture in Centenary Church, of which I am trustee, making this agreement, that if she will work up a good popular lecture, I will work up a good popular audience, will pay her a fair price for her effort, and will see that it is well represented by the press of Chicago. It occurs to me that as the result, if all goes as well as I believe it will, she will have no more difficulty in making her livelihood and broadening her opportunities of usefulness.'"

Miss Willard was delighted. She had been longing for years to appear on the platform, but the way did not open. But now it was opened by a man who looked to her "like a combination of Santa Claus and a horn of plenty," Albro E. Bishop. She accepted his proposal, and set to work at once to prepare an address upon "The New Chivalry," which was a plea for girls, for whom she had labored so long and faithfully. A

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fine audience greeted her, and her address was received with the highest enthusiasm. Frequent applause showed that her listeners were taken captive by her eloquent effort. The press of Chicago indulged in the most pronounced praise, and the young orator was enthroned for life. From this time Miss Willard has been constantly before the public, both in this and the mother-country. Her public addresses have been in the interest of reforms; and her writings, whether in book form or articles for journals, have been chiefly on the same line.

Her great work has been in behalf of Temperance Reform, though every other necessary reform has commanded her head and heart. As we have seen, she had a temperance training at home, where neither intoxicating liquors or tobacco were tolerated. In her girlhood she found the following pledge in the *Youth's Cabinet*, and she cut it out, pasted it on a fly-leaf of the Bible, and insisted that every member of the family should sign it, including the servants about the place; and they did: —

> "A pledge we make no wine to take,
> Nor brandy red that turns the head,
> Nor fiery rum that ruins home,
> Nor brewer's beer, for that we fear;
> And cider, too, will never do.
> To quench our thirst, we'll always bring
> Cold water from the well or spring;
> So here we pledge perpetual hate
> To all that can intoxicate."

This was "the first bit of temperance work she ever did," and she did this because the lesson of temperance was early engraved upon her heart. The power of early home instruction is reflected by this

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fact. She never lost sight of the object which the lesson foreshadowed. Other scenes engrossed her attention on going away from home to study, and afterwards to teach; but her soul was always responsive to appeals on this subject. She recognized not only its importance, but its absolute necessity. So deeply did she feel on this point, that she often assigned temperance subjects to her pupils for compositions.

But when the Woman's Temperance Crusade in Ohio surprised the country, she passed into a "higher life" in the Temperance Reformation. That novel method of breaking up liquor shops impressed her favorably. If God and praying women could not remove the curse, she despaired of ever getting rid of it. She wrote: "All through that famous battle winter of home *versus* saloon, I read every word that I could get about the movement, and my brother, Oliver A. Willard, then editor of the *Chicago Evening Mail*, gave favorable and full reports, saying to me privately, 'I shall speak just as well of the women as I dare to,'—a most characteristic editorial remark, I have since thought, though more frequently acted out than uttered!"

The women of several Chicago churches were roused to try and check the drinking in that city. They met and walked in solemn procession to the City Hall to present a strong petition for the prompt enforcement of a well-known ordinance against the liquor business. But their petition was laid on the table, and the law they asked to have enforced was abrogated in short order. Such great excitement prevailed, that the women would have been mobbed but for the coolness and tact of Dr. Arthur Edwards. The liquor trade ruled the city with a rod of iron,

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and politicians of almost every stripe were its willing tools.

Good people were indignant over the outrage, and rousing meetings were called to protest against such insults on the Temperance advocates. Miss Willard was invited to address one of those meetings, and she gladly accepted. A woman of her spirit and calibre never shrinks from opposition. To be opposed is to become inspired. She thought only of the cause and feared not its foes. She believed then, and believes now, that a woman who will not die for her honest convictions, is not the woman she ought to be. Miss Willard could thrive on mobs. To her all such hostile demonstrations serve only to exalt the cause. It is very clear, from the foregoing sketch, how nature, home, and providence trained her for this destiny.

From that time her voice and pen were largely enlisted in Temperance Reform. She beheld a new field of achievement for women. She began to ask herself what her own duty was — whether she might not do more good in the lecture field for temperance than by teaching. But she had not reached the turning-point yet. The "set time" for her decision had not come, and the months rolled on.

Finally she went to Old Orchard Beach, in Maine, to the first Gospel Temperance meeting ever held. There she met Neal Dow, and heard the story of prohibition; and Francis Murphy, and heard the story of his reformation; and Mary Hartt of Brooklyn, New York, and Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens of Maine, and heard of the great work women might do; and she said, "I wondered where the money was to come from, as I had none, and had mother's expenses and

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my own to meet (her father was dead). I opened the Bible lying on the hotel bureau and lighted on this memorable verse, Psalm 37:3, 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

The question was settled; that text settled it. She had God's word for it. She would be "fed," and she asked no more. She did not ask what salary she could command,—to be "fed" was good pay; all over that would be clear gain. It was one of those conscientious decisions that lifts the soul into a higher life, however high the life may have been before. Read what she says about it: "That was a turning-point in life with me. Great spiritual illumination, unequalled in all my history before, had been vouchsafed me in the sorrowful last days at Evanston, but here came clinching faith for what was to me a most difficult emergency." Her faith has been of that type which she calls "clinching" ever since, just what is required by the tremendous work she has been doing. Any other kind of faith is worthless in fighting the saloon.

On her return from Old Orchard, Miss Willard visited friends in Cambridge, and, while there, she received two flattering letters on one day. The first was from Rev. Dr. Van Norman of New York, asking her to become lady principal of his popular school for young women, with a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars a year. The other letter was from Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, asking her if the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois, then a feeble band, might not make her President, without any salary at all, excepting to be "fed."

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Miss Willard did not accept the flattering offer from New York. She had decided upon her future life-work at Old Orchard, and no temptation could change her mind. She was too much of a woman for that. Read her words about it: "I cannot express the delight with which I greeted this announcement. Here was my 'open door' all unknown and unsought, a place prepared for me in one true temperance woman's heart, and a chance to work for the cause that had in so short a time become so dear to me. I at once declined the New York offer, and very soon after started for the West."

If there were only this incident just rehearsed to guide the reader, he would know with absolute certainty what the leading traits of Miss Willard's character are, and why she has been so successful. Conscientiousness, firmness, a self-sacrificing spirit, faith, and Christian principle, have led her to fight so zealously the battle of reform.

No language can express the change which her decision at Old Orchard wrought in her life. She said: "Instead of peace I was to participate in war; instead of sweetness of home, never more dearly loved than I had loved it, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; instead of libraries I was to frequent public halls and railway cars; instead of scholarly and cultured men, I was to see the dregs of the saloon and gambling house and haunt of shame." Born for such a destiny, her whole discipline led her along up to this startling consummation.

On her way home Miss Willard stopped at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the "Crusade" against the saloon was in progress, and she joined the women in visiting saloons of the character of which she

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had not the slightest idea. "This was my Crusade Baptism" she said. Within a week after she reached Chicago she was elected President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and entered upon her work. "We have no money," said the treasurer, "but we will try to get some if you will tell us your expectation as to salary." "Ah! thought I," said Miss Willard, "here is my coveted opportunity for the exercise of faith," and so she replied quietly. "Oh, that will be all right," — from which the friends inferred that Miss Kate Jackson, who paid her bills in Europe, was pledged to her support, which was untrue. So straitened was she for money, within a short time, that her mother, with whom she lived and whom she supported at Evanston, twelve miles from Chicago, dismissed her domestic, and did her own work. Miss Willard went back and forth daily from Evanston to her office in Chicago, and says, "Many a time I went without my noonday lunch because I had no money with which to buy, and many a mile did I walk because I had not the fare for a street-car." Her brother Oliver, editor of the *Chicago Mail*, said to her, "Frank, your faith-method is simply a challenge to the Almighty. You have put a chip on your shoulder and dared omnipotence to knock it off." But she says, "My whole life has not known a more lovely period. I communed with God; I dwelt in the spirit; this world had nothing to give me, and nothing to take away." And when Miss Jackson learned the facts, and spoke to her about it, Miss Willard answered, "True, I have not a cent in the world, but all the same I own Chicago," and it was a literal fact; "the sense of universal ownership was never so strong upon my spirit

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before or since that blessed time. 'I'm the child of a King' was the inmost song of my soul."

It is not our purpose to follow her into the wonderful mission of reform, never more important and remarkable than it is now. We have no space even for a brief description of a work of such magnitude, covering the Eastern and Western continents. It would be both pleasant and profitable to note the rapid growth of the Woman's Temperance Union under her administration, its funds increasing until she received a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year (about the same time declining an offer of twenty-five hundred dollars from Massachusetts); to follow her in lecture tours from Maine to California, and across the Atlantic to Great Britain, where her benevolent labors are as highly appreciated as they are in her native land, to estimate her work, first as Secretary of the National Christian Temperance Union and then as its honored President, continuing in the latter office still, and proving herself to be the very soul of the enterprise; to tell of her pulpit power as an evangelist, her eloquence and ability enchaining the largest audiences that Mr. Moody ever attracted; and to record her other manifold labors for humanity in social and even in political life.

But our purpose, to show how this woman was able to make so many things happen, has been accomplished. That she has assisted women as much as temperance, goes without saying; and to-day the thoughtful mothers, daughters, and sisters of our land hail her as the great benefactor of her sex. That we do not exaggerate her position as a powerful factor in the Christian civilization of our day, the

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following words of Mrs. H. W. Smith, from whom we quoted in the opening of this paper, will prove conclusively: —

"The evolution of this mighty organization (Woman's Christian Temperance Union) has been largely the work of its gentle yet magnetic leader, whose wonderful administrative talent and superb tact have given her an almost unparalleled success in controlling and guiding one of the greatest movements of modern times. . . . No one could realize more deeply than she does the truth that, 'Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it,' and she has always sought to commit her work and her ways to the keeping of the Divine Master, in a simple, child-like faith that he would lead her in the way she should go, and would make all her paths straight before her.

"There is a creature in the sea called the Octopus, with a very small body but with immense arms covered with suckers, radiating from every side, that stretch themselves out to infinite length to draw in all sorts of prey. Miss Willard seems to have the same characteristic of being able to reach out mental or spiritual arms to indefinite lengths, whereby to draw in everything and everybody that seem likely to help on the cause she has at heart. Hence I, who have felt the grip of those arms of hers, have come to call her in our private moments, 'My beloved Octopus,' and myself her contented victim."

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CLARA HARLOWE BARTON — RED-CROSS BEARER.

WE can scarcely accept the views of a prominent writer, who says, "Men make their opportunities; women accept the appointment of destiny." This may have been true of the days of our grandparents, when motherhood and housekeeping were the only two places women were expected to fill. Even then, however, there were here and there women who rose above the usual sphere of their sex, and impressed their power upon their times. But, in the last forty years, woman has stepped to the front. She has not "accepted the appointment of destiny," but she has made "opportunities for herself," as the sketches in this volume prove beyond controversy. In the face of masculine opposition she has hewed a way to public usefulness by her strong will, executive force, and lofty aim. In teaching and charitable work, to say nothing of maternal lessons in the home, she has outstripped the men by long strides. Now, women make their opportunities as truly as men. Most men would cower before some of the obstacles which women surmount. Even so gentle and retiring a soul as Clara H. Barton has gone where men have feared to tread.

Miss Barton was born in North Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1830. Her father was Stephen Barton, Sen., a man of much influence in the town, highly esteemed

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for his integrity, patriotism, and correct life. In early youth he was a soldier in the West under General Wayne, and he witnessed the evacuation of Detroit by the British in 1796. He was a citizen who had the courage of his convictions, and manfully stood up for the good order and morals of the town. Her mother was a gentle, Christian woman, in full sympathy with her husband upon all matters of social and public concern. She was the mother of five children, Clara being the youngest, and was thoroughly devoted to her family. Above all things she desired that her children should become good men and women; and for this object she prayed and labored.

Clara was a thoughtful, aspiring girl, full of life and fond of school. The common district school was the best that her father could afford, and here she improved her time and made commendable progress. She was quick to learn, and would have liked much better opportunities than she enjoyed. Her girlhood foreshadowed the intelligence and executive force of her womanhood. At home, she was a helpful daughter even in her childhood. She readily learned the art of housekeeping, and made herself useful. Her leisure time was given to reading and study, for which she had a decided taste. In these circumstances she was all the time advancing in knowledge and character. She seemed to possess sound judgment and common sense beyond most girls of her age. An incident will illustrate this statement.

When she was eleven years old, her eldest brother fell from the top of a building he was assisting to build, and, in consequence, he was bedridden for two years, and was a constant care. Clara's sympathies were aroused as never before: she was ready to do

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anything she possibly could for her injured brother. So, to relieve her mother, upon whom the care of housekeeping for the large family rested, she was set to fan her brother, and to run for a glass of water whenever he wanted it — a service that was very grateful to her. So careful, watchful, and loving was the little girl that the patient preferred her to all the others, so Clara became his constant nurse, much to her liking. It was quite interesting to observe so young a nurse caring for an invalid; and doing it with so much tact and efficiency. For two years she served her brother in this capacity, foregoing the play and pleasures which children of her age usually seek, and that, too, without impairing her health. There is no doubt that this experience at eleven years of age had a manifest connection with the work she did, ten, twenty, and thirty years thereafter, and, also, with her labors in Armenia at this time of writing.

Clara desired to make herself useful, and teaching school appeared to be the only occupation available. Accordingly she resolved to fit herself for that employment, although she must make her own opportunity. At fifteen years of age she was well qualified to teach the district school at North Oxford, in which she had been a pupil, and the committee were glad to engage her. They knew her worth and ability, and her success fulfilled their expectations. It was easy for her to teach, nor was the government of the school difficult. She was a popular girl, and had a sweet, winning way with her, so that scolding and punishment were unnecessary. Even bad boys, if there were any, had no heart to rebel against a government that was administered in love and gentleness. Her discipline was elevating, and the order of her school was excellent.

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Perhaps we should have stated that she was the book-keeper for her eldest brother for some time before she began to teach; and this was a good school for her. No doubt it contributed somewhat to her success as a teacher. It is always a benefit to girls or boys to become familiar with business life.

From the time that Clara commenced teaching in her own neighborhood, her services were in demand. She was so successful that school committees were glad to secure her. Most of the time until she was about twenty-one years of age, she spent in teaching in Massachusetts. All the while, too, she was advancing in her studies, devoting herself to self-culture with unusual interest.

When she was twenty-one or twenty-two years of age she visited Bordentown, New Jersey. It was a rough, immoral place, and a free public school did not thrive there. It had been tried several times, and failed. Sometimes a lack of interest among the people was the cause of the failure, and sometimes insubordination among the pupils. The people had lost faith in such an enterprise, and the boys and girls roamed the streets, exposed to various temptations, and growing up in ignorance and vice. The reader can judge what kind of a place the town was — the last town that the average woman would teach in, if she could help it.

Miss Barton was greatly exercised over the fearful condition of the young people in that town, and she yearned to do them good. She told the authorities that a free public school could be made a success in Bordentown, and that she would be willing to teach awhile without pay. The authorities laughed at her suggestion. They had seen a man powerless in the

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hands of the rebellious pupils, so that the idea of a young woman risking her life and character before such a mob, struck them as farcical. They would not think of putting her into such a school.

But the discussion continued. Parents became interested; and some of them said that a lady like Miss Barton would be more likely to succeed than a young man. At length when she thought the nick of time had arrived, she proposed to the authorities to teach a school three months without charge, if they would fit up a building for that purpose. Shamed into action by the courage and enthusiasm of the young lady, they accepted her proposition, and fitted up an unoccupied building a short distance from the town. Here she opened a school of six pupils — that was all. Neither parents nor children cared half so much for school as they did for idleness and vice. A more disgraceful state of affairs never existed in a civilized community!

But Miss Barton was not discouraged. She worked as hard for her six scholars as she would have done for sixty. She knew that nothing succeeds so well as success; and she resolved to draw others by doing the best she could for the six. To the six the school was very interesting and Miss Barton the best friend they ever had. Each one of them became a walking and talking advertisement. Other boys and girls dropped in, one after another; and all were pleased. At the end of five weeks the school was so popular that many more pupils presented themselves than could be accommodated; and still the applicants came. What could be done?

The school commissioners were convinced that a free public school could thrive even in Bordentown.

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A man might not be able to manage the enterprise, but Miss Barton could. As much as that was clearly demonstrated. She advised them to erect a school-house at once, large enough to accommodate six or seven hundred pupils. At first the proposition appeared to them wild; but after a little they comprehended its meaning and value: and the result was that the town erected a school-building at a cost of four or five thousand dollars. In that building Miss Barton organized a graded school, at the opening of the winter term of 1853, with a roll of six hundred pupils — the most remarkable transformation of a community to be found in the annals of education. Nothing in the township was so popular as the free public school, and no teacher ever won more completely the confidence and gratitude of a people. She proved to the citizens that such a school could prosper in their town, and none remained to doubt.

This experiment, however, was a vast strain upon her nervous system, and her health was broken. Earnest as the citizens and pupils were for her to continue in charge of the school, she was obliged to seek quiet and rest. The physician said that nothing else would restore her to health.

She repaired to Washington, where old friends gladly welcomed her. After a season of repose, a relative, who was a member of Congress, secured her a position in the Patent Office, and at first she acted as copyist; but the authorities soon discovered her ability, and appointed her to the responsible work of "abridging original papers, and preparing records for publication." This work commanded large pay, so that she made money much faster than ever was possible for her to do in teaching. But she was not in

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want of money for its own sake; she wanted it for benevolent purposes. An eye-witness wrote: —

"I met her often during those years, as I have since, and rarely saw her without some pet scheme of benevolence on her hands which she pursued with an enthusiasm that was quite heroic, and sometimes amusing. The roll of those she has helped, or tried to help, with her purse, her personal influence, or her counsels, would be a long one; orphan children, deserted wives, destitute women, sick or unsuccessful relatives, men who had failed in business, and boys who never had any business, all who were in want or in trouble, and could claim the slightest acquaintance, came to her for aid, and they were never repulsed." There was not a happier person in Washington at that time than Clara Barton, with money enough to aid the needy ones who called upon her. For three years she served in the Patent Office, and, during that period, her reputation as a young woman of talents and large benevolence was well established in the city.

In the first year of Mr. Buchanan's administration she was removed without cause, except to make a place for a political adventurer, not half so well qualified to abridge original papers and prepare records for publication. Miss Barton returned to New England, to devote her time to study and works of benevolence, as well as to improve her health by rest. The outbreak of the civil war awakened her patriotic impulses, and she hastened to Washington, believing that she could render some useful service to her country in its time of need. She was there when the national flag on Fort Sumter was shot down, and war thereby declared. The eye-witness just quoted wrote of her: —

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"I happened to see her a day or two after the news came that Fort Sumter had been fired on. She was confident, even enthusiastic. She had feared that the Southern aristocracy, by their close combination and superior political training, might succeed in gradually subjugating the whole country; but of that there was no longer any danger. The war might be long and bloody, but the rebels had abandoned a policy in which the chances were in favor of their ultimate success, for one in which they had no chance at all. For herself she had saved a little in time of peace, and she intended to devote it and herself to the service of her country and of humanity. If war must be, she neither expected nor desired to come out of it with a dollar. If she survived, she could no doubt earn a living; and if she did not, it was no matter. This is actually the substance of what she said, and pretty nearly the words, — without appearing to suspect that it was remarkable."

The patriotic blood that ran in her father's veins under "Mad Anthony," as General Wayne was called, was now tingling in her own, and she was ready to sacrifice herself on the altar of liberty. In her girlhood she had listened to her father's war stories at the fireside, and their influence had never been exhausted. She who could make a free public school happen in Bordentown, could make something important happen to her native land when its safety was imperilled.

We omitted to say that Miss Barton was the first female employed in the Patent Office, and that her presence was resented by the masculine occupants. They conferred together as to the best way of getting rid of their feminine associate, and concluded to

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array themselves each morning in two rows against the walls of the long corridor through which she must pass to her desk, and obliterate her by gazing and whistling. But they did not know their victim. She understood the meaning but pocketed the insult, and every morning walked between the two rows of simpletons to her desk with her eyes fastened upon the floor instead of the fools. Finding that they were foiled in this attempt to oust her, they resorted to slander to accomplish their purpose. These reports reached the ears of Miss Barton, but she was not disturbed in the least. But when the reports reached the superintendent of the Patent Office he turned every one of the slanderers out. On filling the vacancies, he took care that Miss Barton should have some associates of her own sex. Here we discover the outcome of a rare virtue that distinguished Clara Barton from her girlhood; and it will shine brighter and brighter, as in the sequel we shall see how it helped her when distress, disease, and death blocked her way.

We said that Miss Barton was removed from the Patent Office, and returned to New England. She was recalled, however, by the same administration, because her ability was demanded to straighten some crooked records, and she was there when the first Massachusetts soldiers arrived. It was the famous sixth Massachusetts militia, which was fired upon in Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861. When they reached Washington there were thirty sick and wounded among them, and they were placed in the Washington infirmary for treatment. On hearing of their arrival Miss Barton proceeded at once to the place to learn their condition, and see what she could

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do for them. The regiment were quartered at the Capitol, and were destitute of necessary supplies because of their hurried departure from Boston. It was Saturday night, but Miss Barton hustled about with her accustomed energy for supplies, which were conveyed to them early on Sunday morning. There were no street cars then, and omnibuses did not run on the Sabbath, so she hired five negroes, strong and jolly fellows, and loaded them with baskets of well-prepared food to bear to the Capitol. She led the way to the senate chamber to deposit and distribute her stores, and the soldiers gave her a warm welcome. Some of them came from her own neighborhood in Massachusetts, and they rallied around her in glad surprise. She had taken a paper with her containing an account of their sudden march from Boston and their reception in Baltimore, for the purpose of reading it to them. Mounting the stairs leading to the vice-president's chair she read it aloud to them, for which they were truly grateful.

Soldiers arrived, by this time, in large numbers, and hospitals were multiplied and rapidly filled. Without seeking or receiving any appointment, Miss Barton resigned her position in the Patent Office and devoted her whole time to the wants of the army. Her own purse often supplied necessary articles not found in the bales and boxes sent to her care. Individuals, churches, and sewing circles learned of her devotion to army work, and forwarded clothing, lint, flannels, preserved fruits, jellies, medicines, and other indispensable supplies, so that in 1862 she usually had on hand a store of five tons. General Tucker, who was chief quartermaster at Washington, watched her with the deepest interest. He provided storage

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for her supplies and added thereto necessary articles as they were needed.

About the close of 1861 her work was interrupted by the last sickness of her father, who was eighty years of age. She returned home, and watched at his bedside about two months, when his remains were laid away in the cemetery. Often she talked with her father about the propriety of going to the front to care for the sick and wounded. "Go," said the old man, "where your heart prompts you to go. I have been a soldier, and I know that soldiers will respect you, and treat you with the utmost kindness and deference." It was the counsels of her father, on his death-bed, that settled the question, in her own mind, as to the propriety and necessity of her going to the front. She returned to Washington with plans formed, and a resolute will.

Her first step was to load an army-wagon with supplies and follow the march of General McClellan. In two days she reached Burnside's corps, on the eve of a bloody battle. Dr. Brockett describes the scene that followed, thus: —

"Thinking the place of danger was the place of duty, Miss Barton ordered her mules to be harnessed, and took her place in the swift train of artillery that was passing. On reaching the scene of action, they turned into a field of tall corn, and drove through it to a large barn. They were close upon the line of battle; the rebel shot and shell threw thickly around and over them; and in the barnyard and among the corn lay torn and bleeding men — the worse cases — just brought from the places where they had fallen. The army medical supplies had not yet arrived, the small stock of dressings was exhausted, and the sur-

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geons were trying to make bandages of corn-husks. Miss Barton opened to them her stock of dressings, and proceeded to distribute bread steeped in wine to the wounded and fainting. In the course of the day she picked up twenty-five men who had come to the rear with the wounded, and set them to work administering restoratives, bringing and applying water, lifting men to easier positions, stopping hemorrhages, etc., etc. At length her bread was all spent; but luckily a part of the liquors she had brought were found to have been packed in meal, which suggested the idea of making gruel. A farm-house was found connected with the barn, and on searching the cellar she discovered three barrels of flour, and a bag of salt, which the rebels had hidden the day before. Kettles were found about the house, and she prepared to make gruel on a large scale, which was carried in buckets and distributed along the line for miles. On the ample verandah of the house were arranged the operating tables, where the surgeons performed their operations, and on that verandah she kept her place from the forenoon till nightfall, mixing gruel and directing her assistants, under the fire of one of the greatest and fiercest battles of modern times. Before night her face was as black as a negro's, and her lips and throat parched with the sulphurous smoke of battle. But night came at last, and the wearied armies lay down on the ground to rest; and the dead and dying lay everywhere. Darkness, too, had its terrors, and, as the night closed in, the surgeon in charge at the old farm-house looked despairingly at a bit of candle, and said it was the only one on the place; and no one could stir till morning. A thousand men dangerously wounded and suffering terribly

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from thirst lay around, and many must die before the light of another day. Miss Barton replied that, profiting by her experience at Chantilly, she had brought with her thirty lanterns and an abundance of candles. It was worth a journey to Antietam, to light the gloom of the night. On the morning, the fighting had ceased, but the work of caring for the wounded was resumed and continued all day. On the third day the regular supplies arrived, and Miss Barton, having exhausted her small stores, and finding that continued fatigue and watching were bringing on a fever, turned her course towards Washington. It was with difficulty that she was able to reach home, where she was confined to her bed for some time."

We have cited this incident at length to show that a timid, gentle woman, with a heart as tender as her voice was soft and sweet, may be as oblivious to fear and exposure as a man, provided the necessary virtues inspire her soul. Heroines are made of the same stuff as heroes. The power of noble attributes is as controlling and moulding in the feminine as in the masculine heart. Were it otherwise, society would present a pitiable spectacle, because homes would cease to be successful training-schools for the young.

Miss Barton felt that the place for her was at the front, where there were the fewest facilities for making sick and wounded men comfortable. For this reason she was found where battles were imminent. On the 23d of October, 1862, a great battle was expected in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, Virginia; and she left Harper's Ferry with a supply train of six wagons and an ambulance, seven teamsters and thirty-eight mules. The teamsters were the roughest fellows she had met; just the class who object to being

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managed by a woman. But the government supported her, and her errand was humane and indispensable; and the men knew it as well as she. Still, they were so burdened with iniquity that they mutinied before they had proceeded a dozen miles. Miss Barton comprehended the situation, and, with a firmness and confidence that few women could command in the circumstances, she set before them, in the plainest words, the sure penalty their insubordination would bring upon them, if they persisted in rebelling. Her words convinced them, evidently, that a woman could be a good commander, and they subsided; not gracefully or cheerfully, but with a good deal of grumbling and profanity. When she overtook the army it was crossing the Potomac, and her teamsters refused to cross. Again she was obliged to assert her authority, which proved quite sufficient to subdue the seven teamsters. She assured them that, unless they crossed the river peaceably, they would be dismissed promptly, and left to suffer the consequences. They concluded to cross, and never more troubled her; from that time they were obedient, faithful, and useful.

The expected battle was not fought, but the enemy retreated towards Richmond, and the Union army pursued, with skirmishing and brief battles every day. Miss Barton accompanied the Ninth Army Corps, and her "moving hospital" was all the provision for the sick and wounded which the corps had. It was a march of three weeks under the most trying circumstances. When the army camped for the night, the fires were lighted and food was prepared for hospital use. All along the march the men gathered fresh provisions from the country through which they

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passed, as much as they could, thus adding to the stores of Miss Barton, which were quite ample at the outset. During the whole of this memorable campaign the Ninth Army Corps had no hospital provisions to rely upon except Miss Barton's loaded army wagons.

She was present when the works behind Fredericksburg were attacked, and organized hospital kitchens in the city during its brief occupation by our army. It was winter, and the weather bleak and stormy, and yet she occupied her old tent, and did the cooking in the open air. The unsuccessful attacks upon the rebel batteries left many soldiers dead or wounded within the lines of the foe. Once, fifty Union soldiers lay wounded for several days before they were recovered. Their clothes were frozen stiff and they were almost famished when they were brought to Miss Barton at Falmouth. She ordered the snow to be cleared away, large fires built, and every sufferer wrapped in heavy blankets, and laid where the heat would penetrate his body. Then she directed that an old chimney should be pulled down, and the bricks heated and laid around them. The patients were so completely exhausted, and so chilled as to be well-nigh frozen, that she opened her supply of confiscated liquors, which Surgeon-General Hammond had turned over to her, and gave each one hot toddy with their warm food. The result was that every one of them survived the night, and were comparatively comfortable in the morning when the medical officers took them in charge.

This narrative illustrates the forethought, circumspection, quick-witted mind, and stout heart of this woman. If conveniences for the suffering did not exist, she created them. She had been in the habit

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of doing everything thoroughly, and the habit contributed largely to her usefulness in the army. She could invent comforts out of very unfavorable material. Her self-control, under the most disheartening circumstances, saved many a life. No one questioned her judgment, not even the surgeons; and yet she was neither officious nor disagreeable.

It was while our army was at Fredericksburg that a young rebel officer, with a fatal wound in his thigh, was brought with other Southern prisoners to Miss Barton. It was plain to him and her that his life could not be saved; but she exerted herself to make him comfortable, caring for him with a sister's tenderness and devotion. Just then an orderly came with a message from the medical director to go over to Fredericksburg at once to organize hospitals and diet kitchens. [She was then in charge of the patients at Falmouth.]

The young officer heard the message, and he beckoned to Miss Barton, and entreated her not to go. He said, "Lady, you have been very kind to me. You could not save my life, but you have endeavored to render death easy. I owe it to you to tell you what a few hours ago I would have died sooner than have revealed, — the whole arrangement of the Confederate troops and artillery is intended as a trap for your people. Every street and lane of the city is covered by our cannon. They are now concealed, and do not reply to the bombardment of your army, because they wish to entice you across. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock, and attempts to move along the streets, they will find Fredericksburg only a slaughter-pen, and not a regiment of them will be allowed

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to escape. Do not go over, for you will go to certain death!"

He spoke with a tone of entreaty that denoted honest warning; but Miss Barton, while expressing her tender interest in him, replied that she must obey orders, and go to the relief of the Union soldiers at whatever cost. He was near the end when she left him to his fate, whispering blessings on her head. On reaching the Ninth Corps, she received a hearty welcome of cheers; for the soldiers knew full well what her presence meant to their comrades. She remained at her post until the masterly retreat of the Union army, and every wounded man was taken across the river.

It was while there that the soldiers planned a surprise which would express to her the high estimation in which she was held by the entire corps. A squad of soldiers appeared at her quarters bearing a very beautiful and costly carpet. "What is this for?" inquired Miss Barton. "It is for you, ma'am," answered one of the soldiers, "you have been so good to us that we wanted to bring you something." "Where did you get it?" she asked. "Oh, ma'am, we confiscated it," was the answer. "No, no," responded Miss Barton, "that will never do. Governments confiscate; soldiers steal when they take such things. I am afraid, my men, that you will have to take it back to the house from which you took it. I can't receive a stolen carpet." The men were taken aback, and yet they had the good sense to see that their hospital nurse was right; so they took it in good part, shouldered the carpet, and bore it back to the residence from which it was taken. They were wont to call Miss Barton their "guardian angel,"

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and now that appellation seemed to them more appropriate than ever. They had learned the difference between real confiscation and stealing.

Later, she accompanied the Gilmore and Dahlgren expedition, and was present through all the military operations on James, Folly, and Morris Islands. Here, much of the time, she was exposed to the pelting of storms or the heat of a torrid sun. Scores of soldiers were prostrated by the excessive heat, and not a few died. Miss Barton, though stricken down several times, continued at her post to the end. "How could you so expose your life and health to that terrible heat!" said a friend to her. Her answer was characteristic of an unselfish, heroic soul. "Why," she said, without appearing to think there was anything unusual in the act, "the other ladies thought they could not endure the climate, and, as I knew somebody must take care of the soldiers, I went." It was a marked example of disinterested benevolence.

In February, 1864, Miss Barton began preparations for the spring campaign, which the military prophets thought would prove the most destructive to human life of any campaign in the war. The prophecies were signally fulfilled, and her stores of supplies, which she thought would be ample for any emergency, were so nearly exhausted that she was obliged to send to friends in the North for further contributions, all the while drawing from her own pecuniary resources to meet the imperative demand. Dr. Brockett says: "Moving on to Port Royal, and thence to the James River, she presently became attached to the army of the James, where General Butler, at the instance of his chief medical director,

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Surgeon McCormick, acknowledging her past services, and appreciating her abilities, gave her a recognized position, which greatly enhanced her usefulness, and enabled her, with her energetic nature, to contribute as much to the welfare and comfort of the army in that year, as she had been able to do in all her previous connection with it. In January, 1865, she returned to Washington, where she was detained from the front nearly two months by the illness and death of a brother and nephew, and did not again join the army in the field."

Miss Barton was overwhelmed with letters of inquiry about missing soldiers — wives, mothers, and sisters, asking for information about husbands, sons, and brothers, from whom no tidings had been received since such and such a battle. In consequence, she decided to spend some time at Annapolis, where were the records and camps of paroled and exchanged prisoners, so that she might answer these inquiries satisfactorily. Her heart was in deep sympathy with the anxious and sorrowing women at home, waiting in terrible suspense for tidings from the battlefields. It was an important and benevolent work. President Lincoln was delighted with her plan, when he heard of it, and made her mission official by appointing her "General Correspondent for the Friends of Paroled Prisoners." The appointment was published in the newspapers, and so widely spread, that an avalanche of letters from parents, wives, various societies, State officials, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, poured in upon her. For two months she continued this work, under great embarrassments, during which time the President was assassinated, and the war brought to a close.

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Then, at her own expense, Miss Barton organized a Bureau of Records of Missing Men of the Armies of the United States, at Washington. "Here she collected all rolls of prisoners, hospital records, and records of burials in the rebel prisons and elsewhere, and, at short intervals, published 'Rolls of Missing Men,' which, by the help of some of her friends among the members of Congress, were sent to all parts of the United States, and posted in prominent places, and in many instances copied into local papers." This was a work of great value and magnitude, requiring ability, patience, and business tact, all of which Miss Barton brought to the task.

Through a Connecticut soldier — Dorrance Atwater — she got possession of the records of interments of Andersonville Prison, where he was a prisoner for months. His record was so complete that he could identify nearly all the graves of the thirteen thousand Union soldiers buried there. Miss Barton called the attention of the Secretary of War to the importance of placing suitable head-boards at these graves while Atwater could identify them. Accordingly, the Secretary sent her to Andersonville with Atwater, accompanied also by Assistant-Quartermaster James M. Moore, to perform this charitable service. It was a long, tiresome job; but Miss Barton saw that the work was carefully and well done.

Atwater had lent his list of buried soldiers at Andersonville to the War Department to be copied, and he took possession of it when the copying was completed. Subsequently, by some mistake which we cannot understand, he was arrested for stealing that list, and was actually sentenced to two years and six months' imprisonment in the Auburn

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State Prison, to which he was at once conveyed. On hearing what had happened, Miss Barton's soul was on fire with indignation. She denounced the arrest, trial, and sentence as an unheard-of piece of injustice and cruelty, and declared that Atwater should be released. She went directly to General B. F. Butler, to enlist his interest and influence, and together they appealed to the President for his release. The result was that an order was sent immediately to the warden of the Auburn Prison to set him at liberty. Here was another example of her resolution and sense of justice! This modest, gentle woman could confront high officials, cut red tape, and forget herself, to lift a load of wrong from a suffering soldier.

We have spoken of the free use which Miss Barton made of her own purse in work for her country. She said, as we have seen, that she did not care to come out of the war with a single dollar of her patrimony; and she did not. She laid herself and her all upon the altar of her country. We know not how much she spent in her patriotic labors for the Union, but one fact appears to fix the amount at fifteen thousand dollars. For Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, when Congress assembled, "moved an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars to remunerate her for past expenditure, and enable her to maintain the Bureau of Records of Missing Men, which had proved of such service." The appropriation passed both branches of Congress by a unanimous vote. All respected the woman who said, when expostulated with for spending all her property in the service of her country, "What is money to me if I have no country!"

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In 1869, Miss Barton sought rest and health in Europe; but Providence led her again in a way she knew not, and she was introduced to similar work in the war of France against Prussia. At Geneva she was waited upon by representatives of the "Society of the Red Cross," who had heard of her remarkable work for the Union cause in the Civil War, to solicit her counsels and aid in behalf of the sick and wounded of both armies. She knew nothing of the Red Cross Society — had not even heard of it. So they explained that "the object of the Society, as set forth in the articles of the Geneva Convention of August, 1864, was the exemption from capture, and the protection, under treaty, of those who were taking care of the wounded on battlefields, and also of such inhabitants of invaded territories as gave them shelter and assistance. It undertook to care for wounded men wherever they fell, no matter to which of the belligerent armies they belonged." This was precisely the character of the service which Miss Barton had rendered in the Union army at home, and it won her heart at once.

The Society had adopted a flag, "which was to be recognized and protected by all belligerents; and also an arm-badge corresponding to the flag, to be worn by members in active service. The design chosen for the flag and badge was a red cross on a white ground, simply the colors of the national flag of Switzerland reversed, that bearing a white cross on a red ground. The association took its name from its flag, — the Society of the Red Cross."

She learned, too, that all nations were invited to join it, each national society to be responsible for the work in its own country. She resolved, then and there, that her own government should become a par-

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ticipant in this noble work, if her personal influence, on her return, could possibly accomplish it. In one of her public addresses subsequently, she said, "There is not a peace society on the face of the earth so potent, so effectual against war, as the Red Cross of Geneva."

Miss Barton went to the seat of war, and there was delighted with the order and promptness with which care for the wounded was provided by the Red Cross. She became enthusiastic over its grand work, and recalled by contrast the confusion and needless suffering that prevailed in the Union army, in the early part of the Civil War. She wrote about it thus: —

"I thought of the peninsula in McClellan's campaign, of Petersburg Landing, Cedar Mountain, and second Bull Run, Antietam, old Fredericksburg, with its acres of snow-covered and gun-covered *glacis* and its fourth day flag of truce, of its dead, and starving wounded, frozen to the ground, and our commissions and their supplies in Washington with no effective organization or power to go beyond; of the Petersburg mine with its four thousand dead and wounded and no flag of truce, the wounded broiling in a July sun, the dead bodies putrefying where they fell. As I saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field, accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it, — no mistakes or needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag made its way, a whole continent marshalled under the banner of the Red Cross; as I saw all this, and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to

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make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.' But I did more than to resolve; I promised other nations I would do it, and other reasons pressed me to remember my promise."

She found titled ladies, like the Grand Duchess of Baden, the only daughter of the German Emperor, personally engaged in this army service. The Grand Duchess was at the head of the women of her Court and country, relieving the suffering soldiers of either army. Whether friend or foe, she led her Red Cross members in caring for sufferers wherever found, and she ordered her beautiful castles in Baden to be transformed into military hospitals, and she herself, assisted by ladies of her Court, nursed the wounded men. "I have seen a wounded Arab from the French armies," says Miss Barton, "who knew no word of any language but his own, stretch out his arms to her in adoration and blessing as she passed his bed."

We cannot delay over her labors in Europe. They were continued for two years, and their appreciation by the people, from crowned heads down to the humblest peasants, is known the world over. Her advice and executive force caused the Red Cross members to honor her judgment and boundless charity. In feeding the poor of war-swept cities, dressing the wounds of Germans, French, or Arabs, or aiding surgeons in their most distressing operations, she was equally successful and self-possessed. As a token of the appreciation of her services by the highest authorities, she was decorated with the golden cross of Baden and the iron cross of Germany.

At the close of the Franco-German war, Miss Barton's health was more impaired than ever. On her

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way home, she was obliged to stop several months in London, before she was able to undertake the voyage across the Atlantic. For a long time she was unable to appear in public, not even able to plead for the organization of an American Red Cross Society. On regaining her strength, however, she began to agitate the subject, and, after many provoking delays, the Red Cross Society of the United States was organized, with Miss Barton for its president. It was modelled after the European society, but added something possibly, as we judge from this statement of its object, "to organize a system of national relief, and apply the same in mitigating suffering caused by war, pestilence, famine, and other calamities." The organization was completed, and prepared to operate, in 1881. In 1884, Miss Barton had charge of the Red Cross expedition to relieve the sufferers from floods on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The Society, also, has responded promptly to calls from the famine-stricken districts of Nebraska and Kansas, and the fire-swept districts of Michigan. At the time, she was superintendent, treasurer, and steward of the reformatory prison for women, at Sherborn, Massachusetts, to which position she was appointed by Governor Butler in 1883.

Miss Barton was delegate to the International Peace Convention at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1884, and was special commissioner for foreign exhibits at the New Orleans exhibition. In 1883, at the request of the United States Senate, she prepared a "History of the Red Cross," which the government printed at Washington.

Miss Barton is now at work in Armenia, relieving the suffering that the Turks have inflicted upon that

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persecuted people. Quite a number of her associates of the American Red Cross Society are with her, and they are everywhere hailed with demonstrations of joy. The Turkish Empire may defy the allied powers, and permit the terrible massacre to continue; but the Sultan dare not oppose the Red Cross messengers, who represent the kindness and generosity of the Christian world. She was really too far advanced in life and too frail for such an undertaking, but the tales of starvation, cruelty, and massacre that were borne to her ears on almost every gale moved her heart to go, and the benediction of Heaven rests upon her! Thousands who were ready to perish will rise up to call her "Blessed!"

Contrast the noble record of this woman with that of any man who has been renowned in the forum or on the battlefield, and the contrast honors womanhood. Quiet, careful, orderly, systematic, thorough, courageous, self-sacrificing, and true to her God and humanity, — nothing could withstand her sincere and steady efforts.

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ELIZABETH FRY — PRISONER'S FRIEND.

SIR FOWELL BUXTON once wrote to a nephew who had failed in his school examination: "This mortification is a test which will try your character. If that character be feeble, the disappointment will weigh upon your spirits: you will relax your exertions, and begin to despond, and be idle. That is the usual character of men; they can do very well when the breeze is in their favor, but they are cowed by the storm. If your character is vigorous and masculine, you will gather strength from this defeat. If you were my own, as you very nearly are, I would rather you should have failed, and then exhibit this determination, than that everything should have gone smoothly. I like your letter much: it breathes a portion of this unconquerable spirit, which is worth all the Latin, Greek, and logarithms in the world. Now, then, is the time. If you can summon up courage for the occasion, and pluck from this failure the materials for future success, then the loss of the scholarship may be a gain for life."

The author of this sensible and vigorous advice was so dashing and self-willed in his boyhood that neighbors thought he would go to ruin, and one of them expressed this fear to his mother, to which she replied, "Never mind; he is self-willed now, but you will see it will turn out well in the end." She saw

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him, at twenty-five, "doing more work than any two men in England," a member of Parliament at thirty-two, and a leading statesman in his country. We introduce him here because he married one of the Gurney family, — a sister of Elizabeth Fry, — and the two families had much in common in philanthropic work. The spirit of his advice to his nephew characterized the Gurney household, males and females alike, and gave the name "Gurney" a notable place in history.

Elizabeth Gurney, who became Elizabeth Fry at twenty years of age, born at Warwick, England, May 21, 1780, was the third child of a family of eight, — seven daughters and one son. Her father was John Gurney, a business man of large influence because of his noble Christian character and his work as a philanthropist. Her parents were Quakers, as were the grandparents — a sect that was ridiculed and maligned by people who possessed but a fractional part of the worth of the Gurneys. They were not what were called "plain Quakers" at that time; that is, they did not conform to the custom of the sect in wearing plain clothes and discarding all ornaments. Nor did they shun all the pleasures of the world condemned by the strictest of the sect; nor use the significant *thee* and *thou* to which Quakers generally were so strongly attached. There is no doubt that the large family of daughters had much to do with modifying their parents' views; for, no doubt, the girls possessed a taste for dress and forms of social intercourse in harmony with those of their associates.

Elizabeth's mother was a woman of decided talent, well educated, of sound judgment, a good disciplinarian, and a Christian who valued moral character

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above all things else. An extract from her diary will show why she did not conform wholly to the creed of the Friends; and, also, that her ideas about education were those of a thoughtful, strong-minded woman:—

"These reflections have led me to decide on what I most covet for my daughters, as the result of our daily pursuits. As piety is undoubtedly the shortest and securest way to all moral rectitude, young women should be virtuous and good on the broad, firm basis of Christianity; therefore it is not the tenets of any men or sect whatever that are to be inculcated in preference to those rigid but divine truths contained in the New Testament. As it appears to be our reasonable duty to improve our faculties, and by that means to render ourselves useful, it is necessary and very agreeable to be well informed of our own language, and the Latin as being most permanent, and the French as being the most in general request. The simple beauties of mathematics appear to be so excellent an exercise to the understanding, that they ought on no account to be omitted, and are, perhaps, scarcely less essential than a competent knowledge of the most approved branches of natural history, and a capacity of drawing from nature, in order to promote the knowledge and facilitate the pursuit of it. As a great portion of a woman's life ought to be passed in at least regulating the subordinate affairs of a family, she should work plain work herself neatly; understand the cutting out of linen; also she should not be ignorant of the common proprieties of a table, or deficient in any of the most minute affairs of a family. It should here be observed that gentleness of manner is indispensably

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necessary in women, to say nothing of that polished behavior which adds a charm to every qualification; to both which it appears pretty certain children may be led without vanity or affectation by amiable and judicious instruction."

This quotation is valuable as showing the character of Mrs. Gurney, and the kind of influences and discipline into which Elizabeth was born. The paragraph is quite sufficient to prove that the home at Earlham Hall was an exceptional one. Elizabeth was not fond of her books, but she was very much attached to her mother; so much so that she was harassed by the fear that she might die. When her mother was taking a nap, Elizabeth would sit and watch her, fearing that she might never wake up. She was a frail, nervous child, very much afraid of the dark; and this latter trouble was increased by her father's lack of judgment in compelling her to go to bed without a light, thinking such was the way to remove "a freak of childhood." Elizabeth always thought that this treatment injured her nervous system, from which injury she never recovered. So well satisfied was she on this point that, years afterwards, she avoided that method of disciplining her own children.

She was somewhat obstinate in her childhood, and was quite inclined to do her own thinking. Though not a "smart scholar," Elizabeth was very sensible and practical, having considerable tact and force in doing things. She believed in her own way, although she often seemed to have a disparaging opinion of herself. She could not see many things as others did, and so she called in question subjects and measures that others accepted. In womanhood she said of her girlhood: "I believe I had not a name only for being

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obstinate, for my nature had a strong tendency that way, and I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to them."

We shall learn in the sequel that out of this characteristic grew her independent thought and action respecting prison reform, twenty or thirty years later, not to mention other subjects upon which she thought for herself. Then, she was the child of parents who did not live for themselves alone. Both by example and precept Elizabeth was taught lessons of philanthropy and benevolence; and these were enjoined by reference to the New Testament. The Bible was the standard of conduct in the family, and Elizabeth was expected to read it daily: and Christ was the great, perfect example which she must imitate.

While Mrs. Gurney was living, Elizabeth adhered to the rules of the family as closely as good daughters usually do. She attended to her part of household duties, and learned what good housekeeping was. She made commendable progress in her studies, though not a brilliant pupil, and was ladylike in her demeanor. Her kind and benevolent spirit was frequently the subject of remark. Evidently her mother's stereotyped lesson — not to live for herself alone — had been appropriated, and was yielding fruit.

Her mother died when Elizabeth was twelve years old, and it was a great sorrow to her. But the pleasures of life wore away the affliction, and the want of her mother's careful training exposed her somewhat to worldliness in some of its forms. She thought much more of dress and ornaments, indulged somewhat in

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dancing, and sought more than ever society in which *thee* and *thou* were unheard. The same was true of her sisters. At the same time Elizabeth was unselfish and generous in many ways; and she was thoughtful, too, at times, and did not hesitate to avow her dissatisfaction with her mode of life. She wrote the following at one time, which expresses her feelings so frankly that we can but admire her spirit: —

"I am seventeen to-day. Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this day twelvemonth? I know I am happier, I think I am better. I hope I shall be happier this day year than I am now. I hope to be quite an altered person; to have more knowledge; to have my mind in greater order, and my heart too, that needs to be put in order quite as much. . . . I have seen several things in myself and others I never before remarked, but I have not tried to improve myself, I have given way to my passions, and let them have command over me, I have known my faults and not corrected them, and now I am determined I will once more try with redoubled ardor to overcome my wicked inclinations. I must not flirt; I must not be out of temper with the children; I must not contradict without a cause; I must not allow myself to be angry; I must not exaggerate, which I am inclined to do; I must not give way to luxury; I must not be idle in mind; I must try to give way to every good feeling, and overcome every bad. I have lately been too satirical, so as to hurt sometimes; remember it is a fault to hurt others. . . .

"There is much difference between being obstinate and steady. If I am bid to do anything my spirit revolts; if I am asked to do anything, I am willing.

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A thought passed my mind that if I had some religion I should be superior to what I am; it would be a bias to better actions. I think I am by degrees losing many excellent qualities. I am more cross, more proud, more vain, more extravagant. I lay it to my great love of gaiety and the world. I feel, I know I am falling. I do believe if I had a little true religion, I should have a greater support than I have now; but I have the greatest fear of religion, because I never saw a person religious who is not enthusiastic."

Here is an honest, frank, thoughtful Quaker girl, loving many worldly things, and enjoying them as other girls do, yet dissatisfied with herself, and desirous of being something she is not. The amusements of society are drawing her away from family associations, and yet maternal training still restrains her, and sets her thinking. She has decision, and a good degree of self-control, is conscientious, wants to be somebody, with generous impulses, but with no definite purpose. She needs something to rally her best mental and moral powers, and concentrate them upon a grand object. Even now she is wont to go about doing good among the poor, for nearly all Friends do that, and she has been taught in her childhood to do it. But there is not the principle in it to satisfy her. Remaining just where she is, her life will be fruitless, and therefore a failure. There is danger that she may become a votary of the world, the lessons of her early home and the influence of Quakerism notwithstanding.

Just here a custom among the Friends came to her relief. The Quakers sent out preachers to interest members of the denomination in benevo-

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lent and philanthropic works, and also to deepen religious impressions among the members of the Society. Sometimes these clerical delegates were sent from Great Britain to America, and sometimes from America to Great Britain. William Savery was such a travelling preacher, and he went from America to England — a devout, able, and honest man among the Friends.

He addressed a meeting of Friends in Norwich, where Elizabeth lived. Notice of it had been widely circulated, and the attendance was general. Elizabeth had neglected the Friends' meetings so much as to attract notice by her absence. But she went to hear William Savery, who was distinguished among the Friends both in England and the United States. All the Gurney sisters went, seven of them, and sat together in a row. They were not dressed after the fashion of "plain Quakers." They were more dressy, and wore some ornaments, to the evident dissatisfaction of the preacher, who took occasion to rebuke the tendency of the times to love of dress and display, and to exhort his hearers to adhere to the manners and customs of their fathers.

Elizabeth was apt to be listless and inattentive in meeting; but, on this day, her undivided attention was given to the preacher. The tone of his voice was melodious and tender, and his message went straight to her heart, as if designed specially for her. Before he was half through his sermon, she was in tears over her sins. Her mind had never been so exercised before. As soon as the meeting was through she went to her father and asked if she might dine at her uncle Gurney's, where Mr. Savery was stopping. Her father was somewhat surprised

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by her request, but he said "yes," seeing her cheeks were wet with tears. She dined at her uncle's, where she had a long and satisfactory conversation with Mr. Savery, and returned to meeting in the afternoon with the family. Her mind was no less exercised in the afternoon, and, driving home in the carriage, after service, she give full vent to her feelings in convulsive sobs. An older sister describes the scene thus:—

"Elizabeth sat in the middle and astonished us all by the great feeling she showed. She wept most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached to our dear sister after breakfast, prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into. What she went through in her own mind I cannot say, but the results were most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of the world and of pleasure seemed gone."

From that time Elizabeth was a changed girl. She wrote the following in her diary the next day:—

"To-day I have felt *that there is a God!* I have been devotional, and my mind has been led away from the follies that it is mostly wrapped up in. We had much serious conversation; in short, what he said, and what I felt, was like a refreshing shower falling upon earth that had been dried for ages. It has not made me unhappy; I have felt ever since *humble*. I have longed for virtue; I hope to be truly virtuous; to let sophistry fly from my mind; not to be enthusiastic and foolish, but only to be so far religious as will lead to virtue. There seems nothing so little understood as religion."

Soon after this experience, Mr. Gurney proposed that his daughter should visit friends in London, who

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were not Quakers. He wanted that she should be tested by its gaieties, believing that if her deep emotions were the work of the Spirit, she would come forth from the ordeal a shining Christian. The friends she visited patronized the theatre, danced, played cards, and lived in a worldly way generally. They invited her to accompany them to Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, and other places of amusement. She saw some of the most popular actors and actresses in "Hamlet" and other dramas, but she did not enjoy them, and said to herself, "London is not the place for heartful pleasures." "With her natural, sound common sense, her discernment, her intelligence and purity of mind, these amusements seemed far below the level of those fitted to satisfy a rational being — so far that she almost looked down on them with contempt. The truth was, that having tasted a little of the purer joy of religion, all other substitutes were stale and flat, and this although she scarcely knew enough of the matter to be able correctly to analyze her own feelings."

She was very fond of the company of distinguished men and women; and in London she was introduced to Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Inchbald, "Peter Pindar," and was taken to the opera to see the Prince of Wales, whose presence was announced. The only effect this "grand company" had upon her was to qualify her to preach more faithfully to illustrious people, including crowned heads, after becoming a recognized preacher of the gospel. She recorded the result of her London visit as follows: —

"I believe it was in the ordering of Providence for me, and that the lessons then learnt are to this day valuable to me. I consider one of the important re-

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sults was the conviction of those things being wrong, from seeing them and feeling their effects. I wholly gave up, on my own ground, attending all public places of amusement. I saw they tended to promote evil; therefore, even if I could attend them without being hurt myself, I felt in entering them I lent my aid to promote that which I was sure, from what I saw, hurt others, led them from the paths of rectitude, and brought them into much sin. I felt the vanity and folly of what are called the pleasures of this life, of which the tendency is not to satisfy, but eventually to enervate and injure the mind. Those only are real pleasures which are of an innocent nature, and are used as recreations, subjected to the Cross of Christ. I was in my judgment much confirmed in the infinite importance of religion as the only real stay, guide, help, comfort in this life, and the only means of having a hope of partaking of a better."

It was several months, however, before her conflict with sin ended, and her life-purpose was formed. She had a dream one night, and it was repeated several nights in succession. She dreamed of being on the sea-shore, and in danger of being overwhelmed and drowned by the great waves that came dashing wildly to her feet. But while seriously agitated by fear, there came into her soul the consciousness of having "truly got real faith," when she was immediately lifted high above the waves, and placed upon a rock, where she felt perfectly safe. Calmly she watched the raging billows, as they tossed and roared around her, and her peace was perfect. She thought it was a divine lesson, and God was teaching her by it to avoid being overwhelmed by the ocean of this

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world. At once her heart turned towards the strict practices of the Friends, and she sought their society and meetings, where she was welcomed as a true servant of God, and, in due time, was made a preacher. She felt in duty bound to adopt the *thee* and *thou* of the sect, together with the close cap and plain kerchief of the Quakeress. In no other way could she "renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil." From that time she consecrated herself to works of charity.

She opened a school for poor children, who were roaming over the city with none to care for them. She was nineteen years of age, a young lady of winning appearance, to whom the wildest "street Arabs" soon became attached. Her school increased to seventy pupils within a short time. Citizens were surprised at her success. How she could manage such a class of rough, unruly urchins was more than they could explain. But she herself understood it. She said, "I don't remember of ever being at any time with one who was not extremely disgusting, but I felt a sort of love for them, and I do hope I would sacrifice my life for the good of mankind." It was to her a preparatory school for the great work she was to accomplish in Newgate prison.

While engaged in this work of charity, a young man from London, Mr. Joseph Fry, made her acquaintance and proposed marriage. The offer was unexpected, and, at first, was not considered favorably. She had laid her plans to work for others; and to enter into wedlock and have a family of her own would essentially interfere with her charitable labors. But the young man was a Quaker, highly connected in life, was in full sympathy with her benevolent plans, and had money to assist her in such worthy efforts. The

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result was that she was married to Mr. Fry on the 19th of August, 1800, just after she had passed her twentieth birthday. They were married in the Friends' meeting house at Norwich, and went directly to St. Mildred's Court, London, to reside.

In St. Mildred's Court her home became a house of entertainment for the Friends from all parts of the country. Mrs. Fry presided with much grace and intelligence over the household affairs, and the Friends delighted to enjoy her hospitality. But her plans for usefulness were too well defined to admit of postponement. She began as soon as possible to minister to the sick and poor among the slums of London, visiting them in their squalid homes and threading the dirtiest alleys of the metropolis. She was sometimes deceived by the poor creatures, but never treated with rudeness. She made the acquaintance of Joseph Lancaster, founder of the monitorial system, and learned from him many things that helped her in her charitable labors. The Friends supported a workhouse and school at Islington, where she made herself useful. For four or five years she labored in this way, during which time two or three of her children were born, and two of her sisters married, — one of them to Sir Fowell Buxton. Her husband's mother and brother's wife died during this time, and finally Mr. Fry, senior, died. The latter death was the cause of their removal from London to Plashet, in Essex, the country seat of the family.

That Mrs. Fry could find any time at all to devote to charitable labors, with a growing family on her hands, and a home that was often thronged with visitors, was a surprise. Her diary contains some regrets that her methods of serving God were so

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much interfered with by "the duties of a careworn wife and mother." But "she was thereby trained to deal with the young and helpless, to enter into sorrows and woes, and to understand and sympathize with quiet suffering. But the time was coming for more active outward service, and when the call came, Elizabeth Fry was found ready to obey it.

In 1809 her father died. She was with him for several hours before he departed, and heard from his lips the most exultant expressions of his faith in Christ. As soon as his spirit took its flight, she knelt beside the bed on which the dead loved one lay, and reconsecrated herself to the service of God. From that time she was known as "minister" among the Friends, and her great ability won for her a wide reputation as a preacher of righteousness.

She secured rooms for a girls' school near her home, and gathered seventy from the streets within a short time. The plan of the school was the outcome of her acquaintance and conference with Mr. Lancaster, and she was assisted by a benevolent young lady by the name of Powell. Her own house was a storehouse for flannels, jackets, calicoes, pinafores, and gowns, with which she clothed the children. In an outbuilding she established a soup kitchen, which proved of great value to numerous families. A supply of drugs, useful in common diseases in families, was kept in a closet. Good literature also, — especially Bibles, — was kept in stock for daily distribution. Near by was a settlement of Irish Catholics in the most frightful condition. A priest had the settlement in charge, but he found it impossible to control them. With all his heart he welcomed Mrs. Fry to aid him in reforming "Irish Row." He allowed

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her to distribute Bibles and tracts, and to adopt any methods that would lift "the debased little colony into something like orderly life and decency." She attended the sick, clothed the naked, fed the hungry, vaccinated the children, and, when quite feeble, "would take the carriage, filled with blankets and clothes for distribution, down to "Irish Row," where the warm-hearted recipients blessed their "Lady Bountiful in terms more voluble and noisy than refined."

Suffice to say, "Irish Row" was reformed and became a civilized community; and both priest and people credited the reformation to Mrs. Fry. The presence of so gentle, refined, and spiritual a woman did for them what no man could have accomplished. She had heard much about the felons in Newgate prison — that it was perilous for man or woman to visit them without an armed escort. But she did not credit these stories, or she thought that at least the female prisoners might be reached and improved. In 1813, in company with officers and friends, she visited the prison for the first time. Her diary has this entry: "Yesterday we were some hours with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words of supplication, and I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much softened; a very solemn quiet was observed; it was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees around us in their deplorable condition." This Anna Buxton was a sister of Sir Fowell Buxton, who married Mrs. Fry's sister. When they entered the prison, the Superintendent advised them to leave their watches and other articles outside, lest they should

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be "snatched away by the lawless wretches." But the ladies declined to take that precaution, and had no occasion to regret their decision.

Mrs. Fry was now resolved to attempt the reformation of Newgate. But her own ill health, sickness in her family, and various other demands, hindered her for nearly three years.

At length the time came for her to begin. The prison was in a worse condition than it was when John Howard did his noble work. Prisoners were huddled together without regard to their crimes — murderers, thieves, drunkards, old and young, those guilty of the blackest crimes being confined with those who were only guilty of trivial offences, such as writing threatening letters. Three hundred women and little children were crowded together within "a superficial area of about one hundred and ninety yards." "The ragged, wretched crew bemoaned their wretchedness in vain, for no helping hand was held out to succor. They were destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any strangers appeared among them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance."

It was into such a community, teeming with filth,

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brutality, suffering, and vice, that Mrs. Fry proposed to carry relief, and work a reformation. Intelligent and respectable citizens laughed at the idea of reforming Newgate, and rebuked the presumption of a woman who risked her life in entering this "hell on earth," as it was called. Even after she had successfully inaugurated a school, and won the confidence of the debased women, and she proposed to furnish employment whereby they could earn something for themselves, as well as for their support, there was quite a general disapproval. Such depraved creatures could never be depended upon to sew to advantage: indeed, they could not be trusted with the materials.

But from her first visit Mrs. Fry was treated with respect. That a refined, Christian lady should interest herself in their improvement touched their hearts at once. They listened to her with undivided attention, and accepted her suggestions gladly. She read the Scriptures to them, and delivered short sermons, adopted special measures to teach their children, and listened patiently to their grievances. In all this, they found in her a true friend, and appreciated her. When she came to propose employment for them, they were overjoyed. It was wholly an unexpected proposal, and they accepted it unanimously. Previously, she had prepared a list of rules for their observance, and, without a dissenting vote, they were adopted. No one of her methods to improve their condition proved more popular and successful than that of employment. About a year from the time she commenced her labors in the prison, she appeared before a Committee of Parliament, appointed to investigate her work. Some extracts from

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her testimony before that committee will clearly show the remarkable change wrought in the prison. She was asked if she applied to the Committee of the Court of Aldermen for authority at first, and she replied: —

"Not at first. I thought it better to try the experiment for a month, and then to ask them whether they would second us, and adopt our measures as their own. We therefore assembled our women, read over our rules, brought them work, knitting, and other things, and our institution commenced. Our rules have been occasionally broken, but very seldom. Order has generally been observed. I think I may say we have full power among them, for one of them said it was more terrible to be brought up before me than before the judge, though we use nothing but kindness. I have never punished a woman during the whole time, or even proposed a punishment to them; and I think it is impossible in a well-ordered house to have rules more strictly obeyed than they have been obeyed in the prison. With regard to our work, they have made nearly twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel, the generality of which is supplied by the slop-shops, which pay very little. Excepting three out of this number that were missing, which we do not think was owing to the women, we have never lost a single article. They knit from about sixty to a hundred pairs of stockings and socks every month; they spin a little. The earnings of work, we think, average about 18*d.* [36 cents] per week for each person. This is generally spent in assisting them to live, and helps to clothe them. For this they subscribe out of their small earnings of work about £4 [$20] a month,

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and we subscribe about £8 [$40], which keeps them covered and decent. Another very important point is the excellent effects of religious education. We read the Scriptures to them twice a day. Many of them are taught, and some of them have been enabled to read a little themselves. It has had an astonishing effect. I never saw the Scriptures received in the same way, and to many of them they have been entirely new, both the great systems of religion and morality contained in them; and it has been very satisfactory to observe the effect upon their minds. When I have sometimes gone and said it was my intention to read, they would flock upstairs after me, as if it were a great pleasure I had to afford them."

Perhaps there is no part of Mrs. Fry's testimony before the Parliamentary Committee that shows more clearly her power over the prisoners than what she said about "gaming." The prisoners had been allowed to play cards, but Mrs. Fry prohibited it, because she regarded it a decided obstacle to their reformation. The Committee asked her, "Has gaming entirely ceased?" Her answer was:—

"It has of late; they have once been found gaming since we had care of the prison, but I called the women up when I found that some of them had been playing at cards, and represented how much I objected to it, and how evil I thought its consequences were, especially to them; at the same time I stated that if there were cards in the prison, I should consider it a proof of their regard if they would have the candor and the kindness to bring me their packs. I did not expect they would do it, for they would feel that they had betrayed themselves by it; however, I was sitting

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with the matron, and heard a gentle tap at the door, and in came a trembling woman to tell me she had brought her pack of cards, that she was not aware how wrong it was, and hoped I would do what I liked with them. In a few minutes another came up, and in this way I had five packs of cards burnt. I assured them that, so far from its being remembered against them, I should remember them in another way. I brought them a present of clothing for what they had done, and one of them, in a striking manner, said she hoped I would excuse her for being so forward, but, if she might say it, she felt exceedingly disappointed; she little thought of having clothing given her, but she had hoped I would give her a Bible, that she might read the Scriptures. This had been one of the worst girls, and she had behaved so very badly upon her trial that it was almost shameful. She conducted herself afterwards in so amiable a manner, that her conduct was almost without a flaw. She is still in the Penitentiary, and, I hope, will become a valuable member of society."

Mrs. Fry claimed that three things were essential to the reformation of the prison. 1. Religious instruction. 2. Classification. 3. Employment. Subsequently she added a fourth condition — that the women should be taken charge of by women only. But she put first of all, and most important of all, religious instruction. Many persons thought then, and many think now, that a class of men and women so debased, are hopeless — that time spent upon their religious education is wasted. That Mrs. Fry was right her remarkable success proved.

We cannot go further into detail. Mrs. Fry became the most famous woman in England. Her

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magical influence over the most hardened prisoners in Newgate interested even Royalty itself. The Queen of England desired to be introduced to the woman who was the author of so great a moral revolution, and a meeting was arranged between Mrs. Fry and Her Majesty. Their meeting is thus described: "Her Majesty's small figure, her dress blazing with diamonds, her courtesy and kindness as she spoke to the now celebrated Quakeress, who stood outwardly calm in the costume of her creed, and just a little flushed with the unwonted excitement, attracted universal homage. Around stood several bishops, peers, and peeresses; the hall was filled with spectators, while outside the crowd surged and swayed as crowds are wont to do. For a few moments the two women spoke together; then the strict rules of etiquette were overcome by the enthusiasm of the assembly, and a murmur of applause, followed by a ringing English cheer, went up. The cheer was repeated by the crowd outside, again and again, while the most worldly butterfly that ever buzzed and fluttered about a Court learned that day that there was in goodness and benevolence something better than fashion and nobler than rank."

Mrs. Fry turned her attention to philanthropic work in other directions. The laws of England were very sanguinary in their treatment of criminals, punishing by death the thief who took over a dollar's worth of cloth. Mrs. Fry attacked these barbarous laws, and began a movement that wrought a decided revolution for the better. The English Government maintained convict settlements in New South Wales, Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, to which convict ships conveyed their freights of living woe as circum-

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stances required. Mrs. Fry attacked both the purpose and the plan of caring for these criminals, and denounced the whole scheme as cruel and shameful — a dark spot upon Christian civilization. Through her efforts the system was greatly modified, and the condition of transported convicts essentially improved. Her opinions and co-operation in the discipline and management of prisons were sought now from every quarter. She visited the chief prisons throughout Great Britain, and then turned her attention to Continental prisons, especially those in countries to which she had been invited. She was everywhere received with the highest regard, and her visits resulted in vast improvement in the conduct of prisons. The influence of John Howard himself was not more salutary or widespread than was hers.

Honors were heaped upon her in profusion. The press of her own and other lands struck a chorus of praise. Preachers and statesmen, orators and poets, celebrated her deeds in prose and song. A writer says, "No canonized saint of the Catholic Church ever received truer reverence." Even the prisoners of Newgate forwarded to her a well-written and grateful address in praise of her unselfish and Christ-like life. Letters from convicts in the New South Wales and Australian settlements, overflowing with gratitude for kindness to them before their transportation, came to her.

The Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark visited England, and called upon Mrs. Fry at her home. The Prince arranged to meet her at Newgate the next day, at the hour of her morning lesson, that he might behold how this renowned reformer of that prison managed criminals so successfully. Subse-

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quently Mrs. Fry was somewhat surprised on receiving word that the Princess would honor her with her company at breakfast. At the appointed time she appeared for the purpose of discussing prison reform in the interest of Denmark. In 1840, the young Queen of England, Victoria, sent Mrs. Fry $250 for the Refuge at Chelsea, accompanied with an invitation to an audience at Buckingham Palace. The invitation was accepted, and the "prison angel" met the Queen according to the appointment. It was a short time before she was married to Prince Albert, and, on withdrawing, Mrs. Fry said to Victoria, "I trust you will allow me to say that our sincere prayer is that the blessing of God may rest upon the Queen and her Consort." Later on, the Lady Mayoress of London invited her to a banquet given at the Mansion House, for the purpose of meeting Prince Albert, Sir Robert Peel, and the different ministers of State. When the young Prince of Wales made his advent, the King of Prussia arrived in England, to stand sponsor to the infant; and the only person he visited, outside of the Royal family, was Mrs. Fry, with whom he held a long and familiar conference respecting the improvement of prisons.

Such was the cheerful homage paid to an earnest, self-sacrificing life by every one, from the Queen to the convict. It proves that a woman, no less than a man, can direct human destiny, provided her soul is moved by the attributes that win. Mrs. Fry was in quite feeble health at sixty years of age. She was never a hale and hearty woman, so that one of the marvels of her life was, that a person so frail could cause so much to happen. For it should not be forgotten, that, in addition to her great philanthropic

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work, she brought up a large family, and conducted a home, which was the delightful resort of a multitude of friends, who were never happier than when enjoying its hospitalities. She did not allow public service to interfere with her devotion to her family. No one ever charged her with neglecting home. But her conscientious improvement of time, allowing no opportunity to slip, doing with all her might the work in hand, and studying the best way to do the most in the briefest period, thus practising an industry truly scriptural — this was how she won. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Mrs. Fry realized that her busy and useful life was drawing to a close. She was passing through deep sorrows by the death of near relatives, one after another, but neither her own sufferings nor her sorrows diminished her interest in the work for prisoners. The last communication she wrote was addressed to the Committee of the British Society in charge of philanthropic work. Her words were as follows, and they show, not only her continued interest in poor prisoners, but also her ripeness for a higher and better life: —

"My much beloved friends, amidst many sorrows that have been permitted for me to pass through, and much bodily suffering, I still feel a deep and lively interest in the cause of poor prisoners; and earnest is my prayer that the God of all grace may be very near to help you to be steadfast in the important Christian work of seeking to win the poor wanderers to return, repent, and live; that they may know Christ to be their Saviour, Redeemer, and hope of glory. May the Holy Spirit direct your steps, strengthen your hearts,

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and enable you and me to glorify our Holy Head in doing and suffering even unto the end; and when the end comes, through a Saviour's love and merits, may we be received into glory and everlasting rest and peace."

Mrs. Fry died October 13, 1845, after a few hours of intense bodily suffering, suddenly and triumphantly at last passing on to receive her crown.

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